





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
THE UNIVERSITY  
OF CALIFORNIA  
RIVERSIDE



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation





LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS  
OF  
EDWARD FITZGERALD







*Edward Fitzgerald*

*from a photograph by Messrs. Gode & White, Ipswich*

Letters & Literary Remains  
of  
Edward Fitzgerald

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. II

London

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1903

*All rights reserved*

PE4707  
A2  
1412  
4.2

*This Edition consists of Seven hundred and seventy-five Copies*

LETTERS  
OF  
EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To F. Tennyson.*

GOLDINGTON, BEDFORD,  
*June 8/52.*

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

It gave me, as always, the greatest pleasure to hear from you. Your letter found me at my Mother's house, at Ham, close to Richmond; a really lovely place, and neighbourhood, though I say it who am all prejudiced against London and 'all the purtenances thereof.' But the copious woods, green meadows, the Thames and its swans gliding between, and so many villas and cheerful houses and terraced gardens with all their associations of Wits and Courtiers on either side, all this is very delightful. I am not heroic enough for Castles, Battlefields, etc. Strawberry Hill for me! I looked all over it: you know all the pictures, jewels, curiosities, were sold some ten years ago; only bare walls remain:

the walls indeed here and there stuck with Gothic woodwork, and the ceilings with Gothic gilding, sometimes painted Gothic to imitate woodwork ; much of it therefore in less good taste : all a Toy, but yet the Toy of a very clever man. The rain is coming through the Roofs, and gradually disengaging the confectionary Battlements and Cornices. Do you like Walpole ? did you ever read him ? Then close by is Hampton Court : with its stately gardens, and fine portraits inside ; all very much to my liking. I am quite sure gardens should be formal, and unlike general Nature. I much prefer the old French and Dutch gardens to what are called the English.

I saw scarce any of our friends during the three weeks I passed at Ham. Though I had to run to London several times, I generally ran back as fast as I could ; much preferring the fresh air and the fields to the smoke and ‘the wilderness of monkeys’ in London. Thackeray I saw for ten minutes : he was just in the agony of finishing a Novel : which has arisen out of the Reading necessary for his Lectures, and relates to those Times—of Queen Anne, I mean. He will get £1000 for his Novel. He was wanting to finish it, and rush off to the Continent, I think, to shake off the fumes of it. Old Spedding, that aged and most subtle Serpent, was in his old haunt in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, up to any mischief. It was supposed that Alfred



was somewhere near Malvern : Carlyle I did not go to see, for I really have nothing to tell him, and I have got tired of hearing him growl : though I do not cease to admire him as much as ever. I also went once to the pit of the Covent Garden Italian Opera, to hear Meyerbeer's Huguenots, of which I had only heard bits on the Pianoforte. But the first Act was so noisy, and ugly, that I came away, unable to wait for the better part, that, I am told, follows. Meyerbeer is a man of Genius : and works up *dramatic* Music : but he has scarce any melody, and is rather grotesque and noisy than really powerful. I think this is the fault of modern music ; people cannot believe that Mozart is *powerful* because he is so Beautiful : in the same way as it requires a very practised eye (more than I possess) to recognize the consummate power predominating in the tranquil Beauty of Greek Sculpture. I think Beethoven is rather spasmodically, than sustainedly, grand.


Well, I must take to my third side after all, which I meant to have spared you, partly because of this transparent paper, and my more than usually bad writing. I came down here four days ago : and have this morning sketched for you the enclosed, the common that lies before my Bedroom window, as I pulled up my blind, and opened my shutter upon it, early this morning. I never draw now, never drew well ; but this may serve to give a hint of poor old

dewy England to you who are, I suppose, beginning to be dried up in the South. W. Browne, my host, tells me that your Grimsby Rail is looking up greatly, and certainly will pay well, sooner or later : which I devoutly hope it may.

I do not think I told you my Father was dead ; like poor old Sedley in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, all his Coal schemes at an end. He died in March, after an illness of three weeks, saying 'that engine works well' (meaning one of his Colliery steam engines) as he lay in the stupor of Death. I was in Shropshire at the time, with my old friend Allen ; but I went home to Suffolk just to help to lay him in the Grave.

Pray do send me your Poems, one and all : I should like very much to talk them over with you, however much you might resent me, who am no Poet, presuming to advise you who as certainly are one. That you ought to publish some of these Poems (as I think, somewhat condensed, or, at least, curtailed) I am more and more sure, having seen the very great pleasure, and deep interest, some of them have caused when read to persons of very different talents and tastes.

And now, my dear Frederic, farewell for the present. Remember, you cannot write to me too often, as far as I am concerned.

 Don't write Politics—I agree with you beforehand.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

[1852.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

I shall be over to see you soon, probably one day next week. Monday, perhaps.

I am sorry you think Polonius wants variety : which is just what I desired to give it ; and which, though it had not so much as I expected, seemed to belong to it more than to other Collections of the kind I had seen. I doubt it will be but a losing affair : but I had long had a desire to put out such a thing : life flies : the venture is not very much : and so an end.

I like the bits from Hafiz much. No doubt he (with one or two Persians beside) is an exception to the universal spoon meat of Asia. When are you going to do Mesnavi ?

I am almost ashamed to go and see you, for I never read anything but nonsense. I shall always be glad to listen : but I believe I shall never more be able to contribute to any better subject. N.B. This is not said in sadness, but in self-contented indolence.

Yours,

E. F. G.

## LETTERS OF

1852

*To W. B. Donne.*

BOULGE, *August 10/52.*

MY DEAR DONNE,

It is very good of you to write to me, so much as you have to do. I am much obliged to you also for taking the trouble to go and see my Mother. You may rely on it she feels as pleased with your company as she says she is : I do not know any one who has the power of being so agreeable to her as yourself.

And dear old Thackeray is really going to America ! I must fire him a letter of farewell.

The Cowells are at Ipswich, and I get over to see them, etc. They talk of coming here too. I have begun again to read Calderon with Cowell : the *Magico* we have just read, a very grand thing. I suppose Calderon was overpraised some twenty years ago : for the last twenty it has been the fashion to underpraise him, I am sure. His Drama may not be the finest in the world : one sees how often too he wrote in the fashion of his time and country : but he is a wonderful fellow : one of the Great Men of the world.

*To George Crabbe.*

BURY, October 20/52.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I ought to have answered your letter before : but it was only two days ago that I myself knew what play Mrs. K[emble] would read : a question to which you also wanted an answer. Richard the III. Not the play I should have chosen : nor one, I think, likely to draw. But so it falls to us in her routine ; and, were it even of any use to ask her to alter it, I hardly would bother her. She has very good reasons for sticking to her plan, and trouble enough (that apart) in meeting people's wishes. She reads at Ipswich twice directly after Woodbridge, and altogether I cannot expect much of an Audience. But (as she really is a noble woman, much bothered) I should certainly not have scrupled to give her £20 (had she needed it) for no reading at all : and I certainly shall not quarrel with losing half the sum, while I show her some attention, do her some good, and please some people beside.

You see by my date I am not far off you, and were I sure you were at home, I might run to Thetford one day. But your last note spoke of your going to some friends near Newmarket, I think : and so I shall spend my time here wholly with my dear Donne : who shares with Spedding my oldest and deepest love. He returns to his

London Library on Friday : and I shall return to Boulge—to arrange for Mrs. K., etc.

We are going to walk to Ickworth : Donne to see Lord Jermyn, and I to look perhaps at the pictures ; certainly not to look at my Lord.

---

In October 1852 Thackeray sailed for America and before leaving wrote to FitzGerald the letter which he copied for Archdeacon Allen. I shall I trust be pardoned for thinking that others will be the better for reading the words of ‘noble kindness’ in which Thackeray took leave of his friend.

[BOULGE, 22 Nov. 1852.]

MY DEAR ALLEN,

I won't send you Thackeray's own letter because it is his own delegation of a little trust I would not hazard. But on the other side of the page I write a copy : for your eyes only : for I would not wish to show even its noble kindness to any but one who has known him as closely as myself.

*From W. M. Thackeray to E. F. G.*

*October 27, 1852.*

MY DEAREST OLD FRIEND,

I mustn't go away without shaking your hand, and saying Farewell and God Bless you. If anything

happens to me, you by these presents must get ready the Book of Ballads which you like, and which I had not time to prepare before embarking on this voyage. And I should like my daughters to remember that you are the best and oldest friend their Father ever had, and that you would act as such : as my literary executor and so forth. My Books would yield a something as copyrights : and, should anything occur, I have commissioned friends in good place to get a Pension for my poor little wife. . . . Does not this sound gloomily ? Well : who knows what Fate is in store : and I feel not at all downcast, but very grave and solemn just at the brink of a great voyage.

I shall send you a copy of Esmond to-morrow or so which you shall yawn over when you are inclined. But the great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other as I do now while I write Farewell.

Laurence has done a capital head of me ordered by Smith the Publisher : and I have ordered a copy and Lord Ashburton another. If Smith gives me this one, I shall send the copy to you. I care for you as you know, and always like to think that I am fondly and affectionately yours

W. M. T.

I sail from Liverpool on Saturday Morning by the Canada for Boston.

That the feelings here expressed were fully reciprocated by FitzGerald is clear from the following words of a letter written by him to Thackeray to tell him of a provision he had made in his will.



‘You see you can owe me no thanks for giving what I can no longer use “when I go down to the pit,” and it would be some satisfaction to me, and some diminution of the shame I felt on reading your letter, if “after many days” your generous and constant friendship bore some sort of fruit, if not to yourself to those you are naturally anxious about.’

I have not been able to ascertain the exact time at which FitzGerald began his Spanish studies ; but it must have been long before this,<sup>1</sup> for in 1853 the first-fruits of them appeared in the ‘Six Dramas from Calderon freely translated by Edward FitzGerald,’ the only book to which he ever put his name. It was probably in 1853 that he took up Persian, in which, as in Spanish, his friend Cowell was his guide.

---

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*April 4/53.*

MY DEAR LADY,

Let me hear from you. As to Cowell, he is too steeped in Pracrit. Did you leave Oxford this Easter ? I concluded I should hear of you if you went to Ipswich. I have been to Gelde-

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in the summer of 1850. See Vol. I. p. 298.



stone: and returned from it a fortnight ago. Do you know I am really going to leave this poor little Cottage this Autumn:—a sort of sorrowful thing to do too: and I am not yet decided where I am to go and live for a while—Cambridge—Bury—*Oxford*?

I think I told you I kept on translating Calderon at odd times: and shall put up some five or six plays into a small Volume I think. But I want Cowell for some passages: and my Translation would be so free as to be rather a dangerous Experiment. But I think you can hardly make Calderon interesting to English Readers unless with a large latitude of interpretation.

I saw Mrs. Smith to-day—took tea there indeed: and she talked of you. Shall we all live and be in cue to meet somewhere here about this summer? Don't let Cowell forget us all in *Pracrit*. Is the Grammar out? I had a letter from Thackeray, from America: he flourishes greatly; but I thought his letter a disagreeable one, though kind as usual to me.

*To G. Crabbe.*

Boulge, *July 22/53.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Your account of the Doctor's warnings to your Cousin in your first note delighted me greatly:

as it did your Father to whom I read it last night. For, on coming home from Aldbro' (where I had been for a day) I found to my great surprise your Father smoking in my room, with a bottle of Port (which he had brought with him !). The mystery was then solved ; that, after his own dinner, Mr. ——— was announced, and your Father dreading lest he should stay all the Evening declared he had most important business, first at Woodbridge, then, on second thoughts, with me ; and so decamped.

Now as to your second letter which I found also on my return : I am very glad you like the plays<sup>1</sup> and am encouraged to hope that other persons who are not biassed by pedantic prejudices or spites might like them too. But I fully expect that (as I told you, I think) the London press, etc., will either sink them, or condemn them as on too free a principle : and all the more if they have not read the originals. For these are safe courses to adopt. All this while I am assuming the plays are well done in their way, which of course I do. On the other hand, they really may not be as well done as I think ; on their own principle : and that would really be a fair ground of condemnation.

<sup>1</sup> Six Dramas from Calderon.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*July 25/53.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Thank you for your letter. Though I believed the Calderon to be on the whole well done and entertaining, I began to wish to be told it was so by others, for fear I had made a total mistake : which would have been a bore. And the very free and easy translation lies open to such easy condemnation, unless it be successful.

Your account of Sherborne rouses all the Dowager within me. I shall have to leave this cottage, I believe, and have not yet found a place sufficiently dull to migrate to. Meanwhile to-morrow I am going to one of my great treats : viz. the Assizes at Ipswich : where I shall see little Voltaire Jervis,<sup>1</sup> and old Parke,<sup>2</sup> who I trust will have the gout, he bears it so Christianly.

*To George Borrow.*

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*August 3/53.*

DEAR SIR,

I am really obliged to you for your letter ; the more so as I think I have heard you do not much like writing.

<sup>1</sup> Chief Justice.    <sup>2</sup> Baron Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale.

Though I of course thought the Translations<sup>1</sup> well done (or I should not have printed them), I naturally desired the approval of a competent Judge ; since the best of us may make sad mistakes in the estimation of our own handiwork ; and it is not pleasant to dub oneself an Ass in print.

I should not, however, have troubled you with this second letter (taking it for granted you would have believed in my thanks without), but that your saying you have not a Calderon by you makes me think it possible you have not got a complete one at all, and you may not know that Keil's complete (except the Autos) 4 Volume Edition is now to be bought for 21 shillings ! I believe at Willis' in Covent Garden. Really a wonderful bargain, and not likely to continue so long, I should think. Though I cannot look on Calderon as among the Greatest of the World (if I did, I certainly should not have meddled with him), yet he is surely worth this money to any who love the Spanish Drama at all.

You are very kind to express a wish to talk over some of these matters with me. I suppose I shall be going to Beccles one of these days : and should anything draw you this way, this mouldy cottage shall do its best to entertain you. I have but little company to offer except my dear old neighbour Parson Crabbe—a really fine old fellow. At Ipswich indeed is a man whom you

<sup>1</sup> From Calderon.

would like to know, I think, and who would like to know you; one Edward Cowell: a great Scholar, if I may judge: such as I have not hitherto seen anything at all like from the Universities, etc. He was brought up for a Merchant; but is now studying at Oxford; where, however, he deals more in Sanscrit and Oriental Literature than in the Studies of the place, though he is deeply versed in them too, and has a head for anything. Above all, he is most modest—nay shy: with great hidden humour, too. He is just editing a Pracrit Grammar. Should you go to Ipswich (he is there all this Vacation) do look for him: a great deal more worth looking for (I speak with no sham modesty, I am sure) than

Yours very truly

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To G. Crabbe.*

BOULGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Sept. 12/53.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I enclose you a scrap from 'The Leader' as you like to see criticisms on my Calderon. I suppose your sisters will send you the Athenæum in which you will see a more determined spit at me. I foresaw (as I think I told you) how likely this was to be the case: and so am not surprized.

One must take these chances if one will play at so doubtful a game. I believe those who read the Book, without troubling themselves about whether it is a free Translation or not, like it: but Critics must be supposed to know all, and it is safe to condemn. On the other hand, the Translation may not be good on any ground: and then the Critics are all right.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

3 PARK VILLAS WEST, RICHMOND, SURREY,  
*October 25/53.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I think I forgot to tell you that Mr. Maccarthy (my literal Rival in Calderon) mentions in his Preface a masterly Critique on Calderon in the Westminster 1851, which I take to be yours.<sup>1</sup> He says it, and the included translations, are the best Commentary he has seen on the subject.

I have ordered Eastwick's Gulistan: for I believe I shall potter out so much Persian. The weak Apologue<sup>2</sup> goes on (for I have not had time for much here) and I find it difficult enough even with Jones's Translation.

I am now going to see the last of the Tennysons at Twickenham.

<sup>1</sup> This conjecture was correct. See p. 46.

<sup>2</sup> The Gardener and the Nightingale in Sir W. Jones's Persian Grammar.

*To F. Tennyson.*

BREDFIELD RECTORY,<sup>1</sup> WOODBRIDGE,  
December 27/53.

41  
vol. 1  
MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I am too late to wish you a Happy Christmas ; so must wish you a happy New Year. Write to me here, and tell me (in however few words) how you prospered in your journey to Italy : how you all are there : and how your Book progresses. I saw Harvest Home advertised in Fraser : and I have heard from Mrs. Alfred it is so admired that Parker is to print two thousand copies of the Volume. I am glad of this : and I think, little ambitious or vain as you really are, you will insensibly be pleased at gaining your proper Station in public Celebrity. Had I not known what an invidious office it is to meddle with such Poems, and how assuredly people would have said that one had helped to clip away the Best Poems, and the best part of them, I should have liked to advise you in the selection : a matter in which I feel confidence. But you would not have agreed with me any more than others : though on different grounds : and so in all ways it was, and is, and will be, best to say nothing more on the subject. I am very sure that, of whatever your Volume is composed, you will

<sup>1</sup> Vicarage.



make public almost the only Volume of Verse, except Alfred's, worthy of the name.

I hear from Mrs. Alfred they are got to their new abode in the Isle of Wight. I have been into Norfolk : and am now come to spend Christmas in this place, where, as you have been here, you can fancy me. Old Crabbe is as brave and hearty as ever : drawing designs of Churches : and we are all now reading Moore's Memoirs with considerable entertainment : I cannot say the result of it in one's mind is to prove Moore a Great Man : though it certainly does not leave him altogether 'The Poor Creature' that Mr. Allingham reduced him to. I also amuse myself with poking out some Persian which E. Cowell would inaugurate me with : I go on with it because it is a point in common with him, and enables us to study a little together. He and his wife are at Oxford : and his Pracrit Grammar is to be out in a few days.

I have settled upon no new Abode : but have packed up all my few goods in a neighbouring Farm House<sup>1</sup> (that one near Woodbridge I took you to), and will now float about for a year and visit some friends. Perhaps I shall get down to the Isle of Wight one day : also to Shropshire, to see Allen : to Bath to a Sister. But you can always direct hither, since old Crabbe is only too glad to have some letters to pay for, and forward to me. . . . We have one of the old-fashioned

<sup>1</sup> Farlingay Hall, sometimes called Farthing Cake Hall.



winters, snow and frost : not fulfilling the word of those who were quite sure the seasons were altered. Farewell, my dear Frederic.

E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

1 LONG WALL STREET, OXFORD,  
March 15/54.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

The whole history of my mighty Books is simply this. Wishing to do something as far as I could against a training System of which I had seen many bad effects, I published the little Dialogue<sup>1</sup>; but not having (for several other reasons) any desire to appear Author, I only told it to three men whom I wanted to puff the little Book in case they honestly thought it worth puffing in a good cause. Spedding did 'give me a wind' and Cowell (with whom I am here) another. Donne (who was my third man) for some reason or other did not puff the Book in print, but told my name in private; so as at last I was saluted with it in many quarters (above all in my own country neighbourhood where I least wanted it). So as at last, when Pickering broke up, and I put my small affairs into Parker's hand, I let him do as he liked, and lump all under one name. The Calderon I was obliged to print with some name because of a rival<sup>2</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> Euphranor.

<sup>2</sup> Denis Florence M'Carthy.

the field ; and so thought it as well at once to put my own.

N.B. I don't tell this long story for the Book's sake ; but, as you have been so good as to write on the subject, to account for what might seem a whim, and moreover, a change of Whim, which I don't wish my friends to think me too lightly guilty of. I should almost write to Spedding on the subject, but it would only trouble him : and he has charity enough to guess a kind reason for his friend's actions. Pray thank Mrs. Pollock for her message ; this is not the proper occasion for me to say how much I value her opinion (except on Jenny Lind), which really is the case, though.

I was detained in London by accidentally meeting some country Ladies whose *Beau* had been called away from them. So I offered my services in Street and Theatre. You may tell Spedding I saw Kean's Richard III. twice ; and liked his Dress very much as King. Such very good colours.

At last I have got down to this delightful Oxford. With many so pleasant personal associations with Cambridge, I have never got to like the *place* ; which has always a sordid look to me. Here, as you know, are wide clean streets, and the Colleges themselves more presentable on the whole than the unsatisfactory new Gothic at Cambridge. The façade of Christ Church to the Street (by Wren, I believe) is

what most delights me : and the Voice of Tom in his Tower.

No—no—my dear Donne is not meant to be Lexilogised by me any way, nor any one else. You don't know Donne's fun yet.

*To F. Tennyson.*

BATH, May 7/54.

MY DEAR FREDERIC, You see to what fashionable places I am reduced in my old Age. The truth is however I am come here by way of Visit to a sister <sup>1</sup> I have scarce seen these six years ; my visit consisting in this that I live alone in a lodging of my own by day, and spend two or three hours with her in the Evening. This has been my way of Life for three weeks, and will be so for some ten days more : after which I talk of flying back to more native counties. I was to have gone on to see Alfred in his 'Island Home' from here : but it appears he goes to London about the same time I quit this place : so I must and shall defer my Visit to him. Perhaps I shall catch a sight of him in London ; as also of old Thackeray, who, Donne writes me word, came suddenly on him in Pall Mall the other day : while all the while people supposed the Newcomes were being indited at Rome or Naples.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. De Soyres.

If ever you live in England you must live here at Bath. It really is a splendid City in a lovely, even a noble, Country. Did you ever see it? One beautiful feature in the place is the quantity of Garden and Orchard it is all through embroidered with. Then the Streets, when you go into them, are as handsome and gay as London, gayer and handsomer because cleaner and in a clearer Atmosphere; and if you want the Country you get into it (and a very fine Country) on all sides and directly. Then there is such Choice of Houses, Cheap as well as Dear, of all sizes, with good Markets, Railways, etc. I am not sure I shall not come here for part of the Winter. It is a place you would like, I am sure: though I do not say but you are better in Florence. Then on the top of the hill is old Vathek's Tower, which he used to sit and read in daily, and from which he could see his own Fonthill, while it stood. Old Landor quoted to me 'Nullus in orbe locus, etc.,' apropos of Bath: he, you may know, has lived here for years, and I should think would die here, though not yet. He seems so strong that he may rival old Rogers; of whom indeed one Newspaper gave what is called an 'Alarming Report of Mr. Rogers' Health' the other day, but another contradicted it directly and indignantly, and declared the Venerable Poet never was better. Landor has some hundred and fifty Pictures; each of which he thinks the finest specimen of the finest

Master, and has a long story about, how he got it, when, etc. I dare say some are very good : but also some very bad. He appeared to me to judge of them as he does of Books and Men ; with a most uncompromising perversity which the Phrenologists must explain to us after his Death.

By the bye, about your Book, which of course you wish me to say something about. Parker sent me down a copy 'from the Author' for which I hereby thank you. If you believe my word, you already know my Estimation of so much that is in it : you have already guessed that I should have made a different selection from the great Volume which is now in Tatters. As I differ in Taste from the world, however, quite as much as from you, I do not know but you have done very much better in choosing as you have ; the few people I have seen are very much pleased with it, the Cowells at Oxford delighted. A Bookseller there sold all his Copies the first day they came down : and even in Bath a Bookseller (and not one of the Principal) told me a fortnight ago he had sold some twenty Copies. I have not been in Town since it came out : and have now so little correspondence with literati I can't tell you about them. There was a very unfair Review in the *Athenæum* ; which is the only Literary Paper I see : but I am told there are laudatory ones in *Examiner* and *Spectator*.

I was five weeks at Oxford, visiting the Cowells

in just the same way that I am visiting my Sister here. I also liked Oxford greatly : but not so well I think as Bath : which is so large and busy that one is drowned in it as much as in London. There are often concerts, etc., for those who like them ; I only go to a shilling affair that comes off every Saturday at what they call the Pump Room. On these occasions there is sometimes some Good Music if not excellently played. Last Saturday I heard a fine Trio of Beethoven. Mendelssohn's things are mostly tiresome to me. I have brought my old Handel Book here and recreate myself now and then with pounding one of the old Giant's Overtures on my sister's Piano, as I used to do on that Spinnet at my Cottage. As to Operas, and Exeter Halls, I have almost done with them : they give me no pleasure, I scarce know why.

I suppose there is no chance of your being over in England this year, and perhaps as little Chance of my being in Italy. All I can say is, the latter is not impossible, which I suppose I may equally say of the former. But pray write to me. You can always direct to me at Donne's, 12 St. James' Square, or at Rev. G. Crabbe's, Bredfield, Woodbridge. Either way the letter will soon reach me. Write soon, Frederic, and let me hear how you and yours are : and don't wait, as you usually do, for some inundation of the Arno to set your pen agoing. Write ever so shortly and whatever-about-ly. I have no news



to tell you of Friends. I saw old Spedding in London ; only doubly calm after the death of a Niece he dearly loved and whose death-bed at Hastings he had just been waiting upon. Harry<sup>1</sup> Lushington wrote a martial Ode on seeing the Guards march over Waterloo Bridge towards the East : I did not see it, but it was much admired and handed about, I believe. And now my paper is out : and I am going through the rain (it is said to rain very much here) to my Sister's. So Good Bye, and write to me, as I beg you, in reply to this long if not very interesting letter.

*To T. Carlyle.*

RECTORY, BREDFIELD, WOODBRIDGE.

DEAR CARLYLE,

I should sometimes write to you if I had anything worth telling, or worth putting you to the trouble of answering me. About twice in a year however I do not mind asking you one thing which is easily answered, how you and Mrs. Carlyle are ? And yet perhaps it is not so easy for you to tell me so much about yourself : for your 'well-being' comprises a good deal ! That you are not carried off by the Cholera I take for granted : since else I should have seen in the papers some controversy with Doctor

<sup>1</sup> Not Harry, but Franklin Lushington in *Points of War*.

Wordsworth as to whether you were to be buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Wilberforce perhaps ! Besides, a short note from Thackeray a few weeks ago told me you had been to see him. I conclude also from this that you have not been a summer excursion of any distance.

I address from the Rectory (*Vicarage* it ought to be) of Crabbe, the 'Radiator,' whose mind is now greatly exercised with Dr. Whewell's Plurality of Worlds. Crabbe, who is a good deal in the secrets of Providence, admires the work beyond measure, but most indignantly rejects the Doctrine as unworthy of God. I have not read the Book, contented to hear Crabbe's commentaries. I have been staying with him off and on for two months, and, as I say, give his Address because any letter thither directed will find me sooner or later in my little wanderings. I am at present staying with a Farmer in a very pleasant house near Woodbridge : inhabiting such a room as even you, I think, would sleep composedly in ; my host a taciturn, cautious, honest, active man whom I have known all my Life. He and his Wife, a capital housewife, and his Son, who could carry me on his shoulders to Ipswich, and a Maid servant who, as she curtsies of a morning, lets fall the Tea-pot, etc., constitute the household. Farming greatly prospers ; farming materials fetching an exorbitant price at the Michaelmas Auctions : all in defiance of Sir Fitzroy Kelly



who got returned for Suffolk on the strength of denouncing Corn Law Repeal as the ruin of the Country. He has bought a fine house near Ipswich, with great gilded gates before it, and by dint of good dinners and soft sawder finally draws the country Gentry to him. . . .

Please to look at the September Number of Fraser's Magazine where are some prose Translations of Hafiz by Cowell which may interest you a little. I think Cowell (as he is apt to do) gives Hafiz rather too much credit for a mystical wine-cup, and Cupbearer ; I mean taking him on the whole. The few odes he quotes have certainly a deep and pious feeling : such as the Man of Mirth will feel at times ; none perhaps more strongly.

Some one by chance read out to me the other day at the seaside your account of poor old Naseby Village from Cromwell, quoted in Knight's 'Half Hours, etc.' It is now twelve years ago, at this very season, I was ransacking for you ; you promising to come down, and never coming. I hope very much you are soon going to give us something : else Jerrold and Tupper carry all before them.

SATURDAY, *October 14/54.*

---

In August 1855 Carlyle went to stay with FitzGerald at Farlingay, a farm house on the Hasketon road, half a mile from Woodbridge.

BREDFIELD RECTORY, WOODBRIDGE,  
*August 1, [1855].*

DEAR CARLYLE,

I came down here yesterday : and saw my Farming Friends to-day, who are quite ready to do all service for us at any time. They live about two miles nearer Woodbridge than this place I write from and I am certain they and their place will suit you very well. I am going to them any day : indeed am always fluctuating between this place and theirs ; and you can come down to me there, or here, any day—(for Crabbe and his Daughter will, they bid me say, be very glad if you will come ; and I engage you shan't be frightened, and that the place shall suit you as well as the Farmer's). I say you can come to either place any day, and without warning if you like ; only in that case I can't go to meet you at Ipswich. Beds, etc., are all ready whether here or at the Farmer's. If you like to give me notice, you can say which place you will come to first : and I will meet you at any time at Ipswich.

I think if you come you had best come as soon as possible, before harvest, and while the Days are long and fine. Why not come directly ? while all the Coast is so clear ?

Now as to your mode of going. There are Rail Trains to Ipswich from Shoreditch, at 7 a.m. 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. all of which come to Ipswich in time for Coaches which carry you to

Woodbridge ; where, if you arrive unawares, any one will show you the way to Mr. Smith's, of Farlingay Hall, about half a mile from Woodbridge ; or direct you to Parson Crabbe's, at Bredfield, about three miles from Woodbridge. You may take my word (will you ?) that you will be very welcome at either or both of these places ; I mean, to the owners as well as myself.

Well, then there is a Steamer every Wednesday and Sunday ; which starts from Blackwall at 9 a.m. ; to go by which you must be at the Blackwall Railroad Station in Fenchurch Street by half past eight. This Steamer gets to Ipswich at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 or 6 ; probably in time for a Woodbridge Coach, but not certainly. It is a very pleasant sail. The Rail to Ipswich takes three or two and a half hours.

Have I more to say ? I can't think of it if I have. Only, dear Mrs. Carlyle, please to let me know what C. is '*To Eat—Drink—and Avoid.*' As I know that his wants are in a small compass, it will be as easy to get what he likes as not, if you will only say. If you like Sunday Steam, it will be quite convenient whether here or at Farlingay. Crabbe only is too glad if one doesn't go to his church.

BREDFIELD, *Sunday* [5 August 1855].

Scrap for Scrap ! I go tomorrow to stay at Farlingay, where you will find me, or I will find

you, as proposed in my last. Do not let it be a burden on you to come now, then, or at all ; but, if you come, I think this week will be good in weather as in other respects. You will be at most entire Liberty ; with room, garden, and hours, to yourself, whether at Farlingay or here, where you must come for a day or so. Pipes are the order of the house at both places ; the Radiator always lighting up after his 5 o'clock dinner, and rather despising me for not always doing so. At both places a capital sunshiny airy Bedroom without any noise. I wish Mrs. C. could come, indeed ; but I will not propose this ; for though my Farm has good room, my Hostess would fret herself to entertain a Lady suitably, and that I would avoid, especially toward Harvest time. Will Mrs. Carlyle believe this ?

E. F. G.

P.S. Bring some Books. If you don't find yourself well, or at ease, with us, you have really but to go off without any sort of Ceremony as soon as you like : so don't tie yourself to any time at all. If the weather be fair, I predict you will like a week ; and I shall like as much more as you please ; leaving you mainly to your own devices all the while.

*From T. Carlyle.*

CHELSEA, 7 Aug<sup>t</sup>, 1855.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

In spite of these heavy showers, I persist in believing the weather will clear, and means really to be dry : at any rate I am not made of sugar or of salt ; so intend to be off tomorrow ;—and am, even now, in all the horrors of a half rotted ship, which has lain two years, dead, among the ooze, and is now trying to get up its anchor again : ropes breaking, sails holed, blocks giving way, you may fancy what a pother there is !

My train is to be 11 a.m. from Shoreditch ; which gets to Ipswich about two? If you have a gig and pony, of course it will be pleasant to see your face at the end of my shrieking, mad, (and to me quite horrible) rail operations : but if I see nothing, I will courageously go for the Coach, and shall do quite well there, if I can get on the outside especially. So don't mind which way it is ; a *small* weight ought to turn it either way. I hope to get to Farlingay not long after 4 o'clock, and have a quiet mutton chop in due time, and have a d° pipe or pipes : nay I could even have a bathe if there was any sea water left in the evening. If you did come to Ipswich, an hour (hardly more) to glance at the old Town might not be amiss.

I will bring Books enough with me : I am used to several hours of solitude every day ; and cannot be said ever to *weary* of being left well alone. But we will 'drive' to any places you recommend ; do bidding of the omens, to a fair degree withal : in short I calculate on getting some real benefit by this plunge into the maritime rusticities under your friendly guidance, and the quiet of it will be of all things welcome to me.

## LETTERS OF

1855

My wife firmly intended writing to you to-day, and perhaps has done so ; but if not, you are to take it as a thing done, for indeed there was nothing whatever of importance to be said farther.

Tomorrow then (Wednesday 8th) 11 a.m.—wish me a happy passage.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, 23 *Augt.* 1855.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

Here, after a good deal of bothering to improve it, above all to abridge it, is the proposed Inscription for the Pillar at Naseby. You need not scruple a moment to make any change that strikes you ; I am well aware it is good for nothing except its practical object, and that I have no skill in lapidary literature.

The worst thing will be, discovering the *date* of your Naseby diggings. I ought to have it here ; and probably I have,—in some remote dusty trunk, whither it is a terror to go looking for it ! Try you what you can, and the Naseby Farmer too (if he is still extant) ; then I will try. At worst we can say ‘ Ten years ago ’ ; but the exact date would be better.

The figure of the stone ought to be of Egyptian simplicity : a broadish parallelopipedon (or rather *octaedron* ; the *corners* well chamfered off, to avoid breakages, will make it 8-faced, I think) ; in the substance of the stone there is one quality to be looked for, durability ; and the letters ought to be cut deep,—and by no means in lapidary *lines* (attend to that !), but simply like two *verses of the Bible*, so that he who runs may read. I rather like the *Siste Viator*,—yet will let you blot it out,—it is as applicable as to any Roman



Tomb, and more so than to ours, which are in enclosed places, where any 'Traveller,' if he either 'stop' or go, will presently have the constable upon him. This is all I have to say about the stone; and I recommend that it be now done straightway, before you quit hold of that troublesome locality.

I find I must not promise to myself to go thither with you; alas, nor at all. I cannot get to sleep again since I came out of Suffolk: the stillness of Farlingay is unattainable in Chelsea for a *second* sleep, so I have to be content with the first, which is oftenest about 5 hours, and a very poor allowance for the afflicted son of Adam. I feel privately confident I *have* got good by my Suffolk visit, and by all the kindness of my beneficent brother mortals to me there: but in the meanwhile it has 'stirred up a good deal of bile,' I suppose; and we must wait.

London is utterly vacant to me, of all but noises from Cremorne and such sources: there is not in Britain a better place for work than this Garret, if one had strength or heart for fronting work to any purpose. I try a little, but mostly with very small result.

If you know *Glyde* of Ipswich, and can understand him to be really worth subscribing for, pray put down your name and mine, as a bit of duty; if not, not,—and burn his letter.

I send the heartiest thanks, and remembrances to kind Mrs. Smith, and all the industrious Harvesters; also to Papa and the young lady at Bredfield:—as I well may!—I recommend myself to your prayers; and hope to come again, if I live, when you have set your own house in order. Yours, dear F., with true regards,

T. CARLYLE.

Naseby Pillar (briefest and final form).

*Siste Viator.*

Here, and for — yards to rearward, lies the Dust of men slain in the Battle of Naseby, 14 June 1645. Hereabouts appears to have been the crisis of the struggle, hereabouts the final charge of Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides, that day.

<sup>1</sup> This Ground was opened, not irreverently or with<sup>t</sup> reluctance, Sat<sup>y</sup> 23 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1842, to ascertain that fact, and render the contemporary records legible. Peace henceforth to these old Dead.

Edw<sup>d</sup> Fitzg<sup>d</sup> (with date).

*To T. Carlyle.*

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Sunday, August 26/55.*

DEAR CARLYLE,

On the very day you were writing that Naseby Inscription was I also contriving one at Bredfield. Miss Crabbe thought it very admirable: she would doubtless have thought yours far more admirable, as I do. However, I shall propose to you some alteration, for reasons: and indeed send you *my* version of your Inscription, which you

<sup>1</sup> This with a wider margin, or in some other way distinguishable from the rest of the inscription.



can reject with far more propriety than I propose: anyhow re-alter to your mind.

I wish you were here now, since the weather is far more delightful than when you were here. Yesterday I drove a little Artist Lawyer<sup>1</sup> (who did the Sketches I gave you) to Hollesley Bay (on the Sea), and, while he painted on the Shore, I got a Boat and had a great splash of Sailing. You would have liked it. The folks here talk of you constantly; you made a sincere impression upon them. Wheat harvest finished yesterday in great Glory; though Alfred<sup>2</sup> has brought on a sort of Lumbago by working so hard and being 'riled' by the Gleaners from Woodbridge; a bad set, as natural from a Town.

The Radiator,<sup>3</sup> I believe, wrote to you that he was not content with the Photograph you sent him. He was quite sincere in thinking it did not do you justice. It seemed to me excellent. I wish, if you have a scrap of that sort (one of your less good ones) to spare, you would send it to the folks here—to Alfred, who was in great admiration of Crabbe's.

To return to Naseby Column, as things now are I must wait till it be finally settled whether the Estate be ours or Lord Clifden's; then I can either ask him for a leave he cannot, I think, refuse, or do it without asking. We are so far

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Churchyard of Woodbridge.

<sup>2</sup> Alfred Smith of Farlingay.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. George Crabbe of Bredfield. See pp. 26, 30.

got on with the Business that the 'Jasmine Tree' (Lord Carlisle,<sup>1</sup> one of Lord Clifden's Trustees) has authorised the Bargain, and Papers have been exchanged between the several Solicitors. Be assured I desire to set up the stone as much as you do : and will follow your Instructions about it as well and as soon as I can.

By the bye—As to the very date of my finding the Bones—I discover a letter of yours dated September 25, 1842, which speaks of my report as being received by you the day before ; viz. Septr. 24/42.<sup>2</sup> But then had I written to you about it on the day I found the Bones ? and was my Letter more than a Day going to London ? You, in your Inscription, note the day of bone-finding as a Saturday—so perhaps an Almanack of 1842 will clear up the whole Affair. I have not yet been able to find one down here. Woodbridge has scarce arrived at 1842 yet.

I have sent to C. Cowell to inquire about 'Glyde'<sup>3</sup> and will report to you in time. Again let me say I wish you were here ; for you were a very good Guest. Won't you come to Aldbro' ? I shall be in town shortly and will look for you.

<sup>1</sup> Who wrote some verses on the Jasmine Tree.

<sup>2</sup> In 1842, September 24 was a Saturday.

<sup>3</sup> History of Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,  
Sept. 14/55.

DEAR CARLYLE,

I send you the enclosed from an absurd volume of Sir John Sinclair's.<sup>1</sup> And I send it chiefly to apprise you of the Book it is quoted from—which may have some information you want.

I have only just come back from London, whither I went to see Fred. Tennyson and his Wife, who are on a short visit to England. I had intended bringing him one Evening to look for you ; but, partly from uncertainty of your being there, and partly from the distance between Chelsea and his Abode, we did not go. I finished my jaunt by a delightful little Cruise with S[pring] Rice in his Government Cutter : really delighted to sail the salt seas once more before a Breeze unpolluted with Smoke and Grease. We touched at Boulogne and Brighton.

I hope you got good from your Addiscombe(?) stay. I am on the point of migrating from here at last, probably towards Norfolk. All well here : including the Harvest. I have not seen the Bredfield Family yet.

P.S. I add a longer paper from Sir John's Book—whose account of Frederick's room and Books may at least interest you.

<sup>1</sup> Correspondence of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., 1831. Carlyle wrote on the envelope—'About *Brenckendorf*, *Wöllmar*, etc. (By Sir J. Sinclair—*Nothing* !).'

*From T. Carlyle.*

ADDISCOMBE FARM, CROYDON,  
15 *Sept.*, 1855.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

I have been here ever since the day you last heard of me ; leading the strangest life of absolute *Latrappism* ; and often enough remembering Farlingay and you. I live perfectly alone, and without speech at all,—there being in fact nobody to speak to, except one austere punctual housemaid, who does her functions, like an eight-day clock, generally without bidding. My wife comes out now and then to give the requisite directions ; but commonly withdraws again on the morrow, leaving the monster to himself and his own ways. I have Books ; a complete Edition of *Voltaire*,<sup>1</sup> for one Book, in which I read for *use*, or for idleness oftenest,—getting into endless reflexions over it, mostly of a sad and not very utterable nature. I find V. a ‘gentleman,’ living in a world partly furnished with such ; and that there are now almost no ‘gentlemen’ (not quite *none*) : this is one great head of my reflexions, to which there is no visible *tail* or finish. I have also a Horse (borrowed from my fat Yeoman friend, who is at sea bathing in Sussex) ; and I go riding, at great lengths daily, over hill and dale : this I believe is really the main good I am doing,—if in this either there be much good. But it is a strange way of life to me, for the time ; perhaps not unprofitable : To let *Chaos* say out its say, then, and one’s Evil Genius give one the very worst language he

<sup>1</sup> Some Volumes of which C. had brought down to Suffolk, being then engaged with his Frederick II.—*MS. note by Fitzgerald.*

has, for a while. It is still to last for a week or more. To-day, for the first time, I ride back to Chelsea, but mean to return hither on Monday. There is a great circle of yellow light all the way from Shooter's Hill to Primrose Hill, spread round my horizon every night, I see it while smoking my pipe before bed (so bright, last night, it cast a visible shadow of me against the white window-shutters); and this is all I have to do with London and its *gases* for a fortnight or more. My wife writes to me, there was an awful jangle of bells last day she went home from this; a Quaker asked in the railway, of some porter, 'Can thou tell me what these bells mean?'—'Well, I suppose something is up. They say Sebastopol is took, and the Rushans run away.'—*A la bonne heure*: but won't they come back again, think you?

On the whole I say, when you get your little Suffolk cottage, you must have in it a 'chamber in the wall' for me, *plus* a pony that can trot, and a cow that gives good milk: with these outfits we shall make a pretty rustication now and then, not wholly *Latrappish*, but only *half*, on much easier terms than here; and I shall be right willing to come and try it, I for one party.—Meanwhile, I hope the Naseby matter is steadily going ahead; sale *completed*; and even the *monument* concern making way. Tell me a little how that and other matters are. If you are at home, a line is rapidly conveyed hither, steam all the way: after the beginning of the next week, I am at Chelsea, and (I dare say) there is a fire in the evenings now to welcome you there. Show face in some way or other.

And so adieu; for my hour of riding is at hand.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

31 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, P. PLACE.  
[1856.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . You never say a word about your Hafiz. Has that fallen for the present, Austin not daring to embark in it in these days of war, when nothing that is not warlike sells except Macaulay? Don't suppose I bandy compliments; but, with moderate care, any such Translation of such a writer as Hafiz by you into pure, sweet, and partially measured Prose must be better than what I am doing for Jámí;<sup>1</sup> whose ingenuous prattle I am stilting into too Miltonic verse. This I am very sure of. But it is done.

31 GT PORTLAND ST., P. PLACE.  
*Jan. 10/56.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

Do make a sign of some sort to me. I sent you a string of Questions about Salámán last week, all of which I did not want you to answer *at once*, but wishing at least to hear if you had leisure and Inclination to meddle with them. There is no reason in the world you should unless you really have Time and Liking. If you *have*, I will send you the Proofs of the Little Book which Mr. Childs is even now putting in hand.

<sup>1</sup> Salámán and Absál.



Pray let me know as soon as you can what and how much of all this will be agreeable to you.

You don't tell me how Hafiz gets on. There is one thing which I think I find in Salámán which may be worth your consideration (not needing much) in Hafiz : namely, in Translation to retain the original Persian Names as much as possible—'Shah' for 'king' for instance—'Yūsuf and Suleyman' for 'Joseph and Solomon,' etc. The Persian is not only more musical, but removes such words and names further from Europe and European Prejudices and Associations. So also I think best to talk of '*A Moon*' rather than '*a Month*,' and perhaps 'sennight' is better than 'week.'

This is a little matter ; but it is well to rub off as little Oriental Colour as possible.

As to a Notice of Jámí's Life, you need not trouble yourself to draw it up unless you like ; since I can make an extract of Ouseley's, and send you for any addition or correction you like. Very little needs be said. I have not yet been able to find Jámí out in the *Biographie Universelle*. . . .

Now let me hear from you *something*—whatever you like. Yours and Lady's, E. F. G.

You, I believe, in your Oxford Essay, translate Jámí's 'Haft Aurang' as the '*Seven Thrones*,' it also meaning, I see, the seven Stars of the Great Bear—'The Seven Stars.' Why should not this

latter be the Translation? More intelligible, Poetical, and Eastern (as far as I see) than 'Thrones.'

[*Jan.* 1856.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

I send you a sketch of Jámí's Life, which cut, correct, and annotate as you like. Where there was so little to tell I have brought in all the fine Names and extra bits I could to give it a little sparkle. There is very little after all; I have spread it over Paper to give you room to note *upon* it. Only take care not to lose either these, or Yesterday's, Papers—for my Terror at going over the Ground!

You must put in the corrected Notice about the Sultan Hussein, both in the Memoir and in the Note to the Poem. The latter will have room for at least four (I think five) lines of note Type: which you must fill, and not overflow: 'Strong without rage, etc.'

I feel guilty at taking up your Time and Thoughts: and also at Dressing myself so in your Plumes. But I mean to say a word about this, *φωνάνα συνετοῖσιν*, in my Preliminary Notice; and would gladly dedicate the little Book to you by Name, with due acknowledgment, did I think the world would take it for a Compliment to you. But though I like the Version, and you like it, we know very well the world—even the very little world, I mean, who will see it—may not;



and might laugh at us both for any such Compliment. They cannot laugh at your Scholarship ; but they might laugh at the use I put it to : and at my dedicating *a cobweb* (as Carlyle called Maud the other night) to you.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

LONDON. Friday [April 25, 1856].

MY DEAR LADY,

The Picture after all did not go down yesterday as I meant, but shall and will go to-morrow (Saturday). Also I shall send you dear Major Moor's 'Oriental Fragments' ; an almost worthless Book, I doubt, to those who did not know him—which means, *love* him !<sup>1</sup> And somehow all of us in our corner of Suffolk knew something of him : and so again loved something of him. For there was nothing at all about him not to be beloved. Ah ! I think how interested he would have been with all this Persian : and how we should have disputed over parts and expressions over a glass of his Shiraz wine (for he had some) in his snug Parlour, or in his Cornfields when the Sun fell upon the latest Gleaners ! He is dead, and you will go where he lived, to be dead to me !

<sup>1</sup> In another letter written about the same time he says, 'The letter to Major Price at the Beginning is worth any money, and almost any Love !' This dedication by Major Moor to his old comrade-in-arms FitzGerald would sometimes try to read aloud, but would break down before he could finish it.

Remember to take poor Barton's little Book<sup>1</sup> with you to India ; better than many a better Book to you there !

I got a glimpse of Professor Müller's Essay<sup>2</sup>—full of fine things ; but I hardly gather it up into a good whole, which is very likely my fault ; from hasty perusal, ignorance, or other Incapacity. Perhaps, on the other hand, he found the Subject too great for his Space ; and so has left it disproportioned, which the German is not inapt to do. But one may be well thankful for such admirable fragments, perhaps left so in the very honesty that is above rounding them into a specious Theory which will not hold.

[1856.]

MY DEAR LADY,

. . . If you see Trench's new Book about Calderon<sup>3</sup> you will see he has dealt very handsomely with me. He does not approve the Principle I went on ; and what has he made of his own ! I say this with every reason, as you will see, to praise him for his good word. He seems to me wrong about his 'asonantes,' which were much better *un*-assonanted as Cowell did his Specimens.<sup>4</sup> With Trench the Language has to

<sup>1</sup> The Selection from his Letters, etc., published after his death, in which FitzGerald wrote a sketch of his life.

<sup>2</sup> On Comparative Mythology, in the Oxford Essays for 1856.

<sup>3</sup> Life's a Dream : The Great Theatre of the World. From the Spanish of Calderon.

<sup>4</sup> In an article on Spanish Literature in the Westminster Review for April 1851, pp. 281-323.

be forced to secure the shadow of a Rhyme which is no pleasure to the Ear. So it seems to me on a hasty Look.

---

Mr. Cowell was appointed Professor of History at the Presidency College, Calcutta, in 1856, and went out to India by the Cape in August, greatly to FitzGerald's regret. 'Your talk of going to India,' he wrote, 'makes my Heart hang really heavy at my side.'

---

*To E. B. Cowell.*

[1856].

MY DEAR COWELL,

That *Shah* mistake must be cancelled with its page. I had always seen there was a 'hiatus' somehow ; but the passage was so little inviting that I never looked back to it since first burrowing it out—beside not thinking it much mattered who. For it would be always implied that the King acted only by the Sage's direction. But it is safer to let it go.

The Book <sup>1</sup> shall be, as you think well, left at Parker's for sale, and even advertised for sale. Half-a-dozen will buy, and the Critics in the Papers will sneer. For I observe they always take up any Confession of unliteralness, etc., against oneself: and yet one can't honestly put

<sup>1</sup> *Saláimán* and *Absál*.

forth a Translation without saying how far one has left the Original. In respect of you too ; I should have said much more than you would like in Public, though only the Truth—and what Madam would think very far short of due. I told you I had couched the Preface in a Letter to you,—but I am even now (if the book is to be publisht) puzzled what to do with it.

Jámí then, coming back to Herat in 1473, came back the very year in which his own Sultan Abou Said was dispossessed and slain by Hasan. The pilgrimage to Mecca lasts a Year at least, Chardin says ; and if Jámí, returning (as you say) through Mesopotamia, found it in Arms, it must have been against Abou S. not against Mahmúd. But it does not matter.

I see in the Ipswich Paper you are printed as having been appointed ! I have delayed going to Oxford because you were now Coaching : thinking best to wait till about Easter. But if you are going to India !—I can't look at you and her again. I must have your portraits.

I think it is spelt ' Yam ' not ' Ham ' in Sale's Koran.

[*May* 1856.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

I am glad my shot at Hafiz was not so far wide of the mark, though I could not have shot at all without Von Hammer. Why do you call

it 'bitter' wine? Surely only 'sharp' is intended. *Bitter* would be disagreeable: whereas 'sharp' only expresses a Delight whose Edge cuts away all other Taste of the weary World from the Palate.

I think you might string together the stray good Lines from some of the otherwise worthless Odes—empty Bottles!—in a very good Fashion which I will tell you about when we meet. I am tied to London by Lilliput strings which others would break through I dare say: partly Business; being the only one of my Family on the Spot while this confounded Naseby Sale never *is*, but always *is to be*, completed—(they now talk of Saturday, the 24th); and partly that I am waiting for a Bedfordshire Parson who wants me to introduce him to Kemble for the benefit of his Anglo-Saxon. Never fear that I shall get to you somehow and somewhere: though, as I told your Wife, I think it would be best for me to shirk it.

By the bye, I wish you would apologise to her (though she won't care for it) for the Liberty I took with her delightful Verses in my Letter.<sup>1</sup> I made Thornbush '*nestle*' not '*lie*' on the Hill to avoid a little jingle with '*sky*' in the foregoing Line. The Line '*Burned like a Golden Angel ground above,*' etc., was meant to refer to those early Religious Pictures (*Pre-Raphaelite*!) where one sees a literally Gold ground teeming with

<sup>1</sup> Prefixed to *Salámán* and *Absál*.

Angel outlines, either over the heads of some Holy Family or of some purple Background. The *Idea* is a good one ; but the expression not what it should be ; nor should I have substituted so much except that we never could get the original Line to anything like the Goodness of the rest. This will at least show you I did not alter the Verses without consideration, howsoever it may succeed.

I reckoned that you would carry Mr. Kitchin<sup>1</sup> a Salámán when you went to him, as I saw by his Letter you were to do. I can send one any Day. Will you give the Major<sup>2</sup> a copy also, with my kindest Regards? If you will have any more Copies 'there are still a few to be got!' Trench writes about 'getting to see his way into the Book,' which one can't well understand : for the Allegory etc. is clear enough. Have you seen his Calderon? No—you have not. I don't think he has solved the Difficulty : but he has been really exceedingly kind in going out of his way to praise me whose Sympathies lie so far from his own.

I feel a strange pleasure in giving you dear Major Moor's almost worthless Book. The letter to Major Price at the Beginning is worth any money, and almost any Love !

Thackeray is back—not very well.

<sup>1</sup> Now Dean of Durham.

<sup>2</sup> Major Hockley.

*To George Crabbe.*

31 GREAT PORTLAND STREET,  
*Jan. 1, 1857.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

A good New Year to you ! Here I am, and have been for the last Fortnight, *alone* : my Wife having gone to Mr. Gurney's, and afterwards to Geldestone : and I remaining here partly to see through that mortgage with W. Browne which you remember my telling you about. There has been plenty of Bother, but I suppose it will be done, like some other things, for Better or Worse.

I am still in a total Quandary about a Place of Abode. My Wife has been asking about Norwich, where she heard of nothing except a Furnisht House in The Close, and an Unfurnisht on the Thorpe Road. So if we be in East Anglia now, I think we shall have to go to Lowestoft for a time. I want my wife to learn all she can of Housekeeping, and employ herself in it : I think she is given to Profusion, and her Hand is out of practice, of course.

I shall be down at Geldestone myself in a few days, and then settle where to go for a time. It is not Inclination that keeps me unsettled : but the not seeing my way at all clear ; a matter in which I may perhaps know some more reason than you or others who would otherwise be far



more competent to judge of any such matter than I am.

I have scarce seen any one here : but put my Eyes quite out over a silly Persian Manuscript by Day, and look into the Pit of a Theatre for an Hour at night when I can see no longer. What a waste of Life—if *my* Life ever could be worth living. I am rather weary of it.

Give my kind Remembrances to Barlow and his Lady. Tell him I will gladly accept the arm-chair he promises me : but let it not be a luxurious or ornamental one, but a plain Oak Chair : for I like, and will have, all of the plainest in my House.

Goodbye, my dear George : get well, and help me with your good Counsel. I shall go and see you (probably *solus* however) for a day or two ere long, I hope ; and if we be at Lowestoft or elsewhere near you, come to us at any time and for any length of Time.

P.S. ‘The Bloody Warrior’<sup>1</sup> says you and I and he are to go to Dresden this year together. I should like it : but we must see—we must see.

<sup>1</sup> W. K. Browne, who was a Captain in the Militia.



*To E. B. Cowell.*

31 GT PORTLAND ST. LONDON,  
*Jan. 22/57.*

MY DEAREST COWELL,

As usual I blunder. I have been taking for granted all this while that of course we could not write to you till you had written to us ! Else how several times I could have written ! could have sent you some Lines of Hafiz or Jámí or Nizámí that I thought wanted Comment of some kind : so as the Atlantic should have been no greater Bar between us than the two hours rail to Oxford. And now I have forgot many things, or have left the Books scattered in divers places ; or, if I had all here, 'twould be too much to send. So I must e'en take up with what the present Hour turns up.

It was only yesterday I heard from your Brother of a Letter from you, telling of your safe Arrival ; of the Dark Faces about you at your Calcutta Caravanserai ! Methinks how I should like to be there ! Perhaps should not, though, were the Journey only half its length ! Write to me one day. . . .

I have now been five weeks alone at my old Lodgings in London where you came this time last year ! My wife in Norfolk. She came up yesterday ; and we have taken Lodgings for two months in the Regent's Park. And I positively

stay behind here in the old Place on purpose to write to you in the same condition you knew me in and I you ! I believe there are new Channels fretted in my Cheeks with many unmanly Tears since then, 'remembering the Days that are no more,' in which you two are so mixt up. Well, well ; I have no news to tell you. Public Matters you know I don't meddle with ; and I have seen scarce any Friends even while in London here. Carlyle but once ; Thackeray not once ; Spedding and Donne pretty often. Spedding's first volume of Bacon is out ; some seven hundred pages ; and the Reviews already begin to think it over-commentaried. How interested would you be in it ! and from you I should get a good Judgment, which perhaps I can't make for myself. I hear Tennyson goes on with King Arthur ; but I have not seen or heard from him for a long long while.

Oddly enough, as I finished the last sentence, Thackeray was announced ; he came in looking gray, grand, and good-humoured ; and I held up this Letter and told him whom it was written to and he sends his Love ! He goes Lecturing all over England ; has fifty pounds for each Lecture : and says he is ashamed of the Fortune he is making. But he deserves it.

And now for my poor Studies. I have read really very little except Persian since you went : and yet, from want of Eyes, not very much of that. I have gone carefully over two-thirds of

Hafiz again with Dictionary and Von Hammer : and gone on with Jámí and Nizámí. But my great Performance all lies in the last five weeks since I have been alone here ; when I wrote to Napoleon Newton to ask him to lend me his MS. of Attár's Mantic uttair ; and, with the help of Garcin de Tassy<sup>1</sup> have nearly made out about two-thirds of it. For it has greatly interested me, though I confess it is always an old Story. The Germans make a Fuss about the Súfi Doctrine ; but, as far as I understand, it is not very abstruse Pantheism, and always the same. One becomes as wearied of the *man-i* and *du-i* in their Philosophy as of the *bulbul*, etc., in their Songs. Attár's Doctrine seems to me only Jámí and Jeláledín (of whom I have poked out a little from the MS. you bought for me), but his Mantic has, like Salámán, the advantage of having a Story to hang all upon ; and some of his illustrative Stories are very agreeable : better than any of the others I have seen. He has not so much Fancy or Imagination as Jámí, nor I dare say, so much depth as Jeláledín ; but his touch is lighter. I mean to make a Poetic Abstract of the Mantic, I think : neither De Tassy nor Von Hammer<sup>2</sup> gives these Stories which are by far the best part, though there are so many childish and silly ones. Shah Máhmúd

<sup>1</sup> In his 'Mémoire sur la poésie philosophique et religieuse chez les Persans.' His edition of the text of Attár's poem came out in 1857, but the French translation only in 1863.

<sup>2</sup> In his 'Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens.'

figures in the best. I am very pleased at having got on so well with this MS. though I doubt at more cost of Eyesight than it is worth. I have exchanged several Letters with Mr. Newton, though by various mischances we have not yet met; he has however introduced me to Mr. Dowson of the Asiatic, with whom, or with a certain Seyd Abdúllah recommended by Allen, I mean (I think) to read a little. No need of this had you remained behind! Oh! how I should like to read the Mantic with you! It is very easy in the main. But I believe I shall never see you again; I really do believe that. And my Paper is gradually overcome as I write this: and I must say Good Bye. Good Bye, my dear dear Friends! I dare not meddle with Mr. and Mrs. Charlesworth.<sup>1</sup> Thackeray coming in overset me, with one thing and another. Farewell. Write to me; direct—whither? For till I see better how we get on I dare fix on no place to live or die in. Direct to me at Crabbe's, Bredfield, till you hear further.

24 PORTLAND TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,  
Saturday *January* 23 [? 24] 1857.

MY DEAR E. B. C.,

I must write you a second Letter (which will reach you, I suppose, by the same Post as that which I posted on Thursday Jan. 22) to tell you

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Cowell's father and mother.

that not half an hour after I had posted that first Letter, arrived yours ! And now, to make the Coincidence stranger, your Brother Charles, who is now with us for two days, tells me that very Thursday Jan. 24 (? 22) is your Birthday ! I am extremely obliged to you for your long, kind, and interesting Letter : yes, yes : I should have liked to be on the Voyage with you, and to be among the Dark People with you even now. Your Brother Charles, who came up yesterday, brought us up your Home Letter, and read it to us last night after Tea to our great Satisfaction. I believe that in my already posted Letter I have told you much that you enquire about in yours received half an hour after : of my poor Studies at all events. This morning I have been taking the Physiognomy of the 19th Birds. . . . There are, as I wrote you, very pleasant stories. One, of a Shah returning to his Capital, and his People dressing out a Welcome for him, and bringing out Presents of Gold, Jewels, etc., all which he rides past without any Notice, till, coming to the Prison, the Prisoners, by way of their Welcome, toss before him the Bloody Heads and Limbs of old and recent Execution. At which the Shah for the first time stops his Horse—smiles—casts Largess among the Prisoners, etc. And when asked why he neglected all the Jewels, etc., and stopped with satisfaction at such a grim welcome as the Prisoners threw him, he says, ‘ The Jewels, etc., were but empty Ostenta-

tion—but those bloody Limbs prove that my Law has been executed, without which none of those Heads and Carcases would have parted Company, etc.’ De Tassy notices a very agreeable Story of Mahmúd and the Lad fishing : and I find another as pleasant about Mahmúd consorting ‘incog :’ with a Bath-Stove-Keeper, who is so good a Fellow that, at last, Mahmúd, making himself known, tells the Poor Man to ask what he will—a Crown, if he likes. But the poor Fellow says, ‘All I ask is that the Shah will come now and then to me as I am, and here where I am ; here, in this poor Place, which he has made illustrious with his Presence, and a better Throne to me with Him, than the Throne of Both Worlds without Him, etc.’ You observed perhaps in De Tassy’s Summary that he notices an Eastern Form of William Tell’s Apple ? A Sultan doats on a beautiful Slave, who yet is seen daily to pine away under all the Shah’s Favour, and being askt why, replies, ‘Because every day the Shah, who is a famous Marksman with the Bow, shoots at an Apple laid on my Head, and always hits it ; and when all the Court cries “Lo ! the Fortune of the King !” he also asks me why I turn pale under the Trial, he being such a Marksman, and his Mark an Apple set on the Head he most doats upon ?’ I am going to transcribe on the next Page a rough draft of a Version of another Story, because all this will amuse you, I think.



I couldn't help running some of these Apologues into Verse as I read them : but they are in a very rough state as yet, and so perhaps may continue, for to correct is *the Bore*.

When Yúsuf from his Father's House was torn,  
 His Father's Heart was utterly forlorn ;  
 And, like a Pipe with but one note, his Tongue  
 Still nothing but the name of Yúsuf rung.  
 Then down from Heaven's Branches came the Bird  
 Of Heaven, and said ' God wearies of that Word.  
 Hast thou not else to do, and else to say ? '  
 So Yacúb's Lips were sealèd from that Day.  
 But one Night in a Vision, far away  
 His Darling in some alien Home he saw,  
 And stretch'd his Arms forth ; and between the Awe  
 Of God's Displeasure, and the bitter Pass  
 Of Love and Anguish, sigh'd forth an *Alas !*  
 And stopp'd—But when he woke the Angel came,  
 And said, ' Oh, faint of purpose ! Though the Name  
 Of that Belovèd were not uttered by  
 Thy Lips, it hung sequester'd in that Sigh.'

You see this is very imperfect, and I am not always quite certain of always getting the right Sow by the Ear ; but it is pretty anyhow. In this, as in several other Stories, one sees the fierce vindictive Character of the Eastern Divinity and Religion : a 'jealous God' indeed ! So there is another Story of a poor Hermit, who retires into the Wilderness to be alone with God, and lives in a Tree ; and there in the Branches a little Bird has a Nest, and sings so sweetly that the poor old Man's Heart is drawn to it in spite of Himself ; till a Voice from Heaven calls to Him—'What are you about ? You have bought

*Me* with your Prayers, etc., and I *You* by some Largess of my Grace : and is this Bargain to be cancelled by the Piping of a little Bird ?<sup>1</sup> So I construe at least right or wrong. . . .

Monday Jan. 25 [? 26]. Like your Journal, you see, I spread my Letter over more than a Day. On Saturday Night your Brother and I went to hear Thackeray lecture on George III.—very agreeable to me, though I did not think highly of the Lecture. . . . I should like to see Nizámí's *Shírín*, though I have not yet seen enough to care for in Nizámí. Get me a MS. if you can get a fair one ; as also one of Attár's *Birds* ; of which however Garcin de Tassy gives hint of publishing a Text. There might be a

<sup>1</sup> This Apologue FitzGerald afterwards turned into verse ; but it remained an unfinished fragment. Professor Cowell has kindly filled up the gaps which were left.

A Saint there was who three score Years and ten  
In holy Meditation among Men  
Had spent, but, wishing, ere he came to close  
With God, to meet him in complete Repose,  
Withdrew into the Wilderness, where he  
Set up his Dwelling in an aged Tree  
Whose hollow Trunk his Winter Shelter made,  
And whose green branching Arms his Summer Shade.  
And like himself a Nightingale one Spring  
Making her Nest above his Head would sing  
So sweetly that her pleasant Music stole  
Between the Saint and his severer Soul,  
And made him sometimes [heedless of his] Vows  
Listening his little Neighbour in the Boughs.  
Until one Day a sterner Music woke  
The sleeping Leaves, and through the Branches spoke—  
'What ! is the Love between us two begun  
And waxing till we Two were nearly One  
For three score Years of Intercourse unstirr'd  
Of Men, now shaken by a little Bird ;  
And such a precious Bargain, and so long  
A making, [put in peril] for a Song ?'



good Book made of about half the Text of the Original ; for the Repetitions are many, and the stories so many of them not wanted. What a nice Book too would be the Text of some of the best Apologues in Jámí, Jeláleddín, Attár, etc., with literal Translations ! . . .

I was with Borrow<sup>1</sup> a week ago at Donne's, and also at Yarmouth three months ago : he is well, but not yet agreed with Murray. He read me a long Translation he had made from the Turkish : which I could not admire, and his Taste becomes stranger than ever.

24 PORTLAND TERRACE,  
REGENT'S PARK.

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . March 12. You see I leave this Letter like an unfinished Picture ; giving it a touch every now and then. Meanwhile it lies in a volume of Sir W. Ouseley's Travels. Meanwhile also I keep putting into shape some of that Mantic which however would never do to publish. For this reason ; that anything like a literal Translation would be, I think, unreadable ; and what I have done for amusement is not only so unliteral, but I doubt *unoriental*, in its form and expression, as would destroy the value of the Original without replacing it with anything worth reading of my own. It has amused me however to reduce the

<sup>1</sup> George Borrow, Author of *The Bible in Spain*, etc.

Mass into something of an Artistic Shape. There are lots of Passages which—how should I like to talk them over with you ! Shall we ever meet again ? I think not ; or not in such plight, both of us, as will make Meeting what it used to be. Only to-day I have been opening dear old Salámán : the original Copy we bought and began this time three years ago at Oxford ; with all my scratches of Query and Explanation in it, and the Notes from you among the Leaves. How often I think with Sorrow of my many Harshnesses and Impatiences ! which are yet more of manner than Intention. My wife is sick of hearing me sing in a doleful voice the old Glee of ‘ When shall we Three Meet again ? ’ Especially the Stanza, ‘ Though in foreign Lands we sigh, Parcht beneath a hostile Sky, etc. ’ How often too I think of the grand Song written by some Scotch Lady,<sup>1</sup> which I sing to myself for you on Ganges Banks !

Slow spreads the Gloom my Soul desires,  
The Sun from India's Shore retires :  
To *Orwell's* Bank, with temperate ray—  
Home of my Youth !—he leads the Day :  
Oh Banks to me for ever dear,  
Oh Stream whose Murmur meets my Ear ;  
Oh all my Hopes of Bliss abide  
Where *Orwell* mingles with the Tide.

The Music has come to me for these Words, little good otherwise than expressive : but there

<sup>1</sup> Evan Banks, by Miss Williams. See Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, iv. 59.

is no use sending it to India. To India ! It seems to me it would be easy to get into the first great Ship and never see Land again till I saw the Mouth of the Ganges ! and there live what remains of my shabby Life.

But there is no good in all such Talk. I never write to you about Politics in which you know I little meddle. . . . March 20. Why, see how the Time goes ! And here has my Letter been lying in Sir W. Ouseley for the last ten days, I suppose. To-day I have been writing twenty pages of a metrical Sketch of the Mantic, for such uses as I told you of. It is an amusement to me to take what Liberties I like with these Persians, who (as I think) are not Poets enough to frighten one from such excursions, and who really do want a little Art to shape them. I don't speak of Jeláleddín whom I know so little of (enough to show me that he is no great Artist, however), nor of Hafiz, whose *best* is untranslatable because he is the best Musician of Words. Old Johnson<sup>1</sup> said the Poets were the best Preservers of a Language : for People must go to the Original to relish them. I am sure that what Tennyson said to you is true : that Hafiz is the most Eastern—or, he should have said, most *Persian*—of the Persians. He is the best representative of their character, whether his Sáki and Wine be real or mystical. Their Religion and Philosophy is soon seen through,

<sup>1</sup> Boswell's Johnson, 11 April 1776.

and always seems to me *cuckooed* over like a borrowed thing, which people, once having got, don't know how to parade enough. To be sure, their Roses and Nightingales are repeated enough; but Hafiz and old Omar Khayyám ring like true Metal. The Philosophy of the Latter is, alas!, one that never fails in the World. 'To-day is ours, etc.'

While I think of it, why is the Sea<sup>1</sup> (in that Apologue of Attár once quoted by Falconer) supposed to have lost God? Did the Persians agree with something I remember in Plato about the Sea and all in it being of an inferior Nature, in spite of Homer's 'divine Ocean, etc.' And here I come to the end of my sheet, which you will hardly get through, I think. I scarce dare to think of reading it over. But I will try.

24 PORTLAND TERRACE,  
REGENT'S PARK.  
March 29, [1857].

MY DEAR COWELL,

I only posted my last long letter four days ago: and how far shall I get with this? Like the other, I keep it in Sir W. Ouseley, and note

<sup>1</sup> This struck E. F. G. so much that he introduced it into Omar Khayyám, stanza xxxiii. Professor Cowell writes, 'I well remember shewing it to FitzGerald and reading it with him in his early Persian days at Oxford in 1855. I laughed at the quaintness; but the idea seized his imagination from the first, and, like Virgil with Ennius' rough jewels, his genius detected gold where I had seen only tinsel. He has made two grand lines out of it.'

down a bit now and then. When the time for the Mail comes, the sheet shall go whether full or not. I had a letter from your Mother telling me she had heard from you—all well—but the Heats increasing. I suppose the Crocuses we see even in these poor little Gardens hereabout would wither in a Glance of your Sun. Now the black Trees in the Regent's Park opposite are beginning to show green Buds ; and Men come by with great Baskets of Flowers ; Primroses, Hepaticas, Crocuses, great Daisies, etc., calling as they go, 'Growing, Growing, Growing ! All the Glory going !' So my wife says she has heard them call : some old Street cry, no doubt, of which we have so few now remaining. It will almost make you smell them all the way from Calcutta. 'All the Glory going !' What has put me upon beginning with this Sheet so soon is, that, (having done my Will for the present with the Mantic—one reason being that I am afraid to meddle more with N. Newton's tender MS., and another reason that I now lay by what I have sketched out so as to happen on it again one day with fresh eyes) —I say, this being shelved, I took up old Hafiz again, and began with him where I left off in November at Brighton. And this morning came to an ode we did together this time two years ago when you were at Spiers' in Oxford. . . . How it brought all back to me ! Oriel opposite, and the Militia in Broad Street, and

the old Canary-coloured Sofa and the Cocoa or Tea on the Table ! . . .

I should think Bramford begins to look pretty about this time, hey, Mr. Cowell? And Mrs. Cowell? There is a house there constantly advertised to let in the Papers. I think that one by the Mill ; not the pleasant place where *Trygæus*<sup>1</sup> looked forth on the Rail ! ‘The Days are gone when Beauty bright, etc.’ . . .

Spedding has been once here in near three months. His Bacon keeps coming out : his part, the Letters, etc., of Bacon, is not come yet ; so it remains to be seen what he will do then : but I can’t help thinking he has let the Pot boil too long. Well, here is a great deal written to-day : and I shall shut up the Sheet in Ouseley again. March 30. Another reason for thinking the *māhi* which supports the world to be only a *myth* of the simple Fish genus is that the stage next above him is *Gau*, the Bull, as the Symbol of *Earth*. It seems to me one sees this as it were pictured in those Assyrian Sculptures ; just some waving lines and a fish to represent Water, etc. And it hooks on, I think, to Max Müller’s Theory in that Essay<sup>2</sup> of his. Saturday, April 4. Why, we are creeping toward another Post day ! another 25th when the ‘Viâ Marseilles’ Letters go off ! And I now renew this great Sheet, because in returning

<sup>1</sup> A retired clergyman who lived at Bramford.

<sup>2</sup> On Comparative Mythology. Oxford Essays, 1856.



to old Hafiz two or three days ago, I happened on a line which you will confer with a Tetrastich of Omar's. . . . Donne has got the Licenser's Post ; given him in the handsomest way by Lord Bredalbane to whom the Queen as handsomely committed it. The said Donne has written an Article on Calderon in Fraser,<sup>1</sup> in which he says very handsome things of me, but is not accurate in what he says. I suppose it was he wrote an Article in the Saturday Review some months ago to the same effect ; but I have not asked him. I find people like that Calderon book. By the bye again, what is the passage I am to write out for you from the Volume you gave me, the old Bramford Volume, 'E. B. Cowell, Bramford, Aug. 20, 1849?' Tell me, and I will write it in my best style : I have the Volume here in my room, and was looking into it only last night ; at that end of the *Mágico* which we read together at Elmsett ! I don't know if I could translate it now that the '*æstus*' caught from your sympathy is gone ! . . . April 5. In looking into the '*Secreto Agravio*' I see an Oriental superstition, which was likely enough however to be a poetical fancy of any nation : I mean, the Sun turning Stone to Ruby, etc. Enter Don Luis : '*Soy mercador, y trato en los Diamantes, que hoy son Piedras, y rayos fueron antes de Sol, que perficiona é ilumina rústico Grano en la abrasada Mina.*' The Partridge in

<sup>1</sup> Fraser's Magazine for April 1857.

the Mantic tells something of the same ; he digs up and swallows Rubies which turn his Blood to Fire inside him and sparkle out of his Eyes and Bill. This volume of Calderon is marked by the Days on which you finished several Plays, all at Bramford ! Wednesday, April 8. I have been reading the ‘ *Mágico* ’ over and remembering other days ; I saw *us* sitting at other tables reading it. Also I am looking over old Æschylus—Agamemnon—with Blackie’s Translation. . . . Is it in Hafiz we have met the Proverb (about *pregnant* Night) which Clytemnestra also makes her Entry with [264, 5] ? εὐάγγελος μὲν, ὥσπερ ἡ παροιμία, ἕως γένοιτο μητρὸς εὐφρόνης πάρα. I think one sees that the Oriental borrowed this Fancy, which smacks of the Grecian Personification of Mother Night. What an Epitaph for a Warrior are those two Greek words by which the Chorus express all that returns to Mycenæ of the living Hero who went forth [435]—τεύχη καὶ σποδός !

Well ; and I have had a Note from Garcin de Tassy whom I had asked if he knew of any Copy of Omar Khayyám in all the Paris Libraries : he writes ‘ I have made, by means of a Friend, etc.’ But I shall enclose his Note to amuse you. Now what I mean to do is, in return for his politeness to me, to copy out as well as I can the Tetrastichs as you copied them for me, and send them as a Present to De Tassy. Perhaps he will edit them. I should not wish



him to do so if there were any chance of your ever doing it ; but I don't think you will help on the old Pantheist, and De Tassy really, after what he is doing for the Mantic, deserves to make the acquaintance of this remarkable little Fellow. Indeed I think you will be pleased that I should do this. Now for some more Æschylus. Friday, April 17. I have been for the last five days with my Brother at Twickenham ; during which time I really copied out Omar Khayyám, in a way ! and shall to-day post it as a '*cadeau*' to Garcin de Tassy in return for his Courtesy to me. I am afraid, a bad return : for my MS. is but badly written and it would perhaps more plague than profit an English 'savant' to have such a present made him. But a Frenchman gets over all this very lightly. Garcin de Tassy tells me he has printed four thousand lines of the Mantic. And here is April running away and it will soon be time to post you another Letter ! When I once get into the Country I shall have less to write you about than now ; and that, you see, is not much.

Tuesday, April 21. Yours and your wife's dear good Letters put into my hand as I sit in the sunshine in a little Balcony outside the Windows looking upon the quite green hedge side of the Regent's Park. For Green it is thus early, and such weather as I never remember before at this Season. Well, your Letters, I say, were put into my hand as I was there looking

into Æschylus under an Umbrella, and waiting for Breakfast. My wife cried a good deal over your wife's Letter, I think, I think so. Ah me ! I would not as yet read it, for I was already sad ; but I shall answer hers to me which I did read indeed with many thoughts : perhaps I can write this post ; at least I will clear off this letter to you, my dear Cowell.

E. F. G.

*April 21.*

MY DEAR LADY, I have told E. B. C. at the close of my long letter to him how his and yours were put into my hand this morning. Well, as in telling him that I finished that sheet of Paper, I will e'en take one scrap more to thank you ; and (since you have, I believe, some confidences together) some things I have yet got to say to him shall be addressed to you ; and you can exercise your own Discretion as to telling him. One thing tell him however, which my overflowing Sheet had not room for, and was the very thing that most needed telling : viz. that he, a busy man, must not feel bound to write me as long Letters in return. Who knows how long I shall keep up any thing like to my own mark ; for I daily grow worse with the Letter-pen : and, beside his other employments, the Sun of India will '*belaze*' him (I doubt if the word be in

Johnson). But 'vogue la Galère' while the wind blows! Again you may give him the enclosed instead of a former Letter from the same G. de T. For is it not odd he should not have time to read a dozen of those 150 Tetrastichs? I pointed out such a dozen to him of the best, and told him if he liked them I would try and get the rest better written for him than I could write. I had also told him that the whole thing came from E. B. C. and I now write to tell him I have no sort of intention of writing a paper in the Journal Asiatique, nor I suppose E. B. C. neither. G. de Tassy is very civil to me however. How much I might say about your Letter to me! you will hardly comprehend how it is I almost turn my Eyes from it in this Answer, and dally with other matter. You make me sad with old Memories; yet, I don't mean quite disagreeably sad, but enough to make me shrink recurring to them. I don't know whether to be comforted or not when *you* talk of India as a Land of Exile— . . .

Wednesday, April 22. Now this morning comes a second Letter from Garcin de Tassy saying that his first note about Omar Khayyám was 'in haste': that he has read some of the Tetrastichs which he finds not very difficult; some difficulties which are probably errors of the 'copist'; and he proposes his writing an Article in the Journal Asiatique on it in which he will 'honourably mention' E. B. C. and E. F. G. I

now write to deprecate all this :<sup>1</sup> putting it on the ground (and a fair one) that we do not yet know enough of the matter : that I do not wish E. B. C. to be made answerable for errors which E. F. G. (the '*copist*') may have made : and that E. F. G. neither merits nor desires any honourable mention as a Persian Scholar : being none. Tell E. B. C. that I have used his name with all caution, referring De Tassy to Vararuchi, etc. But these Frenchmen are so self-content and superficial, one never knows how they will take up anything. To turn to other matters—we are talking of leaving this place almost directly. . . . I often wonder if I shall ever see you both again ! Well, for the present, Adieu, Adieu, Adieu !

LONDON, May 7/57.

MY DEAR COWELL,

Owing partly to my own Stupidity, and partly to a change in the India Post days, my last two letters (to you and wife) which were quite ready by the Marseilles Post of April 25th will not get off till the Southampton Mail of this May 10. Your letter of March 21 reached me three days ago. Write only when you have Leisure and Inclination, and only as much as those two good things are good for : I will do the same. I will

<sup>1</sup> M. Garcin de Tassy scrupulously observed this injunction in his Note sur les Rubâ'iyât de 'Omar Khaïyâm, which appeared in the Journal Asiatique.

at once say (in reply to a kind offer you make to have Hatifi's 'Haft Paikar' copied for me) that it will [be] best to wait till you have read it ; you know me well enough to know whether it will hit my taste. However, if it be but a very short poem, no harm would be done by a Copy : but do let me be at the Charges of such things. I will ask for Hatifi's Laili : but I didn't (as you know) take much to what little I saw. As to any copies Allen might have had, I believe there is no good asking for them : for, only yesterday going to put into Madden's hands Mr. Newton's MS. of the Mantic, I saw Allen's house *kharáb*. There had been a Fire there, Madden told me, which had destroyed stock, etc., but I could not make much out of the matter, Madden putting on a Face of foolish mystery. You can imagine it ? We talked of you, as you may imagine also : and I believe in that he is not foolish. Well, and to-day I have a note from the great De Tassy which announces 'My dear Sir, Definitely I have written a little Paper upon Omar with some Quotations taken here and there at random, avoiding only the too badly sounding *rubayát*. I have read that paper before the Persian Ambassador and suite, at a meeting of the Oriental Society of which I am Vice President, the Duc de Dondeauville being president. The Ambassador has been much pleased of my quotations.' So you see I have done the part of an ill Subject in helping France to ingratiate herself

with Persia when England might have had the start ! I suppose it probable *Ferukh Khan* himself had never read or perhaps heard of Omar. I think I told you in my last that I had desired De Tassy to say nothing about you in any Paper he should write ; since I cannot have you answerable for any blunders I may have made in my Copy, nor may you care to be named with Omar at all. I hope the Frenchman will attend to my desire ; and I dare say he will, as he will then have all credit to himself. He says he can't make out the metre of the *rubayât* at all—never could—though 'I am enough skilful in scanning the Persian verses as you have seen' (Q'?) 'in my Prosody of the languages of Musulman Countries, etc.' So much for De Tassy. No ; but something more yet : and better, for he tells me his Print of the Mantic is finisht, 'in proofs,' and will be out in about a Month : and he will send me one. Now, my dear Cowell, can't I send one to you ? Yes, we must manage that somehow.

Well, I have not turned over Johnson's Dictionary for the last month, having got hold of *Æschylus*. I think I want to turn his Trilogy into what shall be readable English Verse ; a thing I have always thought of, but was frightened at the Chorus. So I am now ; I can't think them so fine as People talk of : they are terribly maimed ; and all such Lyrics require a better Poet than I am to set forth in English.



But the better Poets won't do it ; and I cannot find one readable translation. I shall (if I make one) make a very free one ; not for Scholars, but for those who are ignorant of Greek, and who (so far as I have seen) have never been induced to learn it by any Translations yet made of these Plays. I think I shall become a bore, of the Bowring order, by all this Translation : but it amuses me without any labour, and I really think I have the faculty of making some things readable which others have hitherto left unreadable. But don't be alarmed with the anticipation of another sudden volume of Translations ; for I only sketch out the matter, then put it away ; and coming on it one day with fresh eyes trim it up with some natural impulse that I think gives a natural air to all. So I have put away the Mantic. When I die, what a farrago of such things will be found ! Enough of such matter. . . .

Friday, June 5 ! What an interval since the last sentence ! And why ? Because I have been moving about nearly ever since till yesterday, and my Letter, thus far written, was packt up in a Box sent down hither, namely, Gorlestone Cliffs, Great Yarmouth. Instead of the Regent's Park, and Regent Street, here before my windows are the Vessels going in and out of this River : and Sailors walking about with fur caps and their brown hands in their Breeches Pockets. Within hail almost lives George Borrow who has lately published, and given me, two new Volumes of



Lavengro called 'Romany Rye,' with some excellent things, and some very bad (as I have made bold to write to him—how shall I face him!). You would not like the Book at all, I think. But I must now tell you an odd thing, which will also be a sad thing to you. I left London last Tuesday fortnight for Bedfordshire, meaning to touch at Hertford in passing; but as usual, bungled between two Railroads and got to Bedford, and not to Hertford, on the Tuesday Evening. To that latter place I had wanted to go, as well to see it, as to see N. Newton, who had made one or two bungled efforts to see me in London. So, when I got to Bedford, I wrote him a line to say how it was I had missed him. On the very Saturday immediately after, I received a Hertford Paper announcing the sudden Death of N. Newton on the very Tuesday on which I had set out to see him! He had been quite well till the Saturday preceding: had then caught some illness (I suppose some infectious fever) which had been visiting some in his house; died on the Tuesday, and was buried on the Thursday after! What will Austin do without him? He had written to me about your Hafiz saying he had got several subjects for Illustration, and I meant to have had a talk with him on the matter. What should be done? I dare not undertake any great responsibility in meddling in such a matter even if asked to do so, which is not likely to be unless on your part; for I find my taste so very

different from the Public that what I think good would probably be very unprofitable.

When in Bedfordshire I put away almost all Books except Omar Khayyám !, which I could not help looking over in a Paddock covered with Buttercups and brushed by a delicious Breeze, while a dainty racing Filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and snuff about me. 'Tempus est quo Orientis Aurâ mundus renovatur, Quo de fonte pluviali dulcis Imber reseratur ; *Musi-manus* undecumque ramos insuper splendescit ; Jesu - spiritusque Salutaris terram pervagatur.' Which is to be read as Monkish Latin, like 'Dies Iræ,' etc., retaining the Italian value of the Vowels, not the Classical. You will think me a perfectly Aristophanic Old Man when I tell you how many of Omar I could not help running into such bad Latin. I should not confide such follies but to you who won't think them so, and who will be pleased at least with my still harping on our old Studies. You would be sorry, too, to think that Omar breathes a sort of Consolation to me ! Poor Fellow ; I think of him, and Olivier Basselin, and Anacreon ; lighter Shadows among the Shades, perhaps, over which Lucretius presides so grimly. Thursday, June 11. Your letter of April is come to hand, very welcome ; and I am expecting the MS. Omar which I have written about to London. And now with respect to your proposed Fraser Paper on Omar. You see a few lines back I talk of

some lazy Latin Versions of his Tetrastichs, giving one clumsy example. Now I shall rub up a few more of those I have sketched in the same manner, in order to see if you approve, if not of the thing done, yet of

*[Letter breaks off abruptly at the end of the page.]*

June 23. I begin another Letter because I am looking into the Omar MS. you have sent me, and shall perhaps make some notes and enquiries as I go on. I had not intended to do so till I had looked all over and tried to make out what I could of it ; since it is both pleasant to oneself to find out for oneself if possible, and also saves trouble to one's friends. But yet it will keep me talking with you as I go along : and if I find I say silly things or clear up difficulties for myself before I close my Letter (which has a month to be open in !) why, I can cancel or amend, so as you will see the whole Process of Blunder. I think this MS. furnishes some opportunities for one's critical faculties, and so is a good exercise for them, if one wanted such ! First however I must tell you how much ill poor Crabbe has been : a sort of Paralysis, I suppose, in two little fits, which made him think he was sure to die : but Dr. Beck at present says he may live many years with care. Of this also I shall be able to tell you more before I wind up. The brave old Fellow ! he was quite content to depart, and had his Daughter up to give her his

Keys, and tell her where the different wines were laid ! I must also tell you that Borrow is greatly delighted with your MS. of Omar which I showed him : delighted at the terseness so unusual in Oriental Verse. But his Eyes are apt to cloud : and his wife has been obliged, he tells me, to carry off even the little Omar out of reach of them for a while. . . .

June 27. Geldestone Hall. I brought back my two Nieces here yesterday : and to-day am sitting as of old in my accustomed Bedroom, looking out on a Landscape which your Eyes would drink. It is said there has not been such a Flush of Verdure for years : and they are making hay on the Lawn before the house, so as one wakes to the tune of the Mower's Scythe-whetting, and with the old Perfume blowing in at open windows. . . .

July 1. June over ! A thing I think of with Omar-like sorrow. And the Roses here are blowing—and going—as abundantly as even in Persia. I am still at Geldestone, and still looking at Omar by an open window which gives over a Greener Landscape than yours. To-morrow my eldest Nephew, Walter Kerrich, whom I first took to school, is to be married in the Bermudas to a young Widow. He has chosen his chosen sister Andalusia's Birthday to be married on ; and so we are to keep that double Festival. . . .

*To George Borrow.*

*Wednesday [June 1857].*

DEAR BORROW,

My wife writes to yours. Let me say to you, that as I have declined two or three little Invitations from some of our near Neighbours here, I cannot go with any face to your House on such Invitation, can I? If one happens to drop in at tea, or Grog, time—all very well. I shall hope to give you a look before you go ; perhaps bringing a gay little Niece who is just now brightening my Life.

Will you have poor old Omar to travel with ? I find the Calcutta MS. abounding with as good things as what you saw ; as good, not better, and too much to the same tune. But for all that, he is the best Persian I have seen.

‘You, oh God, who gave me such a turn for drinking—may it be, you were drunk, when you created me !’ says he. Yet here is a more pious one, tersely expressed.

[The rest of the letter is written in pencil. Next come four lines in Persian characters, which are thus translated :]

Alas, that life is gone in vain !  
My every mouthful is unlawful, every breath is tainted ;  
Commands not fulfilled have disgraced me ;  
And alas for my unlawful deeds !

Written in pencil because of a vile pen, and so Adieu.

E. FITZGERALD.

I hear from dear old Donne,<sup>1</sup> who is got with satisfaction to his new house—rejoiced to leave London and its Libraries.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

*Extract from Letter begun 3 July, 1857.*

Monday, July 13. This day year was the last I spent with you at Rushmere! We dined in the Evening at your Uncle's in Ipswich, walking home at night together. The night before (yesterday year) you all went to Mr. Maude's Church, and I was so sorry afterward I had not gone with you too; for the last time, as your wife said. One of my manifold stupidities, all avenged in a Lump now! I think I shall close this letter to-morrow: which will be the Anniversary of my departure from Rushmere. I went from you, you know, to old Crabbe's. Is he too to be wiped away by a yet more irrecoverable exile than India? By to-morrow I shall have finisht my first Physiognomy of Omar, whom I decidedly prefer to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Donne resigned the Librarianship of the London Library in 1857.

any Persian I have yet seen, unless perhaps Salámán. . . .

Tuesday, July 14. Here is the Anniversary of our Adieu at Rushmere. And I have been (rather hastily) getting to an end of my first survey of the Calcutta Omar, by way of counterpart to our joint survey of the Ouseley MS. then. I suppose we spoke of it this day year; probably had a final look at it together before I went off, in some Gig, I think, to Crabbe's. We hear rather better Report of him, if the being likely to live a while longer is better. I shall finish my Letter to-day; only leaving it open to add any very particular word. I must repeat I am sure this Calcutta Omar is, in the same proportion with the Ouseley, by as good a hand as the Ouseley: by as good a hand, if not Omar's; which I think you seemed to doubt if it was, in one of your Letters. . . .

Have I previously asked you to observe 486, of which I send a poor Sir W. Jones' sort of Parody which came into my mind walking in the Garden here; where the Rose is blowing as in Persia? And with this poor little Envoy my Letter shall end. I will not stop to make the Verse better.

I long for wine! oh Sáki of my Soul,  
Prepare thy Song and fill the morning Bowl;  
For this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
Takes many a Sultan with it as it goes.



*To Mrs. Charles Allen.*<sup>1</sup>

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES.

*August 15/57.*

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

One should be very much gratified at being remembered so long with *any* kindness: and how much more gratified with so kind Remembrances as yours! I may safely say that I too remember you and my Freestone days of five and twenty years ago with a particular regard; I have been telling my Nieces at the Breakfast Table this morning, after I read your letter, how I remembered you sitting in the '*Schoolroom*'—too much sheltered with Trees—with a large Watch open before you—your Sister too, with her light hair and China-rose Complexion—too delicate!—your Father, your Mother, your Brother—of whom (your Brother) I caught a glimpse in London two years ago. And all the *Place* at Freestone—I can walk about it as I lie awake here, and see the very yellow flowers in the fields, and hear that distant sound of explosion in some distant Quarry. The coast at Bosherston one could never forget once seen, even if it had no domestic kindness to frame its Memory in. I might have profited more of those good Days than I did; but it is not my Talent to take the Tide at its flow; and so all goes to worse than waste!

<sup>1</sup> See Letter to John Allen, 12 July 1840.

But it is ungracious to talk of oneself—except so far as shall answer some points you touch on. It would in many respects be very delightful to me to walk again with you over those old Places ; in other respects sad :—but the pleasure would have the upper hand if one had not again to leave it all and plunge back again. I dare not go to Wales now.

I owe to Tenby the chance acquaintance of another Person who now from that hour remains to me one of my very best Friends. A Lad—then just 16—whom I met on board the Packet from Bristol : and next morning at the Boarding House—apt then to appear with a little *chalk* on the edge of his Cheek from a touch of the Billiard Table Cue—and now a man of 40—Farmer, Magistrate, Militia Officer—Father of a Family—of more use in a week than I in my Life long. You too have six sons, your Letter tells me. They may do worse than do as well as he I have spoken of, though he too has sown some wild oats, and paid for doing so.

*My* family consists of some eight Nieces here, whom I have seen, all of them, from their Birth upwards—perfectly good, simple, and well-bred, women and girls ; varying in disposition but all agreed among themselves and to do what they can in a small Sphere. They go about in the Village here with some consolation both for Body and Mind for the Poor, and have no desire for the Opera, nor for the Fine Folks and fine

Dresses there. There is however some melancholy in the Blood of some of them—but none that mars any happiness but their own : and that but so slightly as one should expect when there was no Fault, and no Remorse, to embitter it !

You will perhaps be as well entertained with this poor familiar news as any I could tell you. As to public matters, I scarcely meddle with them, and don't know what to think of India except that it is very terrible. I always think a Nation with great Estates is like a Man with them :—more trouble than Profit : I would only have a *Competence* for my Country as for myself. Two of my very dearest Friends went but last year to Calcutta :—he as Professor at the Presidency College there : and now he has to shoulder a musket, I believe, as well as deliver a Lecture. You and yours are safe at home, I am glad to think.

Please to remember me to all whom I have shaken hands with, and make my kind Regards to those of your Party I have not yet seen. I am sure all *would be* as kind to me as others who bear the name of Allen *have been*.

Once more—thank you thank you for *your* kindness ; and believe me yours as ever very truly,

EDW<sup>D</sup>. FITZGERALD.

*To George Crabbe.*

GOLDINGTON,  
Sat., *Sept.* 19/57.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I got your Letter to-day. In case I should not go to the Funeral, it will only be from my nervous fear of making any Figure in it: and I can't feel sure but I might make too much of one, for it is certain I feel your Father's loss more than any I have felt—except Major Moor's perhaps, whom, if I had known longer, I had not lived nearly so much with. If I go, it will be rather for the sake of the Living. I want your Sisters so much to go to my Wife at Gorlestone, when they can, and for as long as they can: and I have had a Letter from her to-day, hoping so they *will* but let her in that way return them some of the Sympathy they showed her when *her* Trial was. I am convinced that their going to her would be the very thing for herself, poor Soul; taking her out of herself, and giving her the very thing she is pining for; namely, some one to devote herself to. I write to your Sister to say this. And mind you tell me any use I can be to you, for I can't say what a pleasure it will be to me, and what a heap of unrepaid obligations I feel always on my Shoulders for the kindness and all the happy peaceful Times

I have experienced at Bredfield for the last ten years.

In case I do go to the Funeral, I can put up at the Castle, or at Mrs. Garrod's, can't I? I want to keep clear of Woodbridge and all Friends, and to talk to nobody about one who has left nobody I care to talk to about him; except Drew; and I almost dread becoming too sad with remembering our old Days!

My dear George, don't misunderstand me in case I don't appear on the Day; and don't mistrust all my little Professions of Sympathy. I shall know better to-morrow: but I do not like putting off writing.

I will think over the Ipswich Journal; but have become afraid of meddling with another's Memory: and of one worth many hundred wretches like myself.<sup>1</sup>

*To E. B. Cowell.*

RUSHMERE, October 3/57.

MY DEAR COWELL,

I hope things will not be so black with you and us by the time this Letter reaches you, but you may be amused and glad to have it from me. Not that I have come into Suffolk on any

<sup>1</sup> FitzGerald wrote a notice of Mr. Crabbe in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1857. It is reprinted in his Miscellanies, which appeared in the Golden Treasury Series.

cheerful Errand ; I have come to bury dear old Mr. Crabbe ! I suppose you have had some Letters of mine telling you of his Illness ; Epileptic Fits which came successively and weakened him gradually, and at last put him to his Bed entirely, where he lay some while unable to move himself or to think ! They said he might lie so a long time, since he eat and drank with fair Appetite : but suddenly the End came on and after a twelve hours Stupor he died. On Tuesday September 22 he was buried ; and I came from Bedfordshire (where I had only arrived two days before) to assist at it. I and Mr. Drew were the only persons invited not of the Family : but there were very many Farmers and Neighbours come to pay respect to the remains of the brave old Man, who was buried, by his own desire, among the poor in the Churchyard in a Grave that he wishes to be no otherwise distinguisht than by a common Head and Footstone. . . .

You may imagine it was melancholy enough to me to revisit the house when He who had made it so warm for me so often lay cold in his Coffin unable to entertain me any more ! His little old dark Study (which I called the '*Cobblery*') smelt strong of its old Smoke : and the last Cheroot he had tried lay three quarters smoked in its little China Ash-pan. This I have taken as a Relic, as also a little silver Nutmeg Grater which used to give the finishing Touch

to many a Glass of good hot Stuff, and also had belonged to the Poet Crabbe. . . .

Last night I had some of your Letters read to me : among them one but yesterday arrived, not very sunshiny in its prospects : but your Brother thinks the Times Newspaper of yesterday somewhat bids us look up. Only, all are trembling for Lucknow, crowded with Helplessness and Innocence ! I am ashamed to think how little I understand of all these things : but have wiser men, and men in Place, understood much more ? or, understanding, have they *done* what they should ? . . .

Love to the dear Lady, and may you be now and for time to come safe and well is the Prayer of yours,  
E. F. G.

31 PORTLAND STREET, LONDON.  
*Decr. 8/57.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

You will recognize the Date of my Abode. Two years ago you were coming to see me in it much about this Season : and a year ago I wrote you my first Letter to India from it. I came hither from Brighton a week ago : how long to be here uncertain : you had best direct to Goldington Hall, Bedford. I sent you a short Letter by last Marseilles Post from Brighton : and I now begin this short one because I have happened again to take hold of some Books



which we are mutually interested in. I have left with Borrow the Copy of the Mantic De Tassy gave me ; so some days ago I bought another Copy of Norgate. For you must know I had again taken up my rough Sketch of a Translation, which, such as it is, might easily be finisht. But it is in truth no Translation : but only the *Paraphrase of a Syllabus* of the Poem : quite unlike the original in Style too :—But it would give, I think, a fair proportionate Account of the Scheme of the Poem. If ever I finish it, I will send it you. Well ; then in turning this over, I also turned over Volume I. of Sprenger's Catalogue, which I bought by itself for 6s. a year ago. As it contains all the Persian MSS. I supposed that would be enough for me. I have been looking at his List of Attár's Poems. What a number ! All almost much made up of *Apologues* in which Attár excels, I think. His Stories are better than Jámi's : to be sure, he gives more to pick out of. An interesting thing in the Mantic is, the stories about Mahmúd : and these are the best in the Book. I find I have got seven or eight in my brief Extract. I see Sprenger says Attár was born in 513—four years before poor Omar Khayyám died ! He mentions one of Attár's Books—'The Book of Union,' *waslat námah*, which seems to be on the very subject of the Apologue to the *Peacock's* Brag in the Mantic : line 814 in De Tassy. I suppose this is no more the Orthodox *Mussulman*

Version than it is ours. Sprenger also mentions as one separate Book what is part of the Mantic—and main part—the *Haft wady*. Sprenger says (p. 350) how the MSS. of Attár differ from one another.

And now about old Omar. You talked of sending a Paper about him to Fraser and I told you, if you did, I would stop it till I had made my Comments. I suppose you have not had time to do what you proposed, or are you overcome with the Flood of bad Latin I poured upon you? Well: don't be surprised (*vext*, you won't be) if I solicit Fraser for room for a few Quatrains in English Verse, however—with only such an Introduction as you and Sprenger give me—very short—so as to leave you to say all that is Scholarly if you will. I hope this is not very Cavalier of me. But in truth I take old Omar rather more as my property than yours: he and I are more akin, are we not? You see all [his] Beauty, but you don't feel *with* him in some respects as I do. I think you would almost feel obliged to leave out the part of Hamlet in representing him to your Audience: for fear of Mischief. Now I do not wish to show Hamlet at his maddest: but mad he must be shown, or he is no Hamlet at all. G. de Tassy eluded all that was dangerous, and all that was characteristic. I think these *free* opinions are less dangerous in an old Mahometan, or an old Roman (like Lucretius) than when they are returned to by

those who have lived on happier Food. I don't know what you will say to all this. However I dare say it won't matter whether I do the Paper or not, for I don't believe they'll put it in.

Then—yesterday I bought at that shop in the Narrow Passage at the end of Oxford Street a very handsome small Folio MS. of Sadi's Bostán for 10s. But I don't know when I shall look at it to read : for my Eyes are but bad : and London so dark, that I write this Letter now at noon by the Light of two Candles. Of which enough for To-day. I must however while I think of it again notice to you about those first Introductory Quatrains to Omar in both the Copies you have seen ; taken out of their Alphabetical place, *if they be Omar's own*, evidently by way of putting a good Leg foremost—or perhaps *not* his at all. So that which Sprenger says begins the Oude MS. is manifestly, not any Apology of Omar's own, but a Denunciation of him by some one else :<sup>1</sup> and is a *sort* of Parody (in *Form* at least) of Omar's own Quatrain 445, with its indignant reply by the Sultan.

Tuesday Dec. 22. I have your Letter of Nov. 9—giving a gloomy Account of what has long ere this been settled for better or worse ! It is said we are to have a Mail on Friday. I must post this Letter before then. Thank you for the MSS. You will let me know what you expend on them. I have been looking over De

<sup>1</sup> Rather of the Orthodox reader by Omar himself.

Tassy's Omar. Try and see the other Poems of Attár mentioned by Sprenger: those with Apologues, etc., in which (as I have said) Attár seems to me to excel. Love to the Lady. I have no news of the Crabbes, but that they do pretty well in their new home. Donne has just been here and gone—asking about you. I dine with him on Christmas Day. E. F. G.

[MERTON RECTORY].

*September 3<sup>1</sup>/58.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . Now about my Studies, which, I think, are likely to dwindle away too. I have not turned to Persian since the Spring; but shall one day look back to it: and renew my attack on the 'Seven Castles,' if that be the name. I found the Jámí MS. at Rushmere: and there left it for the present: as the other Poem will be enough for me for my first onslaught. I believe I will do a little a day, so as not to lose what little knowledge I had. As to my Omar: I gave it to Parker in January, I think: he saying Fraser was agreeable to take it. Since then I have heard no more; so as, I suppose, they don't care about it: and may be quite right. Had I thought they would be so long however I would have copied it out and sent it to you: and I will still do so from a rough and imperfect Copy I have (though not now at hand) in case

they show no signs of printing me. My Translation will interest you from its *Form*, and also in many respects in its *Detail*: very unliteral as it is. Many Quatrains are mashed together: and something lost, I doubt, of Omar's Simplicity, which is so much a Virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is. I purposely said in the very short notice I prefixed to the Poem that it was so short because better Information might be furnished in another Paper, which I thought *you* would undertake. So it rests. Nor have I meddled with the Mantic lately: nor does what you say encourage me to do so. For what I had sketcht out was very paraphrase indeed. I do not indeed believe that any readable Account (unless a prose Analysis, for the History and Curiosity of the Thing) will be possible, for *me* to do, at least. But I took no great pleasure in what I had done: and every day get more and more a sort of Terror at re-opening any such MS. My '*Go*' (such as it was) is *gone*, and it becomes *Work*: and the Upshot is not worth *working* for. It was very well when it was a Pleasure. So it is with Calderon. It is well enough to sketch such things out in warm Blood; but to finish them in cold! I wish I could finish the '*Mighty Magician*' in my new way: which I know you would like, in spite of your caveat for the Gracioso. I have not wholly dropt the two Students, but kept them quite under; and brought out the religious

character of the Piece into stronger Relief. But as I have thrown much, if not into Lyric, into Rhyme, which strikes a more Lyric Chord, I have found it much harder to satisfy myself than with the good old Blank Verse, which I used to manage easily enough. The 'Vida es Sueño' again, though blank Verse, has been difficult to arrange; here also Clarin is not quenched, but subdued: as is all Rosaura's Story, so as to assist, and not compete with, the main Interest. I really wish I could finish these some lucky day: but, as I said, it is so much easier to leave them alone; and when I had done my best, I don't know if they are worth the pains, or whether any one (except you) would care for them even if they were worth caring for. So much for my grand Performances: except that I amuse myself with jotting down materials (out of vocabularies, etc.) for a Vocabulary of *rural* English, or *rustic* English: that is, only the best country words selected from the very many Glossaries, etc., relating chiefly to country matters, but also to things in general: words that carry their own story with them, without needing Derivation or Authority, though both are often to be found. I always say I have heard the Language of Queen Elizabeth's, or King Harry's Court, in the Suffolk Villages: better a great deal than that spoken in London Societies, whether Fashionable or Literary: and the homely [strength] of which has made



Shakespeare, Dryden, South, and Swift, what they could not have been without it. But my Vocabulary if ever done will be a very little Affair, if ever done : for here again it is pleasant enough to jot down a word now and then, but not to equip all for the Press.

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE. *Nov.* 2/58.

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . No. I have not read the *Jámí Díwán* ; partly because I find my Eyes are none the better, and partly because I have now no one to 'prick the sides of my Intent' ; not even 'Vaulting Ambition' now. I have got the Seven Castles<sup>1</sup> in my Box here and old Johnson's Dictionary ; and these I shall strike a little Fire out of by and by : *Jámí* also in time perhaps. I have nearly finisht a metrical Paraphrase and Epitome of the Mantic : but you would scarce like it, and who else would ? It has amused me to give a 'Bird's Eye' View of the Bird Poem in some sixteen hundred lines. I do not think one could do it as *Salámán* is done. As to Omar, I hear and see nothing of it in Fraser yet : and so I suppose they don't want it. I

<sup>1</sup> Hatifi's *Haft Paikar*, a poem on the Seven Castles of *Bahrám Gúr*, as I learn from Professor Cowell, 'each with its princess who lives in it, and tells *Bahrám* a story.' He adds, 'We always used the name with an understood playful reference to Corporal Trim's unfinished story of the King of Bohemia and *his* Seven Castles.'



told Parker he might find it rather dangerous among his Divines : he took it however, and keeps it. I really think I shall take it back ; add some Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong : print fifty copies and give away ; one to you, who won't like it neither. Yet it is most ingeniously tessellated into a sort of Epicurean Eclogue in a Persian Garden.

88 GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON,  
*Jan. 13/59.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I have been here some five weeks : but before my Letter reaches you shall probably have slid back into the Country somewhere. This is my old Lodging, but new numbered. I have been almost alone here : having seen even Spedding and Donne but two or three times. They are well and go on as before. Spedding has got out the seventh volume of Bacon, I believe : with Capital Prefaces to Henry VII., etc. But I have not yet seen it. After vol. viii. (I think) there is to be a Pause : till Spedding has set the Letters to his Mind. Then we shall see what he can make of his Blackamoor. . . .

I am almost ashamed to write to you, so much have I forsaken Persian, and even all good Books of late. There is no one now to 'prick the Sides of my Intent' ; Vaulting Ambition having long failed to do so ! I took my Omar from

Fraser [? Parker], as I saw he didn't care for it ; and also I want to enlarge it to near as much again, of such Matter as he would not dare to put in Fraser. If I print it, I shall do the impudence of quoting your Account of Omar, and your Apology for his Freethinking : it is not wholly my Apology, but you introduced him to me, and your excuse extends to that which you have not ventured to quote, and I do. I like your Apology extremely also, allowing its Point of View. I doubt you will repent of ever having showed me the Book. I should like well to have the Lithograph Copy of Omar which you tell of in your Note. My Translation has its merit : but it misses a main one in Omar, which I will leave you to find out. The Latin Versions, if they were corrected into decent Latin, would be very much better. . . . I have forgotten to write out for you a little Quatrain which Binning found written in Persepolis ; the Persian Tourists having the same propensity as English to write their Names and Sentiments on their national Monuments.<sup>1</sup>

---

In the early part of 1859 his friend William Browne was terribly injured by his horse falling upon him and lingered in great agony for several weeks.

<sup>1</sup> See note on Omar Khayyám, stanza xviii.

*To W. B. Donne.*

GOLDINGTON, BEDFORD,  
*March 26 [1859].*

MY DEAR DONNE,

Your folks told you on what Errand I left your house so abruptly. I was not allowed to see W. B. the day I came : nor yesterday till 3 p.m. ; when, poor fellow, he tried to write a line to me, like a child's ! and I went, and saw, no longer the gay Lad, nor the healthy Man, I had known : but a wreck of all that : a Face like Charles I. (after decapitation almost) above the Clothes : and the poor shattered Body underneath lying as it had lain eight weeks ; such a case as the Doctor says he had never known. Instead of the light utterance of other days too, came the slow painful syllables in a far lower Key : and when the old familiar words, ' Old Fellow—Fitz '—etc., came forth, so spoken, I broke down too in spite of foregone Resolution.

They thought he'd die last Night : but this Morning he is a little better : but no hope. He has spoken of me in the Night, and (if he wishes) I shall go again, provided his Wife and Doctor approve. But it agitates him : and Tears he could not wipe away came to his Eyes. The poor Wife bears up wonderfully.

## LETTERS OF

1859

*To George Crabbe.*

GELDESTONE, BECCLES,  
*April 13/59.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

My poor Master<sup>1</sup> was buried this Day week—Airy reading the Service: the Funeral very quiet and solemn.

I have had a kind Letter from Barlow offering me his House to live in while he is away on Service. But I dare not meddle with it. You see all the Bredfield Estate is to be sold—8 Lots—in June. Barlow says he would like if he could to buy the Farm by Hasketon Church. Were you not telling me he once thought of selling his own, and going to Corsica!

Thank you always for asking me to Merton. I will not go at present, but shall hope to do so when your Sisters are there. I would go and lodge at Watton, unless you could find me a Room at that Farmhouse along your Lane going to Thompson.

I shall run over soon to Ipswich and Woodbridge; but at present the Weather leaves one best here. Charles Cowell is going to be married to the eldest Miss Clowes: a good Match in all ways, I think.

I write so ill because I am cold up in my Bedroom.

<sup>1</sup> W. K. Browne. See p. 96.

I duly finisht and signed my Will before I left London.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,  
*April 27 [1859].*

MY DEAR COWELL,

Above is the Address you had better direct to in future. I have had a great Loss. W. Browne was fallen upon and half crushed by his horse near three months ago : and though the Doctors kept giving hopes while he lay patiently for two months in a condition no one else could have borne for a Fortnight, at last they could do no more, nor Nature neither : and he sunk. I went to see him before he died—the comely spirited Boy I had known first seven and twenty years ago lying all shattered and Death in his Face and Voice. . . .

Well, this is so : and there is no more to be said about it. It is one of the things that reconcile me to my own stupid Decline of Life—to the crazy state of the world—Well—no more about it.

I sent you poor old Omar who has *his* kind of Consolation for all these Things. I doubt you will regret you ever introduced him to me. And yet you would have me print the original, with many worse things than I have translated. The

Bird Epic might be finished at once : but ‘cui bono?’ No one cares for such things : and there are doubtless so many better things to care about. I hardly know why I print any of these things, which nobody buys ; and I scarce now see the few I give them to. But when one has done one’s best, and is sure that that best is better than so many will take pains to do, though far from the best that *might be done*, one likes to make an end of the matter by Print. I suppose very few People have ever taken such Pains in Translation as I have : though certainly not to be literal. But at all Cost, a Thing must *live* : with a transfusion of one’s own worse Life if one can’t retain the Original’s better. Better a live Sparrow than a stuffed Eagle. I shall be very well pleased to see the new MS. of Omar. I shall *one day* (if I live) print the ‘Birds,’ and a strange experiment on old Calderon’s two great Plays ; and then shut up Shop in the Poetic Line. Adieu : Give my love to the Lady : and believe me yours very truly  
E. F. G.

You see where those Persepolitan Verses<sup>1</sup> come from. I wonder you were not startled with the metre, though maimed a bit.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 96.

*To T. Carlyle.*

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,  
*June 20/59.*

DEAR CARLYLE,

Very soon after I called and saw Mrs. Carlyle I got a violent Cold, which (being neglected) flew to my Ears, and settled into such a Deafness I couldn't hear the Postman knock nor the Omnibus roll. When I began (after more than a Month) to begin recovering of this (though still so deaf as to determine not to be a Bore to any one else) I heard from Bedford that my poor W. Browne (who got you a Horse some fifteen years ago) had been fallen on and crushed all through the middle Body by one of his own : and I then kept expecting every Postman's knock was to announce his Death. He kept on however in a shattered Condition which the Doctors told me scarce any one else would have borne a Week ; kept on for near two Months, and then gave up his honest Ghost. I went to bid him Farewell : and then came here (an Address you remember), only going to Lowestoft (on the Sea) to entertain my old George Crabbe's two Daughters, who, now living inland, are glad of a sight of the old German Sea, and also perhaps of poor Me. I return to Lowestoft (for a few days only) to-morrow, and shall perhaps see the Steam of your Ship passing the Shore. I have



always been wanting to sail to Scotland : but my old Fellow-traveller is gone ! His Accident was the more vexatious as quite unnecessary—so to say—returning quietly from Hunting. But there's no use talking of it. Your Destinies and Silences have settled it.

I really had wished to go and see Mrs. Carlyle again : I won't say you, because I don't think in your heart you care to be disturbed ; and I am glad to believe that, with all your Pains, you are better than any of us, I do think. You don't care what one thinks of your Books : you know I love so many : I don't care so much for Frederick so far as he's gone : I suppose you don't neither. I was thinking of you the other Day reading in Aubrey's Wiltshire how he heard Cromwell one Day at Dinner (I think) at Hampton Court say that Devonshire showed the best Farming of any Part of England he had been in. Did you know all the Dawson Turner Letters ?

I see Spedding directs your Letter : which is nearly all I see of his MS.: though he would let me see enough of it if there were a good Turn to be done.

Please to give my best Remembrances to Mrs. Carlyle, and believe me yours sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To George Crabbe.*

BATH HOUSE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Wed., October 4/59* [Oct. 5].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You will wonder at my so sudden return to these Parts. I got to Duncan's<sup>1</sup> on Monday week, September 26. They were very glad to see me, kind in entertaining, and anxious I should stay : but the remote and wild Country, without good Roads or Walks, and no Town near, and a perpetual Rain—hung heavy upon me. I had done what I promised, and, I believe, what Good was to be done (for Duncan's Exhilaration does not last long), so I broke through all further Entreaty, and ran away on Saturday. But five Days to travel 300 Miles for. But I had also found my Ears growing dim, I think from the Wet, and went to an Aurist in London whom I had been told of but never tried, and he said indeed they were much shaken : but he had known others who had *lost* hearing from such an Attack as I had. He has given me Advice, and a Lotion, to go on with, and says I must take care.

Thus, even had I been sure your Sisters were yet at Bradford last Saturday, I might not have gone : for it rained all Day, and seem'd likely to rain on for Days more : so up to London I

<sup>1</sup> At West Chelborough, Dorset. See Letter of 29th August 1847.

went : saw Peter, Donne, Spedding, and Laurence (who paints just as he did twenty years ago), and came down here yesterday. I should have gone to Woodbridge ; but heard Mrs. Smith was at Point of Death : and on coming here heard she died on Sunday Night. Churchyard has brought his Wife here, to my old Lodgings ; and I have taken these little Rooms for a week : and shall stay longer if they suit. I am rather badly off for Books : and may have to ask you to send my Persian Dictionary and old Burton. Chaucer I don't want : and am glad you should take to him. I told you of the Tales I thought would please you : The Clerk of Oxford's (Griseldis), the Pardoner's, and the Knight and Squire. Read also all the Prologue Narrative between the Tales. One must feel Chaucer is akin to Shakespeare, in his Human Sympathy and Activity of Life, but he has not sounded such Depths of Thought or Feeling.

I bought the last Edition of Richardson : rather larger and less handy than yours. I had proposed hunting for several Books : but ran away from Town before doing so. It was very hot : and I wanted to make no more Calls ! Spedding, however, as immutably calm, wise, and kind, as ever. Laurence was making a good Picture of him, so far as Drawing goes. I saw no Pictures : except a genuine Stubbs for £6 ; but all inferior to Barlow's, which I am assured is a very choice one.

*To Mrs. Charles Allen.*

LOWESTOFT, *October 16/59.*

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

In passing through London a week ago I found a very kind letter from you directed to my London Lodging. This will explain why it has not been sooner answered. As I do not know *your* Address, I take the Opportunity of enclosing my Reply to John Allen, of whom I have not heard since May.

I have been in these Suffolk and Norfolk Parts ever since I left London in March to see my poor Lad die in Bedford. The Lad I first met in the Tenby Lodging house twenty-seven years ago—not sixteen then—and now broken to Pieces and scarce conscious, after two months such suffering as the Doctor told me scarce any one would have borne for a Fortnight. They never told him it was all over with him until [within] ten Days of Death: though every one else seem'd to *know* it must be so—and he did not wish to die yet.

I won't write more of a Matter that you can have but little Interest in, and that I am as well not thinking about. I came here partly to see his Widow, and so (as I hope) to avoid having to go to Bedford for the Present. She, though a wretchedly sickly woman, and within two months of her confinement when he died, has somehow

weathered it all beyond Expectation. She has her Children to attend to, and be her comfort in turn : and though having lost what most she loved yet has something to love still, and to be beloved by. There are worse Conditions than that.

I am not going to be long here : but hope to winter somewhere in Suffolk (London very distasteful now)—But here again :—my good Hostess with whom I have lodged in Suffolk is dead too : and I must wait till *that* Household settles down a little.

If it ever gives you pleasure to write to me, it gives me real Pleasure to hear of you : and I am sincerely grateful for your kind Remembrance of me.

‘Geldestone Hall, Beccles’ or ‘Farlingay Hall, Woodbridge,’ are pretty sure Addresses. Please to remember me kindly to your Husband and believe me

Yours very sincerely,

EDW<sup>d</sup> FITZGERALD.

BATH HOUSE, LOWESTOFT,  
October 26 [1859].

DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

I must thank you for your so kind Letter, and kind Invitation. But if I was but five Days with my old College Friend after twelve years’ Promise,

and then didn't go just on to Teignmouth to see my Sister, and her Family, I must not talk of going elsewhere—even to Prees—where John is always good enough to be asking me : even in a Letter To-day received.

By the way, Last Saturday at Norwich while I was gazing into a Shop, a Woman's Voice said, 'How d'ye do, Mr. FitzGerald?' I looked up : a young Woman too, whom (of course) I didn't know. 'You don't remember me, Andalusia Allen that was!' Now Mrs. Day. I had not seen her since '52, a Girl of, I suppose, twelve, playing some Character in a Family Play. John's Letter too tells me of his Son going to College.

But Tenby—I don't remember a pleasanter Place. I can now hear the Band on the Steamer as it left the little Pier for Bristol, the Steamer that brought me and the poor Boy now in his Grave to that Boarding house. It was such weather as now howls about this Lodging when one of those poor starved Players was drowned on the Sands, and was carried past our Windows after Dinner : I often remember the dull Trot of Men up the windy Street, and our running to the Window, and the dead Head, hair, and Shoulders hurried past. That was Tragedy, poor Fellow, whatever Parts he had played before.

I think you remember me with Kindness because accidentally associated with your old Freestone in those pleasant Days, that also were among the last of your Sister's Life. Her too I

can see, with her China-rose complexion : in the Lilac Gown she wore.

I keep on here from Week to week, partly because no other Place offers : but I almost doubt if I shall be here beyond next week. Not in this Lodging anyhow : which is wretchedly 'rafty' and cold ; lets the Rain in when it Rains : and the Dust of the Shore when it drives : as both have been doing by turns all Yesterday and To-day. I was cursing all this as I was shivering here by myself last Night : and in the Morning I hear of three Wrecks off the Sands, and indeed meet five shipwreckt Men with a Troop of Sailors as I walk out before Breakfast. Oh Dear !

Please remember me to your 'Gude Man' and believe me yours truly,

E. F. G.

Pray do excuse all this Blotting : my Paper *won't* dry To-day.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

10 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Nov. 27, 1859.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

After a Fortnight's Visit to my Sister's (where I caught Cold which flew at once to my Ears, and there hangs) I returned hither, as the nearest Place to go to, and here shall be till Christmas



at all Events. I wish to avoid London this winter : and indeed seem almost to have done with it, except for a Day's Business or Sightseeing every now and then. Often should I like to roam about old Cambridge, and hear St. Mary's Chimes at Midnight—but—but ! This Place of course is dull enough : but here's the Old Sea (a dirty Dutch one, to be sure) and Sands, and Sailors, a very fine Race of Men, far superior to those in Regent Street. Also the Dutchmen (an ugly set whom I can't help liking for old Neighbours) come over in their broad Bottoms and take in Water at a Creek along the Shore. But I believe the East winds get very fierce after Christmas, when the Sea has cooled down. You won't come here, to be sure : or I should be very glad to smoke a Cigar, and have a Chat : and would take care to have a Fire in your Bedroom this time : a Negligence I was very sorry for in London.

I read, or was told, they wouldn't let old Alfred's Bust into your Trinity. They are right, I think, to let no one in there (as it should be in Westminster Abbey) till a hundred Years are past ; when, after too much Admiration (perhaps) and then a Reaction of undue Disesteem, Men have settled into some steady Opinion on the subject : supposing always that the Hero survives so long, which of itself goes so far to decide the Question. No doubt A. T. will do *that*.

## LETTERS OF

1860

*To W. F. Pollock.*

10 MARINE TERRACE,  
LOWESTOFT,  
*Febr. 23/60.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

‘*Me voilà ici*’ still ! having weathered it out so long. No bad Place, I assure you, though you who are accustomed to Pall Mall, Clubs, etc., wouldn’t like it. Mudie finds one out easily : and the London Library too : and altogether I can’t complain of not getting such drowsy Books as I want. Hakluyt lasted a long while : then came Captain Cook, whom I hadn’t read since I was a Boy, and whom I was very glad to see again. But he soon evaporates in his Large Type Quartos. I can hardly manage Emerson Tennent’s Ceylon : a very dry Catalogue Raisonnée of the Place. A little Essay of De Quincey’s gave me a better Idea of it (as I suppose) in some twenty or thirty pages. Anyhow, I prefer Lowestoft, considering the Snakes, Sand-leaches, Mosquitos, etc. I suppose Russell’s Indian Diary is over-coloured : but I feel sure it’s true in the Main : and he has the Art to make one feel in the thick of it ; quite enough in the Thick, however. Sir C. Napier came here to try and get the Beachmen to enlist in the Naval Reserve. Not one would go : they won’t give up their Independence : and so really half starve here during Winter. Then

Spring comes and they go and catch the Herrings which, if left alone, would multiply by Millions by Autumn : and so kill their Golden Goose. They are a strange set of Fellows. I think a Law ought to be made against their Spring Fishing : more important, for their own sakes, than Game Laws.

I laid out half a crown on your Fraser<sup>1</sup> : and liked much of it very much : especially the Beginning about the Advantage the Novelist has over the Play-writer. A little too much always about Miss Austen, whom yet I think quite capital in a Circle I have found quite unendurable to walk in. Thackeray's first Number was famous, I thought : his own little Roundabout Paper so pleasant : but the Second Number, I say, lets the Cockney in already : about Hogarth : Lewes is vulgar : and I don't think one can care much for Thackeray's Novel. He is always talking so of himself, too. I have been very glad to find I could take to a Novel again, in Trollope's Barchester Towers, etc. : not perfect, like Miss Austen : but then so much wider Scope : and perfect enough to make me feel I know the People though caricatured or carelessly drawn. I doubt if you can read my writing here : or whether it will be worth your Pains to do so. If you can, or can not, one Day write me a Line, which I will read. I suppose when the Fields and Hedges begin to grow green I

<sup>1</sup> Article on 'British Novelists' in Fraser's Magazine, Jan. 1860.

shall move a little further inland to be among them.

*To Mrs. Charles Allen.*

FARLINGAY : WOODBRIDGE,  
*June 2/60.*

DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

Your kind Note has reacht me here after a Fortnight's abode at my old Lodgings in London. In London I have not been for more than a year, unless passing through it in September, and have no thought of going up at present. I don't think you were there last Spring, were you? Or perhaps I was gone before you arrived, as I generally used to get off as soon as it began to fill, and the Country to become amiable. Here at last we have the 'May' coming out : there it is on some Thorns before my Windows, and the Tower of Woodbridge Church beyond : and beyond that some low Hills that stretch with Furze and Broom to the Sea side, about ten miles off.

I am of course glad of so good a Report of John Allen. I have long been thinking of writing to him : among other things to give his Wife a Drawing Laurence made of him for me some four and twenty years ago : in full Canonicals—very serious—I think a capital Likeness on the whole, and one that I take pleasure to look at. But I think his Wife and

Children have more title to it : and one never can tell what will become of one's Things when one's dead. This same Drawing is now in London (I hope : for, if not, it's lost) and you should see it if you had a mind. For you don't seem to find your way to Prees any more than I do : I should go if there weren't a large Family. Mrs. John is always very kind to me. I do think it is very kind of you too to remember and write to me : at any rate I do answer Letters, which many better Men don't.

Please to remember me to your Husband : and believe me unforgetful of the Good old Days, and of you, and yours,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

FARLINGAY, WOODBRIDGE,  
August 21/60.

DEAR MRS. COWELL,

You will not like the Fraction of your Poem which I return : and you need not take it, you know. I think a fault in the Structure of the Original is, that it begins by telling how Ailie is drooping, as, after the intermediate means, it ends by telling how she must droop. Whereas the Poem should, I think, be a little Drama : open with Ailie at full work : and then see gradually how it tells upon her. So as, in

reality, my Scheme will make a longer Drama than yours, though less than half its size : simply from not beginning with the End. There is also a good deal of Repetition : and some lines I don't like : 'the Sausage at the Fire' : 'To-morrow's claims' for Lessons : and I don't like 'She lifted it o'er rough and Burr'—Nor the last line but one : for if She only 'sink to rest' it is a subject of Congratulation, not of Sorrow, after all her Exertions. The Sketch I send is only meant to show my Idea of the Outline : you must fill it in.

I have been here three months : the house going on as usual but for the Hostess who has dropt away. Mr. Smith is very well : and is now in the middle of Harvest. We have had such a wet Summer as has not been recollected since 1816, I believe : and I doubt we have not done with it yet. I go on here really seeing nobody except the few Farmers and Farmers' wives connected with the House. I have been but once to Ipswich in these three months ! when I called on C. E. Cowell, who was out. He said he should drive over here one day ; but has not done so yet. Oh yes, I drove through Ipswich once again with Alfred Smith on our way to his Tuddenham. . . .

I have never set foot in London since last March year, except running through to Dorsetshire last Autumn : nor have I set eyes on Donne, Spedding, or any of the Wise Men



since. It is wrong not to go : but I have lost all Curiosity about what London has to see and hear : its Books come to me here from Mudie : and W. Browne is too much connected with my old Taverns and Streets not to fling a sad shadow over all. As I have not had the courage to go into Bedfordshire, Mrs. B. wished her Boys to come and see me in Suffolk. So I took them to Aldbro', where they were happy Boating and Shooting with a young Sailor, who, strangely enough, reminded me something of their Father as I first knew him near thirty years ago ! This was a strange Thing : and my Thoughts run after that poor Fisher Lad who is now gone off in a Smack to the North. I always like Seafaring People : and go now every day almost on the Water : either this old Deben here, or on the Sea. Somehow all the Country round is become a Cemetery to me : so many I loved there dead : but none I have loved have been drown'd. Perhaps this poor Sailor who played with W. B.'s Boys as a Boy, and yet took a sort of tender Care of them, will go down into the Deep and blacken that too to my Eyes.

Tell Cowell I received his Paper, and liked the literal Translation from the Mesnavi very much indeed. That is the way to do it, only cutting out and curtailing : and so, it would be very much better than anything I have done. He ought to do this : for I suppose it is the best Persian Poem. I have not looked into Persian



of late : but I mean if I live to take it up again, and do a little day by day : so as not quite to lose what I have learnt. I do not expect to take any great Interest in it : though I might like the Mesnavi if it were presented to me in a large clear Type. But I can't give my Eyes up to MSS. for any upshot that Persian is like to render me. What astonishes me is, Shakespeare : when I look into him it is not a Book, but People talking all round me. Instead of wearying of him, I only wonder and admire afresh. Milton seems a Dead-weight compared.

Adieu, both of you. I don't know where I am to be this Winter : but that is not to be quite here these two Months. Robert Bloomfield's Mother said to him—'Three Giants are coming upon me—Old Age—Winter—Poverty !'<sup>1</sup>

N.B. I don't quote this as my case entirely.

*To Mrs. Charles Allen.*

FARLINGAY : WOODBRIDGE,  
Sept. 9/60.

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN,

It is very kind of you to write to me. Ah ! how I can fancy the Stillness, and the Colour, of your pretty Tenby !—now eight and twenty years since seen ! But I can't summon Resolu-

<sup>1</sup> See Letter of 4th September 1866.

tion to go to it : and daily get worse and worse at moving any where, a common Fate as we grow older.

Your Note came in an Enclosure from your Cousin John, who seems to flourish well with Wife and Children. It is Children who keep alive one's Interest in Life : that is to say, if one happens to like one's Children.

I have had to stay with me the two sons of my poor Friend killed last year : he whom I first made Acquaintance with at your very Tenby. As I haven't found Courage to go to their Country, their Mother would have them come here, and I took them to *our* Seaside ; not a beautiful Coast like yours—no Rocks, no Sands, and few Trees—but yet liked because remembered by me as long as I can remember. Anyhow, there are Ships, Boats, and Sailors : and the Boys were well pleased with all that. The place we went to is *called Aldborough : spelt* Aldeburgh : and is the Birth place of the Poet Crabbe, who also has *Daguerreotyped* much of the Character of the Place in his Poems. You send me some Lines about the Sea : what if I return you four of his ?

Still as I gaze upon the Sea I find  
 Its waves an Image of my restless mind :  
*Here* Thought on Thought : *there* Wave on Wave succeeds,  
 Their Produce—idle Thought and idle Weeds !<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Altered from 'Fragment, written at midnight.' Crabbe, Works, vol. ii. 317.

Adieu : please to remember me to your  
Husband : and believe me yours ever very  
sincerely,  
EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
Decr. 28/60.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

. . . I forgot to tell you I really ran to London three weeks ago : by the morning Express, and was too glad to rush back by the Evening Ditto. I went up for a Business I of course didn't accomplish : did not call on, or see, a Friend : couldn't get into the National Gallery : and didn't care a straw for Holman Hunt's Picture. No doubt, there is Thought and Care in it : but what an outcome of several Years and sold for several Thousands ! What Man with the Elements of a Great Painter could come out with such a costive Thing after so long waiting ! Think of the Acres of Canvas Titian or Reynolds would have covered with grand Outlines and deep Colours in the Time it has taken to niggle this Miniature ! The Christ seemed to me only a wayward Boy : the Jews, Jews no doubt : the Temple I dare say very correct in its Detail : but think of even Rembrandt's Woman in Adultery at the National Gallery ; a much smaller Picture, but how much vaster in Space and Feeling ! Hunt's Picture stifled me with its Littleness. I

think Ruskin must see what his System has led to.

I have just got Lady Waterford's 'Babes in the Wood,' which are well enough, pretty in Colour : only, why has she made so bad a Portrait of one of her chief Performers, whose Likeness is so easily got at, the Robin Redbreast ? This Lady Waterford was at Gillingham this Summer : and my Sister Eleanor said (as Thackeray had done) she was something almost to worship for unaffected Dignity.

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE.

*Whit-Monday* [May 20, 1861].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

. . . I take Pleasure in my new little Boat : and last week went with her to Aldbro' ; and she 'behaved' very well both going and returning ; though, to be sure, there was not much to try her Temper. I am so glad of this fine Whit-Monday, when so many Holiday-makers will enjoy *themselves*, and so many others make a little money by their Enjoyment. Our 'Rifles' are going to march to Grundisburgh, *manuring* and *skrimming* as they go, and also (as the Captain<sup>1</sup> hopes) recruiting. He is a right good little Fellow, I do believe. It is a shame the Gentry hereabout are so indifferent in the Matter : they subscribe next to nothing : and give absolutely nothing in the way of Entertainment or Attention

<sup>1</sup> Major Rolla Rouse of Melton.

to the Corps. But we are split up into the pettiest possible Squirarchy, who want to make the utmost of their little territory : cut down all the Trees, level all the old Violet Banks, and stop up all the Footways they can. The old pleasant way from Hasketon to Bredfield is now a Desert. I was walking it yesterday and had the pleasure of breaking down and through some Bushes and Hurdles put to block up a fallen Stile. I thought what your Father would have said of it all. And really it is the sad ugliness of our once so pleasant Fields that half drives me to the Water where the Power of the Squirarchy stops !

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE :  
*May 22/61.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I receive two Books, viâ Geldestone, from you : Khold-i-barin (including a Lecture of your own) and 'Promises of Christianity' : I think directed in your Wife's hand. The Lecture was, I doubt not, very well adapted to its purpose : the other two Publications I must look at by and bye. I can't tell you how indolent I have become about Books : some Travels and Biographies from Mudie are nearly all I read now. Then, I have only been in London some dozen hours these two years past : my last

Expedition was this winter for five hours : when I ran home here like a beaten Dog. So I have little to tell you of Friends as of Books. Spedding hammers away at his Bacon (impudently forestalled by H. Dixon's Book). Carlyle is not so up to work as of old (I hear). Indeed, he wrote me he was ill last Summer, and obliged to cut Frederick and be off to Scotland and Idleness : the Doctors warned him of Congestion of Brain : a warning he scorned. But what more likely ? The last account I had of Alfred Tennyson from Mrs. A. was a good one. Frederic T. is settled at Jersey. I cannot make up my mind to go to see any of these good, noble men : I only hope they believe I do not forget, or cease to regard them.

My chief Amusement in Life is Boating, on River and Sea. The Country about here is the Cemetery of so many of my oldest Friends : and the petty race of Squires who have succeeded only use the Earth for an *Investment* : cut down every old Tree : level every Violet Bank : and make the old Country of my Youth hideous to me in my Decline. There are fewer Birds to be heard, as fewer Trees for them to resort to. So I get to the Water : where Friends are not buried nor Pathways stopt up : but all is, as the Poets say, as Creation's Dawn beheld. I am happiest going in my little Boat round the Coast to Aldbro', with some Bottled Porter and some Bread and Cheese, and some good rough Soul

who works the Boat and chews his Tobacco in peace. An Aldbro' Sailor talking of my Boat said—'She go like a Violin, she do!' What a pretty Conceit, is it not? As the Bow slides over the Strings in a liquid Tune. Another man was talking yesterday of a great Storm: 'and, in a moment, all as calm as a Clock.'

By the bye, Forby reasons that our Suffolk third person singular 'It go, etc.,' is probably right as being the old Icelandic form. Why should the 3rd p. sing. be the only one that varies? And in the auxiliaries *May, Shall, Can*, etc., there *is* no change for the 3rd pers. I incline to the Suffolk because of its avoiding a hiss.

*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*June 4/61.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Let me know when you come into these Parts, and be sure I shall be glad to entertain you as well as I can if you come while I am here. Nor am I likely to be away further than Aldbro', so far as I see. I do meditate crossing one fine Day to Holland; to see the Hague, Paul Potter, and some Rembrandt at Rotterdam. This, however, is not to be done in my little Boat: but in some Trader from Ipswich. I also talk of a cruise to Edinburgh in one of their



Schooners. But both these Excursions I reserve for such hot weather as may make a retreat from the Town agreeable. I make no Advances to Farlingay, because (as yet) we have not had any such Heat as to bake the Houses here : and, beside, I am glad to be by the River. It is strange how sad the Country has become to me. I went inland to see Acton's Curiosities before the Auction : and was quite glad to get back to the little Town again. I am quite clear I must live the remainder of my Life in a Town : but a little one, and with a strip of Garden to saunter in. . . .

I go sometimes to see the Rifles drill, and shoot at their Target, and have got John<sup>1</sup> to ask them up to Boulge to practise some day : I must insinuate that he should offer them some Beer when they get there. It is a shame the Squires do nothing in the matter : take no Interest : offer no Encouragement, beyond a Pound or two in Money. And who are those who have most interest at stake in case of Rifles being really wanted? But I am quite assured that this Country is dying, as other Countries die, as Trees die, atop first. The lower Limbs are making all haste to follow. . . .

By the bye, don't let me forget to ask you to bring with you my Persian Dictionary in case you come into these Parts. I read very very little : and get very desultory : but when Winter

<sup>1</sup> His brother.

comes again must take to some dull Study to keep from Suicide, I suppose. The River, the Sea, etc., serve to divert one now.

Adieu. These long Letters prove one's Idleness.

*To R. C. Trench.*<sup>1</sup>

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*July 3/61.*

DEAR DOCTOR TRENCH,

Thank you sincerely for the delightful little Journal<sup>2</sup> which I had from you yesterday, and only wished to be a dozen times as long. The beautiful note at p. 73 speaks of much yet unprinted ! It is a pity Mrs. F. Kemble had not read p. 79. I thought in the Night of 'the subdued Voice of Good Sense' and 'The Eye that invites you to look into it.' I doubt I can read, more or less attentively, most personal Memoirs : but I am equally sure of the superiority of this, in its Shrewdness, Humour, natural Taste, and Good Breeding. One is sorry for the Account of Lord Nelson ; but one cannot doubt it. It was at the time when he was intoxicated, I suppose, with Glory and Lady Hamilton. What your Mother says of the Dresden Madonna reminds me of what Tennyson once said : that the Attitude of The Child was that of

<sup>1</sup> Dean of Westminster and afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Journal of Mrs. Trench, not then published.

a Man ; but perhaps not the less right for all that. As to the Countenance, he said that scarce any Man's Face could look so grave and rapt as a Baby's could at times. He once said of his own Child's, ' He was a whole hour this morning worshipping the Sunshine playing on the Bed-post.' He never writes Letters or Journals : but I hope People will be found to remember some of the things he has said as naturally as your Mother wrote them.<sup>1</sup>

*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET-HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*July 15/61.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

I was very glad to hear of you again. You need never take it to Conscience, not answering my Letters, further than that I really do want to hear you are well, and where you are, and what doing, from time to time. I have absolutely nothing to tell about myself, not having moved from this place since I last wrote, unless to our Sea coast at Aldbro', whither I run, or sail, from

<sup>1</sup> In 1872 he wrote to me : ' I hope that others have remembered and made note of A. T.'s sayings—which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him, I would have risked being called another Bozzy by the thankless World ; and have often looked in vain for a Note Book I had made of such things.'

And again in 1876 : ' He *said*, and I dare say, *says* things to be remembered : decisive Verdicts : which I hope some one makes note of : post me memoranda.'

time to time to idle with the Sailors in their Boats or on their Beach. I love their childish ways : but they too degenerate. As to reading, my Studies have lain chiefly in some back Volumes of the New Monthly Magazine and some French Memoirs. Trench was good enough to send me a little unpublished Journal by his Mother ; a very pretty thing indeed. I suppose he did this in return for one or two Papers on Oriental Literature which Cowell had sent me from India, and which I thought might interest Trench. I am very glad to hear old Spedding is really getting *his* Share of Bacon into Print : I doubt if it will be half as good as the '*Evenings*,' where Spedding was in the *Passion* which is wanted to fill his Sail for any longer Voyage.

I have not seen his Paper on English Hexameters<sup>1</sup> which you tell me of : but I will now contrive to do so. I, however, believe in them : and I think the ever-recurring attempts that way show there is some ground for such belief. To be sure, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Quadrature of the Circle, have had at least as many Followers. . . .

It was finding some Bits of Letters and Poems of old Alfred's that made me wish to restore those I gave you to the number, as marking a by-gone time to me. That they will not so much do to you, who did not happen to save

<sup>1</sup> In Fraser's Magazine for June 1861, 'On Translating Homer.'

them from the Fire when the Volumes of 1842 were printing. But I would waive that if you found it good or possible to lay them up in Trinity Library in the Closet with Milton's! Otherwise, I would still look at them now and then for the few years I suppose I have to live. . . .

This is a terribly long Letter : but, if it be legible sufficiently, will perhaps do as if I were spinning it in talk under the walls of the Cathedral. I dare not now even talk of going any visits : I can truly say I wish you could drop in here some Summer Day and take a Float with me on our dull River, which does lead to THE SEA some ten miles off. . .

You must think I have become very nautical, by all this : haul away at ropes, swear, dance Hornpipes, etc. But it is not so : I simply sit in Boat or Vessel as in a moving Chair, dispensing a little Grog and Shag to those who do the work.

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 25/61.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

What Cheer, ho ! I can't remember how long ago it was that you paid me a very pleasant Visit here, which I wish had been thrice as long. Since you went, William Airy came over

to Playford : and I went to see him there, and he came to see me here : and then we went together to Bury to ramble over our old School haunts. This also was really a pleasant thing to me. After this I went to Geldestone for some Days : called on your Aunt : did not see her : but heard from W. Crowfoot she was about to set off with your Cousin to Brighton, in order to hear their favourite Preachers. Donne talks of coming here for a Day on his road to Norfolk : whither I shall perhaps run with him : at least so far as a Day's Railway goes.

These are all the Dissipations I have had : except buying a great ugly Dish of what was called *Majolica* (which I read means *Majorca*, where the Ware was first made), and a party-coloured Mop, so agreeable to my colour-loving Eyes that I have kept it in my Sitting-room instead of giving it over to be trundled in the Kitchen. I still persist with my Boat : and have been half perished with Cold in it this very Day. But one must have some such—Amusement !

In three Ipswich Journals have been long Letters about foreign Travel by 'one of your Subscribers,' who, I am told (by Peter Parley), is no other than the great Capitaine Brooke ! They are very well written indeed, whomsoever by. I keep on being very much pleased with my *Causeries du Lundi*, by Sainte Beuve, of which I told you, and which you may well recommend to Lady Walsingham. I almost

think they are worth buying, which is saying one's utmost for a Book : especially for one in some dozen small Volumes. I wish there were many Dozen, so long as one could get them from the London Library.

The Chimes have just played 'Ye Banks and Braes' for 6 P.M., and it is so dark I can scarce see how to write. So Summer is gone, and terrible old Winter coming, which I dread. What shall I do without my Boat? Sometimes I think I should like to try a Winter—one—in Italy : but Indolence of Action carries it. I think I *must* go to Dresden to see the Madonna. Oh, there is a Book of Travel by a Lady Charlotte Pepys, incredible for its inanity, and I dare say much admired by the Sir Leicester Dedlocks. It is called 'From Rieu to Eaux-bonnes,' and is *almost* worth buying too, though only in two Volumes.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 20/61.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

'Vox clamantis' once again, at something of the usual Season. You have had your Summer Excursions, I suppose : and pray let me hear how you both do after them, and how well prepared to face the Winter. I rather dread it : having, I think, suffered with the Cold last



year : and moreover sorry to exchange Boating on the River, in such Glorious Summer as we have had, for poring one's Eyes out over Mudie's Books at a Sea-coal Fire. Oh, if you were to hear 'Where and oh where is my Soldier Laddie gone' played every three hours in a languid way by the Chimes of Woodbridge Church, wouldn't you wish to hang yourself? On Sundays we have the 'Sicilian Mariners' Hymn'—very slow indeed. I see, however, by a Handbill in the Grocer's Shop that a Man is going to lecture on the Gorilla in a few weeks. So there is something to look forward to.

Donne very kindly came and stayed some days with me : and I think went away looking better than when he arrived. Then Laurence has been painting a Sister of mine : I wouldn't go to look at it for fear of not liking it. He goes on talking of Colour, etc., just as he did twenty years ago—and was about, I believe, to finish my Sister through some '*Amber Medium*' which nobody seemed to wish at all for. (Don't tell Spedding what I say.)

I am extremely pleased with Sainte Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, which I get from the London Library : and try to make the most and longest of its 12 Vols. ! Do you know the Book ? I suppose it is now almost out of Date in London : but it is as new as 'Soldier Laddie' here.

Fechter's Othello ?

*To T. Carlyle.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Dec. 5/61.*

DEAR CARLYLE,

I hope you won't be bored with another of my half-yearly Enquiries after yourself and Mrs. Carlyle. You can just tell me how you both are : where you have been this Summer : and how you are getting on with your Frederick now you yourself are got, as I suppose, into Winter Quarters.

All this you may do in a very few words, which is all I expect, or have a right to expect from you.

You would have a right to more from me if I had more to tell on my own Score. But that is not so : this year is like the last with me—only I went to Berwick-upon-Tweed in a sailing Schooner, just for the sake of the Sail : and was then within two hours' Rail of Edinburgh, which I had never seen, and always wished to see ; but, like a great Ass, didn't go to see when all so near : but ran home again.

I have been very well pleased indeed reading Ste Beuve's *Causeries du Lundi*, one of the justest and best French Books I have seen, so far as I can judge. He writes well, I think, of your Frederick, as one of the Great.

## LETTERS OF

1861

Please to remember me with all kindness to  
Mrs. Carlyle : and believe me always yours,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

It will soon be twenty years since we first  
exchanged Letters !

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*December 7/61.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I shall look directly for the Passages in Omar and Hafiz which you refer to and clear up, though I scarce ever see the Persian Character now. I suppose you would think it a dangerous thing to edit Omar : else, who so proper ? Nay, are you not the only Man to do it ? And he certainly is worth good re-editing. I thought him from the first the most remarkable of the Persian Poets : and you keep finding out in him Evidences of logical Fancy which I had not dreamed of. I dare say these logical Riddles are not his best : but they are yet evidences of a Strength of mind which our Persian Friends rarely exhibit, I think. I always said about Cowley, Donne, etc., whom Johnson calls the metaphysical Poets, that their very Quibbles of Fancy showed a power of Logic which could follow Fancy through such remote Analogies.

This is the case with Calderon's Conceits also. I doubt I have given but a very one-sided version of Omar : but what I do only comes up as a Bubble to the Surface, and breaks : whereas you, with exact Scholarship, might make a lasting impression of such an Author. So I say of Jeláluddín, whom you need not edit in Persian, perhaps, unless in selections, which would be very good work : but you should certainly translate for us some such selections exactly in the way in which you did that Apologue of Azräel.<sup>1</sup> I don't know the value of the Indian Philosophy, etc., which you tell me is a fitter exercise for the Reason : but I am sure that you should give us some of the Persian I now speak of, which you can do all so easily to yourself ; yes, as a holiday recreation, you say, to your Indian Studies. As to India being 'your Place,' it may be : but as to your being lost in England, that could not be. You know I do not flatter. . . .

I declare I should like to go to India as well as any where : and I believe it might be the best thing for me to do. But, always slow at getting under way as I have been all my Life, what is to be done with one after fifty ! I am sure there is no longer any great pleasure living in this Country, so tost with perpetual Alarms as it is. One Day we are all in Arms about France. To-day we are doubting if To-morrow we may

<sup>1</sup> Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society for 1860, pp. 1—17 ; published in 1861.

not be at War to the Knife with America ! I say still, as I used, we have too much Property, Honour, etc., on our Hands : our outward Limbs go on lengthening while our central Heart beats weaklier : I say, as I used, we should give up something before it is forced from us. The World, I think, may justly resent our being and interfering all over the Globe. Once more I say, would we were a little, peaceful, unambitious, trading, Nation, like—the Dutch ! . . .

Adieu, my dear Cowell ; once more, Adieu. I doubt if you can read what I have written. Do not forget my Love to your Wife. I wonder if we are ever to meet again : you would be most disappointed if we were !

*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Dec. 9/61.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

The MS. came safe to hand yesterday, thank you : and came out of its Envelope like a Ray of Old Times to my Eyes. I wish I had secured more leaves from that old '*Butcher's Book*' torn up in old Spedding's Rooms in 1842 when the Press went to work with, I think, the Last of old Alfred's Best. But that, I am told, is only a 'Crotchet.' However, had I taken some more of the Pages that went into the Fire, after serving

in part for Pipe-lights, I might have enriched others with that which **A** himself would scarce have grudged, jealous as he is of such sort of Curiosity.

I have seen no more of Tannhäuser than the Athenæum showed me ; and certainly do not want to see more. One wonders that Men of some Genius (as I suppose these are) should so disguise it in Imitation : but, if they be very young men, this is the natural course, is it not ? By and by they may find their own Footing.

As to my own Peccadilloes in Verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubáiyát*. I had translated them partly for Cowell : young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Fraser, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using : and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch ; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy, was naturally alarmed at it ; he being a very religious Man : nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old Omar up.

[*End of letter lost.*]

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 16/62.*

DEAR RHUMLOTT,

You see I have received your Play Bill,<sup>1</sup> and recognise, I suppose, most of the Performers. But you should have let me know how it all went off. Perhaps you leave that to some one of the Audience, who will tell me—as much as you have done. Well, I hope it ‘gave Satisfaction’ to all.

Whom should I apply to for an Account? Spedding? He has already answered me upon other matters in the most scornful way. I am counting, however, very much of his Book which he speaks of as about to be ready by the End of this Month.

You should see my little Room, filling with the most wonderful Gewgaws; Pictures, China, etc. I want two or three little Casts of Greek Statues (the decenter), and then I shall have samples of China, Greece, Italy, etc., all mixed. This Nonsense amuses me: at least helps to make my Room gay during the long Days and Nights of Winter. When Summer comes I shall get out on the River. I assure you our little Squires have so laid bare the Land of all the

<sup>1</sup> In which it was announced that Mr. Rhumlott would speak the prologue.



merit we had, its Trees and Hedgerows, that I turn away with Disgust from my old Haunts of fifty years ago. There is no need for them further to shut up (as they do) our old Footpaths, for one no longer wants to walk them. Oh for some Great Duke to come and buy them all out ; we could bear *his* Tyranny : as Swift says, one can submit to a Lion, but to be gnawed alive by Rats ! So I have recourse to the River and Sea which the Squires have not yet defaced nor forbidden, have as yet

Written no Wrinkles on that azure brow.<sup>1</sup>

So it isn't all Peace in one's Soul down here ; we have our Grudges, as well as Thackeray his against Saturday Reviews, etc. I think Thackeray must be much spoiled, judging by all that.

*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 31/62.*

DEAR GEORGE,

Thank you always for your Invitations to Merton : why don't I go there ? as well as to London, etc. Ah, why ! You know, I hope, that you will always be welcome to my seedy home : Board here, Bed at the Bull. But I am (as for the last ten years) looking out for a

<sup>1</sup> See Byron, Childe Harold, canto iv. st. 182.

House, and indeed have gone so far as to have (though without my asking for it) a Plan of Alterations drawn up for a wretched little House (where Mr. Reynolds, once Parson here, used to live), at the End of Seckford Street. But, little as I want, I doubt this would be almost too little, with scarce a Scrap of Garden ground. I had even thoughts of that House where Mr. Causton once lived at foot of the Bredfield Sandhill—do you remember? which has a Bit of Garden, and might be altered to my Use. But the House lies low in a Corner where one can't get out except one way—up the hill—and into the Town by those *Ship-meadows*, whereas Seckford Street is high and dry, and leads out to Farlingay, Ipswich Road, etc. But all the better houses are occupied by Dowagers like Myself: the Miss Tolls: Mrs. Pulham: the Miss Silvers: and Billy Whincopp: and none of them will die, or otherwise migrate, for Love or Money: so here I go floundering on and teasing everybody without any Progress at all. I wish you were here, or could give me any Advice from where you are: for I am so certain to blunder in all I do that I quite lose heart to decide. I do really want, however, to get into a house of my own with my own Servants (where and with whom, of course, I shan't do half as well as here), and this for several reasons. Do not forget me in case you hear of any likely Housekeeper or Servant, though I can't yet engage the former

because I have no house for her to keep. But a good Maidservant I would almost undertake here, paying her instead of Mrs. Berry's doing so : who hires at 1s. a week such a Slut as even I cannot put up with. We are now, I hope, getting rid of the third since I have been here, and I yesterday went to see about another at Hasketon. Also, if, when you are at Norwich, you should see any pretty and quaint Furniture, I should be glad to hear of it, and would even go to Norwich if you knew of a Place where such things were in plenty. When I took my Niece to London in November, I went to the Baker Street Bazaar : but spent what Time and Money I had in the new Chinese Department, where I bought a heap of Things which, however, have chiefly gone in Presents. I however like Oriental Things : their quaint shapes, fine Colours, and musky sandal-wood Scents ; and, though I do not so much look at these things individually, yet their Presence in the Room creates a cheerfulness which is good as one grows old, blind, deaf, and dull. A little time in London would soon set one up in such Things : but I don't care to go there, and perhaps it is as well to have to pick up such Things now and then only.

I have not yet hung up my Pictures, which are now got back to the Room they were outed from : but the Truth is they look so much better on the Floor. I have cleaned and put a thick coat of Varnish on the Secretary ; this fills up

some cracks, though it makes him a little too glossy. Laurence was delighted with my hideous larger Spanish woman, which is certainly Velasquez, he says : I have turpented her, which (as I have learned from Mr. Churchyard) will freshen up old Varnish, and so do better than overlaying a new Coat of *that*. But what do you think of my Impudence in actually rubbing down my Titian Landscape ! which Mr. C. was frightened to think of my doing, but says it is certainly improved, now it's done. I will not have green Skies at any Price. . . .

I should like some of the old light Cane Chairs such as one used to see in old Inns, Watering Places, etc. Do keep me and my wants of this kind in your Eye, as you have an Eye for such things, and may not be unamused at thus keeping it open.

Here is a stupendous Letter : all about myself. You seem too much engaged, or too little inclined, to write much : and indeed I can't expect other People to repay me with such Coin as my own Idleness can spare so easily. I am reading a Book of almost as dull Letters as my own : the second series of Mrs. Delany : five thick volumes of five hundred pages apiece of almost the poorest twaddle, and often very vulgar Twaddle, from the very greatest People to one another.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Monday [March 10, 1862].*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

There is Farlingay left in applepie order, with its good Servants, Gardener, etc., as old Smith left them, and I am asked to take it as it is: and yet—I am afraid to leave the poor Town with its little bustle! As one grows older, lonelier, and sadder, is not the little Town best, though Farlingay be the Pink of Places?

I have bought a new Boat, which is not yet from London: and am altering (and I doubt spoiling) my old one, just when I didn't want to meddle with it at all. Then, in a sudden fit, I sold out all my Bank Stock into Dutch Funds, which won't give me as much Income; my only consolation being that, directly after I had done it, the Bank Clerk (here) rushed out from his Desk to assure me Bank Stock had fallen because a smaller Dividend is expected. I believe I am now more considered in the Town, as having exhibited this fore-knowledge.

The 'Town Hall' is being decorated with Flags, etc., for the Odd Fellows Dinner, which comes off To-day. But the Town itself is distracted with the Question as to where the New School shall be; Bishop Taylor having persuaded the Inspector to choose Land near his (the Bishop's) Estate down in the lower Part of the Town (at foot of the Sandhill). So the Bishop

walks about enveloped in his virtue, and proof against all unchristian malevolence.

I have been in my glory tearing up 20 Volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine to get out Scraps of Mitford and Green's Diary, of which I make Volumes, and then call them my Works.<sup>1</sup> I have hung my Pictures, which are spoilt by a vile Paper.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*March 19/62.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

Thanks for your Letter in the middle of graver occupations. It will give me very great pleasure if you will come here : but not if you only do so out of kindness ; I mean, if you have no other call of Business or Pleasure to yourself. For I don't deserve—

You should have sent me some Photograph. I hate them nearly all : but S. Rice<sup>2</sup> was very good. I wonder you don't turn out well : I suppose, too black, is it ? It is generally florid people, I think, who fail : yet, strange to say, my Brother Peter has come quite handsome in the Process. . . .

I am all for a little Flattery in Portraits : that is, so far as, I think, the Painter or Sculptor should

<sup>1</sup> These are now in my possession.—W. A. W.

<sup>2</sup> The Hon. Stephen Spring Rice.



try at something more agreeable than anything he sees sitting to him : when People look either bored, or smirking : he should give the best possible Aspect which the Features before him *might* wear, even if the Artist had not seen that Aspect. Especially when he works for Friends or Kinsfolk : for even the plainest face has looked handsome to them at some happy moment, and just such we like to have perpetuated. . . .

Now, I really do feel ashamed when you ask about my Persian Translations, though they are all very well : only very little affairs. I really have not the face to send to Milnes direct : but I send you four Copies which I have found in a Drawer here to do as you will with. This will save Milnes, or any one else, the bore of writing to me to acknowledge it.

My old Boat has been altered, I hope not spoiled ; and I shall soon be preparing for the Water—and Mud. I don't think one can reckon on warm weather till after the Longest Day : but if you should come before, it will surely be warm enough to walk, or drive, if not to sail ; and Leaves will be green, if the Tide should be out.

You would almost think I wanted to repay you in Compliment if I told you I regarded even your hasty Letters as excellent in all respects. I do, however : but I do not wish you to write one when you are busy or disinclined.



## LETTERS OF

1862

*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*April 18, 1862.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

No—I won't go to Norwich on Saturday, though I should like then, or at any time, to meet you.

I ran to London for one day at the beginning of this week : saw nobody : but tore about to Shops where I bought some things I wanted, and some I didn't want. I got a look at the National Gallery, and admired the New Room : but the Devotion of one whole Room to Turner seems to me to be a national Absurdity. I didn't see one good Picture in the Shop windows, except a Wilson at Bryant's : but I saw the beautiful Venetian Portrait of a Lady which used to hang at Boulge Cottage, and which I gave to my Sister Lusie, quite spoiled by having been cleaned and restored by Segulier. Quite spoiled, I say, as a whole and perfect Work, so far as it went : it is now in uneven patches. I also managed to rush to the Crystal Palace—always, I think, the Sight of the Century : there were Chinese Trees in Blossom, and M. Angelo's Statues striving into Life, as it were, and the Grand Organ preparing itself by reverberating Preludes for some Handel Commemoration.

Now, after this flourish of the Tupper Trumpet, how can you expect I am to descend

to Questions of Trusteeships, etc. Or how could you ever ask *my* opinion on such a Subject? I, who run about asking every one else's!

GELDESTONE HALL, BECCLES,  
*Thursday, April (24?), 1862.*

DEAR GEORGE,

I came here two Days ago, because my Sister wished to see me before her House fills with Company for a Month next week.

I think you will believe that if I wish to decline being your Treasurer<sup>1</sup> it is not from a wish to shirk the small Trouble, but because I am too convinced of my own incapacity for dealing well with affairs of any such sort, whether other people's or my own. And I am so far one of the very worst of the Incapables: forasmuch as I don't consent to drift along as my fellow-Trustees, Lawyers, etc., would have me: but am apt to raise Questions and Difficulties. I cannot doubt that you will very easily find a much more suitable Man than myself; whom I think you have only asked out of Compliment. If you should find any real difficulty in the matter, let me know; but I wish to communicate through you rather than my Lawyer.

William Crowfoot has been, and is, very anxious I should buy Miss Howman's House at Beccles; one main reason being, as he laughingly confesses, that I may replace her in some

<sup>1</sup> Trustee.

useful little Charities she practised, and in fact reign as a Dowager in her stead. He also wishes me to be near Gelson,<sup>1</sup> no doubt ; and, I also believe, near himself : for I take as fully meant his expression of Pleasure in my society. In return I tell him that the one inducement to draw me to Beccles would be, himself. I have little to bind me to Woodbridge except the River : but being somehow at Woodbridge, and fairly well off there, I am afraid to quit. I shall, however, have to leave my present lodging, I doubt : quite against my own Desire : and where to go to I know not yet. I have my two Boats out, and have begun sailing. I shall always be glad to see you : but I have scarce a right to ask you when I never go to you at your asking. But you know how often People grow averse from moving as they grow old. I am now a year or two older than your Father when he first settled at Bredfield.

*To T. Carlyle.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*June 29/62.*

DEAR CARLYLE,

I forget if I told you in my last that there is some account of your Frederick in Dr. Burney's Musical Tour in Italy, France, Germany, Vol. III. What there is, as you may suppose, about

<sup>1</sup> Geldestone.

F.'s Flute-playing (which Burney heard), his conduct of Concerts, etc., not very much : yet his exclusive regard for his old Master Quantz's music, and Graun's, has, I suppose, some Character and Value. Burney says, he (Frederick) stopped half an hour before Correggio's Nightpiece at Dresden, when first he entered that City.<sup>1</sup>

Thank you for your News of yourself. I wish you could come down here, and have a Sail with me, and a Bathe by yourself, and some Good Wine at the Bull Inn.

I am just now going to Alfred Smith's Farm—not at Farlingay. Had I told you that his Father was dead—this Spring—after a short Illness : Cold, caught by going to Church ? His end was—Beef : for he was murmuring about Sales of Cattle, etc., to the last.

I am in mourning for a Brother-in-Law.<sup>2</sup>

*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
Sept. 29/62.

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

‘What Cheer, ho !’ I somehow fancy that a Line of Nonsense will catch you before you

<sup>1</sup> The Present State of Music in Germany, the Netherlands, and United Provinces, by Charles Burney (Ed. 1775), ii. 43.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. J. B. Wilkinson.

leave Ely : and yet, now I come to think, you will have left Ely, probably, and will be returning in another Fortnight to Cambridge for the Term. Well, I will direct to Cambridge then ; and my Note shall await you there, and you need not answer it till some very happy hour of Leisure and Inclination. As to Inclination, indeed, I don't think you will ever have much of that, toward writing such Letters, I mean ; what sensible Man after forty has ? You have done so much more (in my Eyes, and perhaps so much less in your own) coming all this way to see me ! I did wonder at the Goodness of that. I suppose Spedding didn't tell you that I wrote to him to say so. It was very unlucky I was out when you came : I have often thought of that with vexation.

Well, I have gone on Boating, etc., just the same ever since. And just now I have been applying to Spring Rice to use his Influence to get a larger Buoy laid at the mouth of our River ; across which lies a vile Bar of shifting Sand, and such a little Bit of a Buoy to mark it that we often almost miss it going in and out, and are in danger of running on the Shoal ; which would break the Boat to Pieces if not drown us. Here is a fine Piece of Information to a Canon of Ely and Professor of Greek at Cambridge !

Spring Rice does not speak well, I think, of his health ; not at all well ; and his Hand-

writing looks shaky. What a Loyal Kind Heart it is !

*To W. B. Donne.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 28/62.

MY DEAR DONNE,

I talk indignantly against others bothering you, and do worse than all myself, I think, what with Bookbindings, Dressing-gowns, etc. (N.B. You know that the last is only in case when you are going your Rounds to St. James, etc.) Now I have a little Query to make : which, not being even so much out of your way, won't I hope trouble you. I remember Thompson telling me that, from what he had read and seen of Grecian Geography, he almost thought Clytemnestra's famous Account of the Line of Signal Fires from Troy to Mycenæ to be possible (I mean you know in the Agamemnon). At least this is what *I believe* he said : I must not assert from a not very accurate Memory anything that would compromise a Greek Professor ; I am so ignorant of Geography, ancient as well as modern, I don't know exactly, or at all, the Points of the Beacons so enumerated ; and Lempriere, the only Classic I have to refer to, doesn't help me in what I want. Will you turn to the passage, and tell me *what*, and *where*, are :

1. The Μακίστου σκοπαί—
2. The Μεσαπίου φύλακες—
3. The ὄρος Αἰγίπλαγκτον.

*What, where, and why*, so called? The rest I know, or can find in Dictionary, and Map. But for these—

Lempriere  
Is no-where ;  
Liddell and Scott  
Don't help me a jot :  
When I'm off, Donnegan  
Don't help me *on again*.—

So I'm obliged to resort to old *Donne again* !

Rhyme and Epigram quite worthy of the German.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

Fragment of a Letter written in Nov. 1862.

I took down a Juvenal to look for a Passage about the Loaded Waggon rolling through the Roman Streets.<sup>1</sup> I couldn't find it. Do you know where it is? Not that you need answer this Question, which only comes in as if I were talking to you. I remember asking you whence Æschylus made his Agamemnon speak of Ulysses as unwilling at first to go on the Trojan Expedition. I see Paley refers it to some Poem called the Cypria quoted by Proclus. I was asking Donne the other Day as to some of the

<sup>1</sup> Sat. III. 254.



names of the Beacon-places in Clytemnestra's famous Speech : and I then said I *believed*—but only *believed*, as an inaccurate Man, not wishing to implicate others—that you, Thompson, had once told me that you thought the Chain of Fires *might* have passed from Troy to Mycenæ in the way described—*just possibly* MIGHT, I think—I assure you I took care not to commit your Credit by my uncertain Memory, whatever it was you said was only in a casual way over a Cigar. Are you for Ἄτης θύελλαι—or Ἄτης θυηλαὶ—ζῶσι ? <sup>1</sup> a point I don't care a straw about ; so don't answer this neither.

No, I didn't go to the Exhibition : which, I know, looks like Affectation : but was honest Incuriosity and Indolence.

. . . On looking over Juvenal for the Lines I wanted I was amused at the prosaic Truth of one I didn't want :

Intolerabilius nihil est quam femina dives.<sup>2</sup>

*To George Crabbe.*

Dec. 20, 1862.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

. . . I have been, and am, reading Borrow's 'Wild Wales,' which I like well, because I can hear him talking it. But I don't know if others will like it : anyhow there is too much of the

<sup>1</sup> Hermann's conjecture on Agam. 819.

<sup>2</sup> Sat. vi. 460.

same thing. Then what is meant for the plainest record of Conversation, etc., has such Phrases as 'Marry come up,' etc., which mar the sense of Authenticity. Then, no one writing better English than Borrow in general, there is the vile *Individual—Person—and Locality* always cropping up : and even this vulgar Young Ladyism, 'The Scenery was beautiful *to a Degree.*' *What Degree?* When did this vile Phrase arise?

*To W. H. Thompson.*

*Good Friday, 1863.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

Pray never feel ashamed of not answering my Letters so long as you do write twice a year, to let me know you live and thrive. As much oftener as you please : but you are only to be ashamed of not doing that. For that I really want of all who have been very kind and very constant ('*loyal*' is the word that even Emperors now use of themselves) for so many years. This I say in all sincerity.

Now, while you talk of being ashamed of not writing, I am rather ashamed of writing so much to you. Partly because I really have so little to say ; and also because saying that little too often puts you to the shame you speak of. You say my Letters are pleasant, however : and they will be so far pleasant if they assure you

that I like talking to you in that way : bad as I am at more direct communication. I can tell you your letters are very pleasant to me ; you at least have always something to tell of your half-year's Life : and you tell it so wholesomely, I always say in so capital a Style, as makes me regret you have not written some of your better Knowledge for the Public. I suppose (as I have heard) that your Lectures<sup>1</sup> are excellent in this way ; I can say I should like very much to attend a course of them, on the Greek Plays, or on Plato. I dare say you are right about an Apprenticeship in Red Tape being necessary to make a Man of Business : but is it too late in Life for you to buckle to and screw yourself up to condense some of your Lectures and scholarly Lore into a Book ? By 'too late in Life' I mean too late to take Heart to do it.

I am sure you won't believe that I am *scratching* you in return for any scratchings from your hands. We are both too old, too sensible, and too independent, I think, for that sort of thing.

As to my going to Ely in June, I don't know yet what to say ; for I have been Fool enough to order a Boat to be building which will cost me £350, and she talks of being launched in the very first week of June, and I have engaged for some short trips in her as soon as she is afloat. I begin to feel tired of her already ; I felt I should

<sup>1</sup> As Greek Professor.

when I was persuaded to order her : and that is the Folly of it. They say it is a very bad Thing to do Nothing : but I am sure that is not the case with those who are born to Blunder ; I always find that I have to repent of what I have done, not what I have left undone ; and poor W. Browne used to say it was better even to repent of what [was] undone than done. You know how glad I should be if you came here : but I haven't the Face to ask it, especially after that misfit last Summer ; which was not my fault however.

I always look upon old Spedding's as one of the most wasted Lives I know : and he is a wise Man ! Twenty years ago I told him that he should knock old Bacon off ; I don't mean give him up, but wind him up at far less sacrifice of Time and Labour ; and edit Shakespeare. I think it *would* have been worth his Life to have done those two ; and I am always persuaded his Bacon would have been better if done more at a heat. I shall certainly buy the new Shakespeare you tell me of, if the Volumes aren't bulky ; which destroys my pleasure in the use of a Book.

I have had my share of Influenza : even this Woodbridge, with all its capital Air and self-contented Stupidity (which you know is very conducive to long Life) has been wheezing and coughing all the very mild winter ; and the Bell of the Tower opposite my Room has been tolling oftener than I ever remember.

Though I can't answer for *June*, I am really meditating a small trip to Wiltshire *before June*; mainly to see the daughters of my old George Crabbe who are settled at Bradford on Avon, and want very much that I should see how happily they live on very small means indeed. And I must own I am the more tempted to go abroad because there is preparation for a Marriage in my Family (a Niece—but not one of my Norfolk Nieces) which is to be at my Brother's near here; and there will be a *Levée* of People, who drop in here, etc. This may blow over, however.

Now I ought to be ashamed of this long Letter: don't you make me so by answering it.

Ever yours, E. F. G.

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE, *June 8/63.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

Your sister wrote me a very kind Letter to tell of her safe Return home. I must repeat to you very sincerely that I never recollect to have passed a pleasanter week. As far as Company went, it was like Old Times at Bredfield; and the Oak-trees were divine! I never expected to care so very much for Trees, nor for your flat Country: but I really feel as one who has bathed

in Verdure. I suppose Town-living makes one alive to such a Change.

I spent a long Day with Thompson :<sup>1</sup> and much liked the painted Roof. On Thursday I went to Lynn : which I took a Fancy to : the odd old Houses : the Quay : the really grand Inn (Duke's Head, in the Market place) and the civil, Norfolk-talking, People. I went to Hunstanton, which is rather dreary : one could see the Country at Sandringham was good. I enquired fruitlessly about those Sandringham Pictures, etc. : even the Auctioneer, whom I found in the Bar of the Inn, could tell nothing of where they had gone.

*To W. B. Donne.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Sat. July 18/63.*

MY DEAR DONNE,

. . . I can hardly tell you whether I am much pleased with my new Boat ; for I hardly know myself. She is (as I doubted would be from the first) rather awkward in our narrow River ; but then she was to be a good Sea-boat ; and I don't know but she is ; and will be better in all ways when we have got her in proper trim. Yesterday we gave her what they call '*a tuning*' in a rather heavy swell round Orford Ness : and she did

<sup>1</sup> At Ely.

well without a reef, etc. But, now all is got, I don't any the more want to go far away by Sea, any more than by Land ; having no Curiosity left for other Places, and glad to get back to my own Chair and Bed after three or four Days' Absence. So long as I get on the Sea from time to time, it is much the same to me whether off Aldbro' or Penzance. And I find I can't sleep so well on board as I used to do thirty years ago : and not to get one's Sleep, you know, indisposes one more or less for the Day. However, we talk of Dover, Folkestone, Holland, etc., which will give one's sleeping Talents a *tuning*.

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE, *July* 19, [1863].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

You tell me the Romney is at Gardner's : but where is Gardner's ? And what was the Price of the Portrait ? Laurence said well about Romney that, as compared to Sir Joshua and Gainsboro', his Pictures looked tinted, rather than painted ; the colour of the Cheek (for instance) rather superficially laid on, as rouge, rather than ingrained, and mantling like Blood from below. Laurence had seen those at last year's Exhibition : I have not seen near so many. I remember one that seemed to me capital at Lord Bute's in Bedfordshire.

I came home yesterday from a short Cruise



to Yarmouth, etc., where some people were interested in the Channel Fleet. But I could take no interest in Steam Ships and Iron Rams.

*To Herman Biddell.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Thursday* [1863].

MY DEAR SIR,

Airy first proposed to come this present week : I should have let you know if he had, in hope you would come and meet him here. He now talks of August 10 ; of which you shall hear in time.

As to my going to meet him at yours—beside that you know I may say I go nowhere—(alas ! I have not yet found my way to Boulge, where my Brother has been these two months)—I feel it rather indelicate only to break that rule in order to meet an old Schoolfellow because he happens to be staying at a house where I know I am always kindly invited, and yet don't go. I can tell you truly, that if I went anywhere I should have been much more than once at Playford, where I find sensible, unaffected, and (best of all) unconventional People ; and (next best) no formal Dinner : the stupid Dulness of which determined to drive me out of the Society hereabout as much as anything else. However, we must see when Airy does come ; he is very obstinate, you know ; and makes a rather truculent mouth if one doesn't

follow where he bids. You know how I mean all this ; he is a real loyal Fellow, as well as a clever ; and I am sure I value his old Regard, and like well a Talk of Old Times, and take it very kind that he should give up any holiday, and go to the Expense, for the sake of coming so far to me.

Now, as to Frith, etc., I didn't half read the Review : but sent it to you to see what you would make of it. I quite agree with you about Hogarth, who (I always thought) made his pictures unnatural by overcrowding what was natural in Part, as also by caricature. For this reason, I always thought his Apprentices his best Series. But there are passages of Tragedy and Comedy in his Works that go very deep into Human Nature, and into one's Soul. He was also an Artist in Composition, Colour, etc., though in all respects, I think, a little over-rated of late years.

I don't say that Frith is not more natural (in the sense you use the word, I suppose) than Hogarth ; but then does he take so difficult a Face of Nature to deal with, and, even on his own lower ground, does he go to the bottom of it ? Is there in his Derby Day the one typical Face and Figure of the Jockey, the Gambler, etc., such as Hogarth would have painted for ever on our Imaginations ? Is Frith at all better (if so good) as Leech in Punch ? If as good or better, are his Pictures worth a thousandth Part of the

Prices given for them? Which, I think, is the Question with the Reviewer. I don't know about his Colour; but I have never heard of it as beyond the usual.

If we take the mere representation of common Nature as the sum total of Art, we must put the modern Everyday life Novel above Shakespeare: for certainly Macbeth and Coriolanus, etc., did not spout Blank Verse, etc. But they dealt in great, deep, and terrible Passions, and Shakespeare has made them live again out of the dead Ashes of History by the force of his Imagination, and by the 'Thoughts that breathe, and Words that burn' that he has put into their Mouths. Nor can I think that Frith's veracious Portraits of people eating Luncheons at Epsom are to be put in the Scale with Raffaele's impossible Idealisation of the Human made Divine.

As you are a sensible Man, I drop 'Mr.' and 'Esq.' in directing to you. I wish others would do so to me.

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE, August 4, [1863].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I have at last done my Holland: you won't be surprised to hear that I did it in two days, and was too glad to rush home on the first pretence, after (as usual) seeing nothing I cared the least

about. The Country itself I had seen long before in Dutch Pictures, and between Beccles and Norwich : the Towns I had seen in Picturesque Annuals, Drop Scenes, etc.

But the Pictures—the Pictures—themselves ?

Well, you know how I am sure to mismanage : but you will hardly believe, even of me, that I never saw what was most worth seeing, the Hague Gallery ! But so it was : had I been by myself, I should have gone off directly (after landing at Rotterdam) to that : but Mr. Manby was with me : and he thought best to see about Rotterdam first : which was last Thursday, at whose earliest Dawn we arrived. So we tore about in an open Cab : saw nothing : the Gallery not worth a visit : and at night I was half dead with weariness. Then again on Friday I, by myself, should have started for the Hague : but as Amsterdam was also to be done, we thought best to go there (as furthest) first. So we went : tore about the town in a Cab as before : and I raced through the Museum seeing (I must say) little better than what I have seen over and over again in England. I couldn't admire the Night-watch much : Van der Helst's very good Picture seemed to me to have been cleaned : I thought the Rembrandt Burgomasters worth all the rest put together. But I certainly looked very flimsily at all.

Well, all this done, away we went to the Hague : arriving there just as the Museum closed for that day ; next Day (Saturday) it was not to

be open at all (I having proposed to wait in case it should), and on Sunday only from 12 to 2. Hearing all this, in Rage and Despair I tore back to Rotterdam : and on Saturday Morning got the Boat out of the muddy Canal in which she lay and tore back down the Maas, etc., so as to reach dear old Bawdsey shortly after Sunday's Sunrise. Oh, my Delight when I heard them call out 'Orford Lights !' as the Boat was plunging over the Swell.

All this is very stupid, really wrong : but you are not surprised at it in me. One reason however of my Disgust was, that we (in our Boat) were shut up (as I said) in the Canal, where I couldn't breathe. I begged Mr. Manby to let me take him to an Inn : he would stick to his Ship, he said : and I didn't like to leave him. Then it was Murray who misled me about the Hague Gallery : he knew nothing about its being shut on Saturdays. Then again we neither of us knew a word of Dutch : and I was surprised how little was known of English in return.

But I shall say no more. I think it is the last foreign Travel I shall ever undertake ; unless I should go with you to see the Dresden Madonna : to which there is one less impediment now Holland is not to be gone through. . . . I am the Colour of a Lobster with Sea-faring : and my Eyes smart : so Good-Bye. Let me hear of you. Ever yours

E. F. G.

Oh dear !—Rembrandt's Dissection—where and how did I miss that ?

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Aug. 5/63.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I don't hear from you : I rather think you are deterred by those *Birds* which I asked you to print (in my last Letter) with some Correction, etc., of your own : and which you have not found Time or Inclination to get done. But don't let anything of this sort prevent your writing to me now and then : no one can be more utterly indifferent than I am whether these Birds are printed or not : and I suppose I distinctly told you *not* to put yourself to any Trouble. Indeed I dare say I should only be bored with the Copies when they were printed : for I don't know a Soul here who would care for the Thing if it were ten times as well done as I have done it : nor do I care for Translation or Original, myself. Oh dear, when I do look into Homer, Dante, and Virgil, Æschylus, Shakespeare, etc., those Orientals look—silly ! Don't resent my saying so. *Don't* they ? I am now a good [deal] about in a new Boat I have built, and thought (as Johnson took Cocker's Arithmetic with him on travel, because he shouldn't exhaust

it) so I would take Dante and Homer with me, instead of Mudie's Books, which I read through directly. I took Dante by way of slow Digestion: not having looked at him for some years: but I am glad to find I relish him as much as ever: he atones with the Sea; as you know does the Odyssey—these are the Men!

I am just returned in my Ship from Holland—where I stayed—two days!—and was so glad to rush away home after being imprisoned in a sluggish un-sweet Canal in Rotterdam: and after tearing about to Amsterdam, the Hague, etc., to see things which were neither new nor remarkable to me though I had never seen them before—except in Pictures, which represent to you the Places as well as if you went there, without the trouble of going. I am sure wiser men, with keener *outsight* and *insight* would see what no Pictures could give: but this I know is always the case with me: this is my last Voyage abroad, I believe: unless I go to see Raffaele's Madonna at Dresden, which no other Picture can represent than itself: unless Dante's Beatrice.

I don't think you ever told me if you had got, or read, Spedding's two first volumes of Bacon. My opinion is not the least altered of the Case: and (as I anticipated) Spedding has brooded over his Egg so long he has rather addled it. Thompson told me that the very Papers he adduces to clear Bacon in Essex's Business, rather go against him: I haven't seen any Notice of the



Book in any Review but Fraser : where Donne (of course) was convinced, etc., and I hear that even the wise old Spedding is *mortified* that he has awakened so little Interest for his Hero. You know his Mortification would not be on *his own* score. His last Letter to me (some months ago) seemed to indicate that he could scarce lift up his Pen to go on—he had as yet, he said, written nothing of volumes 3 and 4. But I suppose he *will* in time. I say this Life of his wasted on a vain work is a Tragedy pathetic as Antigone or Iphigenia. Of Tennyson I hear but little : and I have ceased to look forward to any future Work of his. Thackeray seems dumb as a gorged Blackbird too : all growing old !

I have lost my sister Kerrich, the only one of my family I much cared for, or who much cared for me.

But (not to dwell on what cannot be helped, and to which my talking of all growing old led me) I see in last week's Athenæum great Praise of a new Volume of Poems by Jean Ingelow. The Reviewer talks of a 'new Poet,' etc., quite unaware that some dozen years ago the 'new Poet,' published a Volume (as you may remember) with as distinct Indications of sweet, fresh, and original Genius as anything he adduces from this second Volume. I remember writing a sort of Review, when about you at Bramford, which I sent to Mitford, to try and give the Book a little move : but Mitford had just quitted the Gentle-

man's Magazine, and I tore up my Paper. Your Elizabeth knows (I think) all about this Lady : who, I suppose, is connected with Lincolnshire : for the Reviewer speaks of some of the Poems as relating to that Coast—Shipwrecks, etc. I was told that Tennyson was writing a sort of Lincolnshire Idyll : I will bet on Miss Ingelow now : he should never have left his old County, and gone up to be suffocated by London Adulation. He has lost that which caused the long roll of the Lincolnshire Wave to reverberate in the measure of Locksley Hall. Don't believe that I rejoice like a Dastard in what I believe to be the Decay of a Great Man : my sorrow has been so much about it that (for one reason) I have the less cared to meet him of late years, having nothing to say in sincere praise. Nor do I mean that his Decay is all owing to London, etc. He is growing old : and I don't believe much in the Fine Arts thriving on an old Tree : I can't think Milton's Paradise Lost so good as his Allegro, etc. ; one feels the strain of the Pump all through : only Shakespeare—the exception to all rule—struck out Macbeth at past fifty.<sup>1</sup>

By the way, there is a new—and the best—edition<sup>2</sup> of *Him* coming out : edited by two men (Fellows) of Cambridge. Just the Text, with the various readings of Folio and Quartos : scarce any notes : but suggestions of Alteration from Pope, Theobald, Coleridge, etc., and—Spedding ;

<sup>1</sup> ? Forty.

<sup>2</sup> The Cambridge Shakespeare.

who (as I told him twenty years ago) should have done the work these men are doing. He also says they are well doing about *half* what is wanted to be done. He should—for he could—have done all; and one Frontispiece Portrait would have served for Author and Editor.

Come—here is a long Letter—and (as I read it over) with more *Go* than usually attends my old Pen now. Let it inspire you to answer: never mind *the Birds*:—which really suggests to me one of Dante's beautiful lines which made me *cry* the other Day at Sea.

Mentre che gli occhi per la fronda verde  
Ficcava io così, come far suole  
Chi dietro all' uccellin la vita perde,  
Lo più che Padre mi dicea, etc.<sup>1</sup>

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE, August 16/63.

DEAR GEORGE,

I don't know if Drew's Letters amuse you as they do me: but I venture two P.O. Stamps upon one: you can keep the Letter for me: don't lose it. You perceive that I told him all the Woodbridge Gossip; some of which (as about Larken) he seems to have misunderstood.

All last week Airy was with me: and was very well pleased sailing on the River, looking

<sup>1</sup> Purgatorio, xxiii.

at Bawdsey Cliffs, Ramsholt Church, etc. I have lent my ship to Mr. Spalding to go to Rotterdam in : a silly thing for him to ask, and for me to grant : seeing that he is always sick : that there is always Bother and risk about the Boat in those Canals : and that, with such a West wind as now blows, he may not get back this week. I discovered all these reasons immediately after yielding.

There is a very charming Paper about Holland in Thackeray's Roundabouts<sup>1</sup>: of course I didn't read it till I had returned, though I had the Book by me. If ever I go abroad again it shall be (if you please) with you ; to Berlin and Dresden : I will find means, and give the whole Charge of the Journey to you, reserving only a little Ill-humour and Testiness of my own at railway and Hotel Nuisances ; which you needn't mind, since it is not expended on you, but on my own inaptitude at Travel. Nothing but the Eyes of that unseen Madonna (like Beatrice's in Dante) will draw me out again : and Berlin, you say, is easily seen by the way. . . .

There is now a large party at Boulge : But I keep well out of the way. Kerrich has been over with his son Walter to look for a house hereabout for Walter, who is made Adjutant to the Rifles.

We keep expecting Rain, but have not had twenty Drops this month past, though we hear

<sup>1</sup> Notes of a Week's Holiday.

1863

EDWARD FITZGERALD

there has been plenty in the Midland Counties. To-day the Glass has fallen : and I do think some Rain will follow. For the first time I see the long Pond at Farlingay all but dry.

*To W. B. Donne.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*October 4/63.*

MY DEAR DONNE,

Very rude of me not to have acknowledged your Tauchnitz<sup>1</sup> before : but I have been almost living in my Ship ever since : and I supposed also that you were abroad in Norfolk. I pitied you undergoing those dreadful Oratorios : I never heard one that was not tiresome, and in part ludicrous. Such subjects are scarce fitted for Catgut. Even Magnus Handel—even Messiah. He (Handel) was a good old Pagan at heart, and (till he had to yield to the fashionable Piety of England) stuck to Opera, and Cantatas, such as *Acis and Galatea*, Milton's *Penseroso*, *Alexander's Feast*, etc., where he could revel and plunge and frolic without being tied down to Orthodoxy. And these are (to my mind) his really great works : these, and his Coronation Anthems, where Human Pomp is to be accompanied and illustrated.

<sup>1</sup> Euripides.

Now for Tauchnitz ; somehow, that which you sent me is not the thing : I don't like it half so well as my little Tauchnitz stereotype Sophocles of 1827. The Euripides you send bears date 1846 : and is certainly not so clear to my eyes as 1827. Never mind : don't trouble yourself further : I shall light upon what I want one of these Days. It is wonderful how *The Sea* brought up this Appetite for Greek : it likes to be called Θάλασσα and πόντος better than the wretched word 'Sea,' I am sure : and the Greeks (especially Æschylus—after Homer) are full of Seafaring Sounds and Allusions. I think the Murmur of the Ægean (if that is their Sea) wrought itself into their Language. How is it the Islandic (which I read is our Mother Tongue) was not more Poluphloisboi-ic ?

Sophocles has almost shaken my Allegiance to Æschylus. Oh, those two Œdipuses ! but then that Agamemnon ! Well : one shall be the Handel and t'other the Haydn ; one the Michel Angelo, and t'other the Raffaele, of Tragedy. As to the famous Prometheus, I think, as I always thought, it is somewhat over-rated for Sublimity ; I can't see much in the far famed Conception of the Hero's Character : and I doubt [*rest wanting*].

*To S. Laurence.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 7/64.*

DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I want to know about your two Portraits of Thackeray : the first one (which I think Smith and Elder have) I know by the Print : I want to know about one you last did (some two years ago ?) whether you think it as good and characteristic : and also who has it. Frederic Tennyson sent me a Photograph of W. M. T. old, white, massive, and melancholy, sitting in his Library.

I am surprized almost to find how much I am thinking of him : so little as I had seen him for the last ten years ; not once for the last five. I had been told—by you, for one—that he was spoiled. I am glad therefore that I have scarce seen him since he was ‘old Thackeray.’ I keep reading his Newcomes of nights, and as it were hear him saying so much in it ; and it seems to me as if he might be coming up my Stairs, and about to come (singing) into my Room, as in old Charlotte Street, etc., thirty years ago.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thackeray died 24 Dec. 1863.



*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 12/64.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

. . . Have we exchanged a word about Thackeray since his Death? I am quite surprised to see how I sit moping about him: to be sure, I keep reading his Books. Oh, the Newcomes are fine! And now I have got hold of Pendennis, and seem to like that much more than when I first read it. I keep hearing him say so much of it; and really think I shall hear his Step up the Stairs to this Lodging as in old Charlotte Street thirty years ago. Really, a great Figure has sunk under Earth.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 23/64.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

You see I return with your other troubles of Term time. Only when you have ten spare minutes let me know how you are, etc. . . . I have almost wondered at myself how much occupied I have been thinking of Thackeray; so little as I had seen of him for the last ten years, and my Interest in him a little gone from hearing he had become somewhat spoiled: which also some of his later writings hinted to me of them-

selves. But his Letters, and former works, bring me back the old Thackeray. . . . I had never read Pendennis and the Newcomes since their first appearance till this last month. They are wonderful ; Fielding's seems to me coarse work in comparison. I have indeed been thinking of little this last month but of these Books and their Author. Of his Letters to me I have only kept some Dozen, just to mark the different Epochs of our Acquaintance.

*To George Crabbe.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 23/64.*

DEAR GEORGE,

Laurence sent me so fine a Photograph of his last Drawing of Thackeray (for Baron Pollock) that I have commissioned him to try and paint me a Sketch of it, having before him the beautiful Sketch of Dupont by Gainsboro' that was in the Great Exhibition. None of Laurence's black Glazings, etc., but simply sketched in with Brown, and some fresh face-colour over ; red and white ; and better flat so, than what he calls round at the expense of freshness. He is also to do me a Sketch of this very Gainsboro', doing which will improve him. I am supposing his friend Richmond, to whom the Gainsboro' belongs, will lend it to be copied, as he did before ; nay, I have the former Copy in my

room now ; delightful, in spite of being rather brown in the flesh : which Laurence thinks he can amend. I had long wished to give him a little Commission ; but I couldn't like his late Pictures, and Chalk (large as Life) scarcely satisfies me.

I have bought a Crome from Norwich ; which is very good in its way ; but I don't care about it ; and indeed only bought it to see what we could make of it with a little warm water : which has restored it almost to what it originally was. I shall either sell or change it one of these Days.

The little Moonlight Crome which I had bought when I last saw you is quite a Failure : not *old* Crome at all, as I might have seen if I had only cared to look at the Back, where his Son's name is very legibly written. However, I thought it *old* Crome in my short view of it ; so I must give up my Connoisseurship.

There has been a Sale at some old Hall near Scole which had not been disturbed (Mason of Ipswich says) for these two hundred years ! There were some Pictures, which I should have gone to look at had I been apprised of the Sale. Mason says all went very high ; not so much from London Dealers, as from the neighbouring Gentry. . . .

I hear Thackeray died with a Will drawn up, but not executed. I don't know if his Wife

be alive to share with the Girls. His House and Copyrights must be worth a good deal if unencumbered.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 31/64.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I have only To-day got your Letter : have been walking out by myself in the Seckford Almshouse Garden till 9 p.m. in a sharp Frost—with Orion stalking over the South before me—(do you know him in India ? I forget) have come in—drunk a glass of Porter ; and am minded to answer you before I get to Bed. Perhaps the Porter will leave me stranded, however, before I get to the End of my Letter.

Before this reaches you—probably before I write it—you will have heard of Thackeray's sudden Death. It was told me as I was walking alone in those same Seckford Gardens on Christmas-day Night ; by a Corn-merchant—one George Manby—(do you remember him ?) who came on purpose to tell me—and to wish me in other respects a Happy Christmas. I have thought little else than of W. M. T. ever since—what with reading over his Books, and the few Letters I had kept of his ; and thinking over our five and thirty years' Acquaintance as I sit alone by my Fire these long Nights. I had

seen very little of him for these last ten years ; *nothing* for the last five ; he did not care to write ; and people told me he was become a little spoiled : by London praise, and some consequent Egotism. But he was a very fine Fellow. His Books are wonderful : Pendennis ; Vanity Fair ; and the Newcomes ; to which compared Fielding's seems to me coarse work. I don't know yet how his two daughters are left provided for ; the Papers say well. He had built and furnished a fine House at 7 or 8000 £ cost ; which is as good a Property for them to let or sell as any other, I suppose ; and the Copyright of his Books must also be a good Property : always supposing he had not encumbered all these by anticipation.

I was not at all well myself for three months ; but either the Doctor's Stuff, or the sharp clear weather, or both, have set me up pretty much as I was before. I have nothing to tell, as usual, of People or Places ; for I have scarce stirred from this Place since my little Ship was laid up in the middle of October. Donne writes sometimes ; I see an article of his about the Antonines advertised in the present Edinburgh ; but that you know is out of my Line. His second son, Mowbray, is lately married to a Daughter (I don't know which) of Mrs. Salmon's ; widow of a former Rector here, whom your Elizabeth will remember all about, I dare say.

This time ten years I was lodging at Oxford, reading Persian with you. I doubt I shall never

do so again ; I am too lazy to turn Dictionaries over now ; and indeed had some while ceased to expect much to turn up from them. You are quite right, as a Scholar, to work out the Mine ; but you admit that nothing is likely to come out of such Value as from the Greek, Latin, and English, which we have ready to our hands. Did I tell you how pleased I had been with Sophocles and Æschylus in my Boat this Summer ?

I dare say you are quite right about my ‘Birds’ : indeed I think I had always told you that my Version was of no *public* use ; I only wanted a few Copies for private use ; and I wanted you to add a short Account, and a few Notes ; in which I am shy of trusting my own Irish Accuracy. But you have plenty of better work, and *this* is quite as well left.

Miss Ingelow’s second volume isn’t half so good as her first, to my thinking ; more ambitious, with a twang of Tennyson. I can’t add to the List you have sent of Elizabeth’s Poems.

Maria C[harlesworth] was staying with my Brother at Boulge in the Autumn, and sent a very kind message to me ; I now am sorry I did not see her ; but I keep out of the way of the *Company* at Boulge, though I am glad to see my Brother here. So I wish I had asked her to take the Trouble to come and see me in my Den. Alas ! if ever you do come back, you will have to come and see me ; for I really go nowhere now. Frederic Tennyson came to me for a few Days, and

talked of you two : he was looking very well ; and was grand and kind as before. I hear little of Alfred. Spedding's Bacon seems to hang fire ; they say he is disheartened at the little Interest, and less Conviction, that his two first volumes carried ; Thompson told me they had only convinced *him* the other way ; and that *Ellis* had long given up Bacon's Defence before he died.

Now my sheet is filled on the strength of my one Glass of Porter—all at a heat. So Good Bye : ever yours, E. F. G.

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE, *March 20* [1864].

DEAR GEORGE,

I went to London to see Thackeray's House before the Auction cleared all off. To the Auction, I did not go. I was much pleased at the Kensington Museum ; Crome's Picture really seemed to me to cut over everything there. Then I went to several Dealers, and two Picture Sales ; but have come away with two Pictures I don't want, having missed one which I did much want. This was a Portrait of Pope, in so neglected and battered a Condition I thought to be sure I should buy it for £10 at the end of a Sale. But when some People had bid £3 or £4, a voice called out £10 ; then £20—£30—£40—and so would have gone on, I suppose to



any amount, for it was the great Farrer. The Portrait was, I was sure, done from the Man : and I had planned so nicely how I was to cut it down and make oval ! I spoke to Farrer, who had bought my Father's Lady Castlemaine (Lely). He said it was now at Narboro' ; we will go see it one day, eh ? At this last Sale was a great tawdry Lely sold for £200 ; I said to Farrer I could not believe it to be Lely ; and he said No, it was by Lely's Pupil, Mrs. Beale, who did much for him.

Well, I went to my dear Crystal Palace ; was all day upon my Legs in the Streets, and half the night too ; saw countless Silver Teapots !—just the thing ! and ended by buying a Plated Service ! Oh, how base ! You would have kept me from such Cowardice ; as would the poor Captain, whom I kept thinking of as I went about ; also, much of W. M. T. Then I bought some perfectly useless Things at the Baker Street Bazaar ; in short, have frittered away in Things I don't care for what might have bought something I should have cared for. Ass !

Bence Jones gave me some Prescription to cool my head of Nights ; I still wake up in a Bother. He talked to me a good deal of W. M. T., having known him of late years. He thought he had a foible for Great Folks ; I wonder if this was really so.

*To S. Laurence.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*April 23/64.*

DEAR LAURENCE,

I only got home last Night, from Wiltshire, where I had been to see Miss Crabbe, daughter of the old Vicar whom you remember. I found your two Letters : and then your Box. When I had unscrewed the last Screw, it was as if a Coffin's Lid were raised ; there was the Dead Man.<sup>1</sup> I took him up to my Bedroom ; and when morning came, he was there—reading ; alive, and yet dead. I am perfectly satisfied with it on the whole ; indeed, could only have suggested a very, very, slight alteration, if any. . . .

As I passed through London, I saw that wonderful Collection of Rubbish, the late Bishop of Ely's Pictures ; but I fell desperately in Love with a Sir Joshua, a young Lady in white with a blue Sash, and a sweet blue Sky over her sweet, noble, Head ; far above Gainsboro' in its Air and Expression. I see in the Papers that it went for £165 ; which, if I thought well to give so much for any Picture, I could almost have given, by some means, for such a delightful Work.

<sup>1</sup> A copy by Laurence of his portrait of Thackeray.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE, '  
*April 27/64.*

DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I will send back the Gainsboro' copy<sup>1</sup> at once ; I think the Original must be one of the happiest of the Painter's ; while he had Vandyke in his Eye, with whom he was to go to Heaven.<sup>2</sup> I will not argue how far he was superior to Reynolds in Colour ; but in the Air of Dignity and Gentility (in the better sense) he was surely inferior ; it must be so, from the Difference of Character in the two men. Madame D'Arblay (Miss Burney) relates how one day when she was dining with Sir Joshua at Richmond, she chanced to see him looking at her in a peculiar way ; she said to him, ' I know what you are thinking about.' ' Ay,' he said, ' you may come and sit to me now whenever you please.' They had often met ; but he at last caught *the* phase of her which was best ; but I don't think it ever went to Canvas. I don't think Gainsboro' could have painted the lovely portrait at the Bishop of Ely's, slight as it was ; Sir Joshua was by much the finer Gentleman ; indeed Gainsboro' was a scamp.

---

In the summer of 1864 FitzGerald bought a small farmhouse in the outskirts of Woodbridge,

<sup>1</sup> Gainsborough's sketch of Dupont which Laurence copied.

<sup>2</sup> Gainsborough, when dying, whispered to Reynolds, ' We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party.'

which he afterwards converted into Little Grange.

---

*To George Crabbe.*

WOODBIDGE : *July 31/64.*

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I returned yesterday from a Ten Days' Cruise to the Sussex Coast : which was pleasant enough. To-morrow I talk of Lowestoft and Yarmouth.

. . . Read Newman's *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*, something of a very different order [from the 'Dean's English'], deeply interesting ; pathetic, eloquent, and, I think, sincere : sincere, in not being conscious of all the steps he took in reaching his present Place.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Aug. 31, [1864].*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I hope you don't think I have forgotten you. Your visit gave me a sad sort of Pleasure, dashed with the Memory of other Days ; I now see so few People, and those all of the common sort, with whom I never talk of our old Subjects ; so I get in some measure unfitted for such converse, and am almost saddened with the remembrance of an old contrast when it comes. And there is something besides ; a Shadow of Death : but I won't talk of such things : only

believe I don't forget you, nor wish to be forgotten by you. Indeed, your kindness touched me.

I have been reading Juvenal with Translation, etc., in my Boat. Nearly the best things seem to me what one may call Epistles, rather than Satires: VIII. To Ponticus: XI. To Persicus: and XII. XIII. and XIV. to several others: and, in these, leaving out the directly satirical Parts. Satires III. and X., like Horace's Poems, are prostituted by Parliamentary and vulgar use, and should lie by for a while. One sees Lucretius, I think, in many parts; but Juvenal can't rise to Lucretius, who is, after all, the true sublime Satirist of poor Man, and of something deeper than his Corruptions and Vices: and he looks on all, too, with 'a Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.' By the way, I want you to tell me the name and Title of that Essay on Lucretius<sup>1</sup> which you said was enlarged and reprinted by the Author from the original Cambridge and Oxford Essays. I want much to get it.

There is a fine Passage in Juvenal's 6th Satire on Women: beginning line 634, 'Fingimus hæc, etc.' to 650: but (as I think) leaving out lines 639, 640; because one *can* understand without them, and they jingle sadly with their one vowel ending. I mention this because it occurs in a Satire which, from its Subject, you may perhaps have little cared for.

<sup>1</sup> By Professor Sellar in the Oxford Essays for 1855: reprinted in his Roman Poets of the Republic, 1863.

Another Book I have had is Wesley's Journal, which I used to read, but gave away my Copy—to you? or Robert Groome<sup>1</sup> was it? If you don't know it, do know it; it is curious to think of this Diary of his running almost coevally with Walpole's Letter-Diary; the two men born and dying too within a few years of one another, and with such different Lives to record. And it is remarkable to read pure, unaffected, and undying, English, while Addison and Johnson are tainted with a Style, which all the world imitated! Remember me to all. Ever yours E. F. G.

'Sed genus humanum damnat caligo Futuri'  
—a Lucretian line from Juvenal.<sup>2</sup>

*To John Allen.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
October 8/64.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

'What cheer?' This is what we nautical Men shout to one another as we pass in our Ships. The Answer is generally only an Echo; but you will have to tell me something more. I find it rather disgusting to set you an example by telling of my Doings; for it is always the same thing over and over again. I doubt this will put an End to even Letters at last: I mean, on my part. You have others beside yourself to tell of; you go abroad, too; deliver charges, etc.

Well, however, I had better say that I have

<sup>1</sup> Late Archdeacon of Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> VI. 556.



been for the last four months going about in my little Ship as in former years, and now am about to lay up her, and myself, for the Winter. The only Friend I hear from is Donne, who volunteers a Letter unprovoked sometimes. Old Spedding gives an unwilling Reply about thrice in two years. You speak when spoken to; so does Thompson, in general: I shall soon ask of him what he has been doing this Summer.

I have been reading in my Boat—Virgil, Juvenal, and Wesley's Journal. Do you know the last? one of the most interesting Books, I think, in the Language. It is curious to think of his Diary extending over nearly the same time as Walpole's Letters, which, you know, are a sort of Diary. What two different Lives, Pursuits, and Topics! The other day I was sitting in a Garden at Lowestoft in which Wesley had preached his first Sermon there: the Wall he set his Back against yet standing. About 1790<sup>1</sup> Crabbe, the Poet, went to hear him; he was helped into the Pulpit by two Deacons, and quoted—

'By the Women oft I'm told,  
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old, etc.'<sup>2</sup>

So I have heard *my* George Crabbe tell: who has told it also in his very capital Memoir of his Father.<sup>3</sup>

Sheet full. Kind Regards to Madame and Young Folks. Ever yours, E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> It was in the autumn of 1790.

<sup>2</sup> From Cowley's translation of Anacreon.

<sup>3</sup> P. 148.



*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 11/64.

MY DEAR COWELL,

Let me hear of you whenever you have something to tell of yourself : or indeed whenever you have a few spare minutes, and happen, to think—of me. I don't forget you : and 'out of sight' is not 'out of mind' with you, and three or four more in the World. I hope you see Donne at times : and you must look out for old Spedding, that melancholy Ruin of the 19th Century, with his half-white-washed Bacon. Perhaps you will see another Ruin—the Author of Enoch Arden. Compare that with the Spontaneous *Go* of Palace of Art, Mort d'Arthur, Gardener's Daughter, Locksley Hall, Will Waterproof, Sleeping Palace, Talking Oak, and indeed, one may say, all the two volumes of 1842. As to Maud, I think it the best Poem, as a whole, after 1842.

To come down to very little, from once great, Things—I don't know if it's your coming home, or my being better this Winter, or what : but I have caught up a long ago begun Version of my dear old *Mágico*, and have so recast it that scarce a Plank remains of the original ! Pretty impudence : and yet all done to conciliate English, or modern, Sympathy. This I sha'n't publish : so say (pray !) nothing of it at all—remember—

only I shall print some Copies for you and one or two more : and you and Elizabeth will like it a great deal too much. There is really very great Skill in the Adaptation, and Remodelling of it. By the bye, would you translate *Demonio*, *Lucifer*, or *Satan*? One of the two I take. I cut out all the *precioso* very ingeniously : and gave all the Mountain-moving, etc., in the second Act without Stage direction, so as it may seem to pass only in the dazzled Eyes, or Fantasy, of Cyprian. All this is really a very difficult Job to me ; not worth the Candle, I dare say : only that you two will be pleased. I also increase the religious Element in the Drama ; and make Cyprian outwit the Devil more cleverly than he now does ; for the Devil was certainly too clever to be caught in his own Art. *That* was very good Fun for an Autodafé Audience, however.

But please say nothing of this to any one. I should like to take up the *Vida es Sueño* too in the same manner ; but these plays are more difficult than all the others put together : and I have no spur now.

How would you translate Pliny's '*Quisquis est Deus, et quacumque in parte, totus est Sensûs, totus Visûs, totus Auditûs, totus Animæ, totus Animi, totus Sui*'?<sup>1</sup>

This Passage is alluded to by Calderon ; but,

<sup>1</sup> Pliny, Hist. Nat. ii. 5. FitzGerald quotes only a part of the passage in the first scene of *The Mighty Magician*.

in the manner of our old Playwrights, I quote it in the Latin and translate. I want to know by you if I have done it sufficiently; and I don't send you mine, in order that you may send me your Version freely.

Now, Good Bye: I suppose it's this rainy Day that draws out this, with several other Letters, that had waited some while to be written.

Yours ever E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Decr.*—what? but /64.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I didn't deserve half so long, kind, and pleasant a letter as you sent me: and now I write to tell you so. Annie Thackeray had just written, to say they were got to live at 8 Onslow Gardens; her letter very genuine and very humorous (as she always was and must be) under real sorrow. She talks honestly of turning a Penny by 'little Articles,' for which she has got 'a little Room' to herself. I hope she won't become a hack serial; her Story of Elizabeth was really original, I thought, with The Dew on it.

I wouldn't subscribe to W. M. T.'s Westminster Monument, because, on the one hand, I think no one should be monumented there till a hundred [years] have proved that any one knows

of him ; and, on the other hand (rather contradictory), there are already such a heap of vulgar Statues to People no one, even now, cares for that I shouldn't care to see W. M. T. lumped among them, next to—Sir W. Follett, for instance. What Foreigner, looking into the Noble Abbey, but must wonder at such an Intrusion ; the Name not known, I suppose, out of Britain, and not exciting any very lively recognition here. Does it ?

I feel sure W. M. T. will be known and admired a hundred years hence : Laurence's likeness will be kept, and repeated ; and then the New Zealander may make a Bust, or a Statue, as he pleases.

I saw some one cried out for Leech to be commemorated in 'one of the great national Repositories,' etc. I shouldn't wonder if Leech survives 50 years ; but, once begin at this work, not one of the Staff of Punch will die, but there will be the same Cry from Cockneydom : Douglas Jerrold, Laman Blanchard (or some such-named Man), dug up to be carried to the great National Repository, etc.

I have had also a kind letter from Mrs. A. T., who answers my yearly letter to her husband. She is a graceful lady, but I think that she and other asthetic and hysterical Ladies have hurt A. T., who, *quoad* Artist, would have done better to remain single in Lincolnshire, or married a jolly Woman who would have laughed and cried

without any reason why. But this is foolish and wicked Talking. Annie T. tells me she went to see Spring Rice before he sailed. I had not heard he had sailed ; and I have written to ask Spedding about it. I doubt it must be because of ill-health.

*To R. C. Trench.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*February 25/65.*

MY DEAR LORD,

Edward Cowell's return to England<sup>1</sup> set him and me talking of old Studies together, left off since he went to India. And I took up three sketched out Dramas, two of Calderon,<sup>2</sup> and have licked the two Calderons into some sort of shape of my own, without referring to the Original. One of them goes by this Post to your Grace ; and when I tell you the other is no other than your own 'Life's a Dream,' you won't wonder at my sending the present one on Trial, both done as they are in the same lawless, perhaps impudent, way. I know you would not care who did these things, so long as they were well done ; but one doesn't wish to meddle, and in so free-and-easy a way, with a Great Man's Masterpieces, and utterly fail : especially when two much better men have been before one. One excuse is, that Shelley and Dr. Trench only took parts of these

<sup>1</sup> In June 1864.

<sup>2</sup> The third was probably the Agamemnon.

plays, not caring surely—who can?—for the underplot and buffoonery which stands most in the way of the tragic Dramas. Yet I think it is as a whole, that is, the whole main Story, that these Plays are capital; and therefore I have tried to present that whole, leaving out the rest, or nearly so; and altogether the Thing has become so altered one way or another that I am afraid of it now it's done, and only send you one Play (the other indeed is not done printing: neither to be published), which will be enough if it is an absurd Attempt. For the Vida is not so good even, I doubt: dealing more in the Heroics, etc.

I tell Donne he is too partial a Friend; so is Cowell: Spedding, I think, wouldn't care. So, as you were very kind about the other Plays, and love Calderon (which I doubt argues against me), I send you *my* Magician.

You will not mind if I blunder in addressing you; in which I steered a middle course between the modes Donne told me; and so, probably, come to the Ground!

*To W. E. Crowfoot.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*April 3* [1865].

I believe I shall send you in some few days the last Print I shall ever dabble in: taken,

though not *translated*, from two of Calderon's<sup>1</sup> most famous ones ; the Story and Moral of which will interest you a little, and may interest some others also. Edward Cowell's return from India set me on finishing what I had left and put away these nine years ; but I print, not to publish, but because I think they will interest a few people.

I suppose you never read that *aggravating* Book, *Clarissa Harlowe* ? Now, with a pair of Scissors, I *could* make that a readable Book ; and being a perfectly *original Work of Genius*, I should like to do that Service to my Country before I die. But I should only be abused, and unsold for my pains.

*To John Allen.*

MARKET HILL : IPSWICH,<sup>2</sup>  
*April 10/65.*

MY DEAR ALLEN,

I was much obliged to you for your former Letters ; and now send you the second Play. This I don't suppose you'll like as well as the first : perhaps not at all ; it is rather 'Ercles vein' I doubt. I wish to know however from you what you do think of it ; because if it seem to you at all preposterous, I shall not send it to some others : but leave them with the first, which really does please those I wished it to

<sup>1</sup> The Mighty Magician and Such Stuff as Dreams are made of.

<sup>2</sup> So by mistake for Woodbridge.



please, with its fine Story and Moral. If you like what I now send, I will send you a Copy of Both stitched together, and another copy to your Cousin : and indeed to any one else you think might be pleased with it.

I am indulging in the expensive amusement of Building, though not on a very large scale. It *is* very pleasant, certainly, to see one's little Gables and Chimnies mount into Air and occupy a Place in the Landscape.

There is a duller Memoir than the 'Lady of Quality,' Miss Lucy Aikin's Letters, etc. You will find the Private Life of an Eastern Queen a good little Book. I have now got Carlyle's two last volumes of Frederick : of which I have only read the latter Part ; I don't know whether I can read through the Wars and Battles, which are said to be very fine.

The piece of Literature I really could benefit Posterity with, I do believe, is an edition of that wonderful and aggravating Clarissa Harlowe ; and this I would effect with a pair of Scissors only. It would not be a bit too long as it is, if it were all equally good ; but pedantry comes in, and might, I think, be cleared away, leaving the remainder one of *the great, original, Works of the World !* in this Line. Lovelace is the wonderful character, for Wit : and there is some grand Tragedy too. And nobody reads it ! Ever yours,  
E. F. G.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

[1865].

MY DEAR LADY,

I answer you thus directly because I would stick in a Bit of a Letter from Thompson of Cambridge : which relates to a question I asked him weeks ago, as I told E. B. C. I would.

You must not think I was in a hurry to have my Play praised : I was really fearful of its being bombastic. You are so enthusiastic in your old and kind Regards and Memories that I can scarce rely on you for a cool Judgment in the matter. But I gather from E. B. C. that he was not struck with what I doubted : and I am very glad, at any rate, that you are very well pleased, both of you.

E. B. C. is quite right about obscurity of Phrase : which is inexcusable unless where the Passion of the Speakers makes such utterance natural. This is very often not the case in the Plays, I know : and the Language, as he says, becomes obscure from elaborate Brevity.

What you tell of the Music in the Air at your Father's Death—Oh, how Frederic Tennyson would open all his Eyes at this ! For he lives in a World of Spirits—Swedenborg's World, which you would not approve ; which I cannot sympathize with : but yet I admire the Titanic old Soul so resolutely blind to the Philosophy of the Day.

Oh, I think England would be much better for E. B. C. and you : but I can't say anything against what he thinks the Duty chalked out for him. I don't believe the English Rule will hold in India : but, meanwhile, a good Man may think he must do what Good he can there, come what may of it. There is also Good to be done in England ?

The Wind is still very 'stingy' though the Sun shines, and though it blows from the West. So we are all better at our homes for the present.

Ever yours, E. F. G.

*To W. B. Donne.*

RAMSGATE : *August 27, [1865].*

MY DEAR DONNE,

Your letter found me here, where I have been a week cruising about with my old Brother Peter. To-morrow we leave—for Calais, as we propose ; just to touch French Soil, and drink a Bottle of French Wine in the old Town : then home again to Woodbridge as fast as we may. For thither goes William Airy, partly in hopes of meeting me : he says he is much shaken by the dangerous illness he had this last Spring : and thinks, truly enough, that our chances of meeting in this World sensibly diminish.

You must not talk of my kindness to you at

Lowestoft : when all the good is on your side, going out of your way to see me. Really it makes me ashamed.

Together with your Letter, I found a very kind one from Mrs. Kemble, who took the trouble to write only to tell me how well she liked the Plays. I know that Good Nature would not affect her Judgment (which I very honestly think too favourable), but it was Good Nature made her write to tell me.

Don't forget to sound Murray at some good opportunity about a Selection from Crabbe. Of course he won't let me do it, though I could do it better than any he would be likely to employ : for you know I rely on my Appreciation of what others do, not on what I can do myself.

The 'Parcel' you write of has not been sent me here : but I shall find it when I return, and will write to you again. I puzzle my Brains to remember what the '*Conscript*' is.

I have been reading, and reducing to one volume from two (*more meo*), a trashy Book, 'Bernard's Recollections of the Stage,' with some good recollections of the Old Actors, up to Macklin and Garrick. But, of all people's, one can't trust Actors' Stories. In 'Lethe,' where your Garrick figures in Sir Geoffrey, also figured Woodward, as 'The Fine Gentleman'; so I think, at least, is the Title of a very capital mezzotint I have of him in Character.

Oh ! famous is your Story of Lord Chatham

and the Bishops ;<sup>1</sup> be sure you set it afloat again in print.

You don't tell me if Trench be recovered : but I shall conclude from your Silence that, at any rate, he is not now seriously ill.

Now I hear my good Brother come in from Morning Mass, and we shall have Breakfast. He is really capital to sail about with. I read your letter yesterday while sitting out on a Bench with her—his Wife—a brave Woman, of the O'Dowd sort ; and she wanted to know all about you and yours. We like Ramsgate very much : genial air : pleasant Country : good Harbour, Piers, etc. : and the Company, though overflowing, not showy, nor vulgar : but seemingly come to make the most of a Holiday. I am surprized how little of the Cockney, in its worse aspect, is to be seen.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Sept. 5/65.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

Let me hear of you : I don't forget, though I don't see, you. Nor am I so wrapt up in my Ship as not to have many a day on which I should be very glad to dispense with her and

<sup>1</sup> Probably, as I am informed by Mr. Mowbray Donne, 'that when Lord Chatham met any Bishops he bowed so low that you could see the peak of his nose between his legs.'

have you over here : but I can't well make sure what day : sometimes I ask one man to go, sometimes another, and so all is cut up. Besides I was away six weeks in all at Lowestoft ; then a fortnight at Ramsgate, Dover, Calais, etc. When the apple *ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὄσδῳ*<sup>1</sup>—then my Ship will be laid up, and one more Summer of mine departed, and then I hope you will come over to talk over many things.

Read Lady Duff Gordon's Letters from Egypt : which you won't like, because of some latitude in Religious thought, and also because of some vulgar *slang*, such as Schoolboys, and American Women use, and it is now the bad fashion for even English Ladies to adopt. But the Book is worth reading notwithstanding this, and making allowance for a Lady or Gentleman seeing all rose-colour in a new Pet or Plaything. On sending the Book back to the Library this morning I quote out of it something about Oriental Poetry which you may know well enough but I was not so conscious of. In a Love-song where the Lover declines a Physician for the wound which *the Wind* (Love) has caused, he says 'For only *he* who has hurt can cure me.' 'N.B. The masculine pronoun is always used instead of the feminine in Poetry, out of decorum : sometimes even in conversation.'<sup>2</sup> (It being as forbidden to talk of women as to see them, etc.)

<sup>1</sup> Sappho, Fr. xlv. (Gaisford).

<sup>2</sup> P. 308.

I was very pleased with Calais, which remains the 'vieille France' of my Childhood.

Donne came to see me for a Day at Lowestoft, the same 'vieil Donne' also of my Boyhood.

Ever yours, E. F. G.

*To John Allen.*

MARKET HILL ; WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 1/65.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

Let me hear how you and yours are : it is now a long [time] since we exchanged Letters. G. Crabbe wrote me you were corresponding with a very different person : the Editor of the Times. I never see that nor any other Paper but the good old Athenæum. G. Crabbe also said you were at the Norwich Congress. Then why didn't you come here ? He said the Bishop of Oxford, whom he had never met before, met him at Lord Walsingham's, and shook him so cordially by the hand, and pressed him so for a visit to Oxford, that he (G. C.) rather thought he (Sam) deserved the Epithet usually added to his Name. Perhaps, however, the Bishop *did* feel for a Grandson of the Poet.

I have no more to tell you of myself this past Summer than for so many Summers past. Only sailing about, Lowestoft, Ramsgate, Dover, Calais, etc. I was very pleased indeed with



Calais ; just as I remember it forty years ago except for the Soldiers' Uniform.

Duncan wrote me not a very cheerful Letter some while ago : he was unwell, of Cold and rheumatism, I think. Of other Friends I know nothing : but am going to write my annual Letters to them. What a State of things to come to ! How one used to wonder, hearing our predecessors talk in that way, something ! But I don't think our successors wonder if we talk so ; for they seem to begin Life with indifference, instead of ending it.

My house is not yet finished : two rooms have taken about five months : which is not slow for Woodbridge. To-day I have been catching Cold in looking at some Trees planted—' *factura Nepotibus umbram.*'

Now this precious Letter can't go to-night for want of Envelope ; and in half an hour two Merchants are coming to eat Oysters and drink Burton ale. I would rather be alone, and smoke my one pipe in peace over one of Trollope's delightful Novels, 'Can you forgive her ?'

Now, my dear Allen, here is enough of me, for your sake as well as mine. But let me hear something from you. All good Remembrances to the Wife and those of your Children who remember yours ever, E. F. G.

[WOODBRIDGE]  
*Decr. 3/65.*

MY DEAR ALLEN,

I enclose you two prints which may amuse you to look at and keep.

I have a wonderful Museum of such Scraps of Portrait ; about once a year a Man sends me a Portfolio of such things. But my chief Article is Murderers ; and I am now having a Newgate Calendar from London. I don't ever wish to see and hear these things tried ; but, when they are in print, I like to sit in Court then, and see the Judges, Counsel, Prisoners, Crowd : hear the Lawyers' Objections, the Murmur in the Court, etc.

The Charge is prepared ; the Lawyers are met,  
The Judges are rang'd, a terrible show.<sup>1</sup>

De Soyres came here the other Day, and we were talking of you ; he said you had invited Newman to your house. A brave thing, if you did. I think his Apology very noble ; and himself quite honest, so far as he can see himself. The Passage in No. 7 of the Apology where he describes the State of the World as wholly irreflective of its Creator unless you turn—to Popery—is very grand.

Now I probably sha'n't write to you again before Christmas : so let me wish you and Mrs. Allen and your Family a Happy time of it.

<sup>1</sup> Gay, *Beggars' Opera*, *Air* 25.

I was very disappointed in Miss Berry's Correspondence ; one sees a Woman of Sense, Taste, Good Breeding, and I suppose, Good Looks ; but what more, to make three great Volumes of ? Compare her with Trench's Mother. And with all her perpetual travels to improve health and spirits (which lasted perfectly well to near ninety) one would have been more interested if there were one single intimation of caring about any Body but herself, helping one poor Person, etc.

I don't know if she or Mrs. Delany is dullest.

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE,  
*Christmas Day* 1865.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

All I know of the Second Burial<sup>1</sup> is Thackeray's telling, or writing, me that nobody bought it—'wasn't it a shame?' Yes, I thought so ; but Herman Biddell also wouldn't have bought it then, would he? You see the broad, fine humour soaks into the Good Soul at last. I always wondered why Thackeray hadn't it reprinted with the rest of his Works ; but I forgot to tell him so.

'Miss Smith' is nobody else than a generic middle-class Lady to whom 'Michael Angelo Titmarsh,' the Cockney, is supposed to address himself. But the little family Procession de-

<sup>1</sup> The Second Funeral of Napoleon.

scribed as going to see the Show includes Thackeray's Mother, and Grandmother, with whom he and his Family were then residing in Paris. The delightful verses at the End are to his poor little Wife.

Ah ! this Day two years I was told of his Death.

When you next come here (and you know I am always glad to see you) you must choose one of his Drawings : there is one framed that *I* should choose : inasmuch as I *have* chosen to frame it ; but I can't calculate on your crotchety Taste, which I by no means wish to alter, if I could. But I believe you will one day wonder at some things you now like—I mean in matters of Pictures, etc.

By the way, I have bought Mr. Loder's Cow, which I asked you to look at, and which I suppose you didn't like. It seems to me a very clever sketch : I begin to think perhaps by Cooper.

Well—now let me sincerely wish you and yours a Happy Christmas—A Happy New Year.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

WOODBIDGE : *March 15/66.*

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

To-day's Post brings me a Letter from Robert Groome, which tells me (on 'Times' authority)

that you are Master of Trinity. Judging by your last Letter, I suppose this was unexpected by yourself: I have no means of knowing whether it was expected by others beside those who voted you to the Honour. For I had heard nothing further of the whole matter, even of Whewell's accident, than you yourself told me. Well, at our time of Life, any very vehement Congratulations are, I suppose, irrelevant on both sides. But I am very sure I do congratulate you heartily, if you are yourself gratified. Whether you are glad of the Post itself or not, you must, I think, be gratified with the Confidence in your Scholarship and Character which has made your Society elect you. And so far one may unreservedly congratulate you. . . .

To-day I was looking at the Carpenters, etc., carrying away Chips, etc., of a Tree I had cut down: and, coming home, read—

*δρυὸς πεσοῦσης πᾶς ἀνὴρ ξυλεύεται*<sup>1</sup>—

Whose Line?—Certainly not of

Yours ever sincerely, E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by the Scholiast on Theocritus, v. 65, and to be found in the editions of the *Paræmiographi Græci* by Gaisford and Leutsch.

*To John Allen.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*March 19 [1866].*

MY DEAR ALLEN,

You shall hear a very little about me ; and you shall tell me a very little about yourself ? I forget when I last wrote to you, or heard from you : I suppose, about the end of Autumn. Here have I been ever since, without stirring further than Ipswich : and seeing nobody you know except R. Groome once. He wrote me the other day to announce that Thompson was Master of Trinity ; an Honour quite unexpected by Thompson himself, I conclude, seeing that he himself had written to me only a Fortnight before, telling me of Whewell's Disaster, and sincerely hoping for his Recovery, from a Dread of a new King Log or King Stork, he said. He also said something of coming here at Easter : which now, I suppose, he won't be able to do. I have written to congratulate him in a sober way on his Honours ; for, at our Time of Life, I think exultation would be unseasonable on either side. He will make a magnanimous Master, I believe ; doing all the Honours of his Station well, if he have health.

Spedding wrote me a kind long Letter some while ago. Duncan tells me Cameron has had a slight Paralysis. Death seems to rise like a

Wall against one now whichever way one looks. When I read Boswell and other Memoirs now, what presses on me most is—All these people who talked and acted so busily are gone. It is said that when Talma advanced upon the Stage his Thought on facing the Audience was, that they were all soon to be Nothing.

I bought Croker's Boswell ; which I find good to refer to, but not to read ; so hashed up it is with interpolations. Besides, one feels somehow that a bad Fellow like Croker mars the Good Company he introduces. One should stop with Malone, who was a good Gentleman : only rather too loyal to Johnson, and so unjust to any who dared hint a fault in him. Yet *they* were right. Madame D'Arblay, who was also so vexed with Mrs. Piozzi, admits that she had a hard trial with Johnson in his last two years ; so irritable and violent he became that she says People would not ask *him* when they invited all the rest of the Party.

Why, my Paper is done, talking about these dead and gone whom you and I have only known in Print ; and yet as well so as most we know in person. I really find my Society in such Books ; all the People seem humming about me. But now let me hear of you, Allen : and of Wife and Family.

Ever yours, E. F. G.



*To W. H. Thompson.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
[*March*, 1866.]

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

I should write 'My dear Master' but I don't know if you are yet installed. However, I suppose my Letter, so addressed, will find you and not the Old Lion now stalking in the Shades. . . .

In burning up a heap of old Letters, which one's Executors and Heirs would make little of, I came upon several of Morton's from Italy : so good in Parts that I have copied those Parts into a Blank Book. When he was in his money Troubles I did the same from many other of his Letters, and Thackeray asked Blackwood to give ten pounds for them for his Magazine. But we heard no more of them.

I have the usual Story to tell of myself : middling well : still here, pottering about my House, in which I expect an invalid Niece ; and preparing for my Ship in June. William Airy talks of coming to me soon. I am daily expecting the Death of a Sister in law, a right good Creature, who I thought would outlive me a dozen years, and should rejoice if she could. Things look serious about one. If one only could escape easily and at once ! For *I* think the Fun is over : but that should not be. May

you flourish in your high Place, my dear Master (now I say) for this long while.

[*June*, 1866.]

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

I won't say that I should have gone to Ely under any Circumstances, though it is the last Place I have been to stay at with a Friend : three years ago ! And all my Stays there were very pleasant indeed : and I do not the less thank you for all your Constancy and Kindness. But one is got down yet deeper in one's Way of Life : of which enough has been said.

William Airy was to have come here about this time : and him I am obliged to put off because another old Fellow Collegian, Duncan,<sup>1</sup> who has scarce stirred from his Dorsetshire Parsonage these twenty years, was seized with a Passion to see me just once more, he says : and he is now with me : a Hypochondriack Man, nervous, and restless, with a vast deal of uncouth Humour. . . .

My Ship is afloat, with a new Irish Ensign ; but I have scarce been about with her yet owing to ' Mr. Wesley's Troubles.'<sup>2</sup>

Only yesterday I took down my little Tauchnitz Sophocles to carry to Sea with me ; and made Duncan here read—

<sup>1</sup> Francis Duncan, Rector of West Chelborough.

<sup>2</sup> See note p. 265.

ὅποῖα χρῆζει ῥηγνύτω· τοῦμὸν δ' ἐγώ,<sup>1</sup> etc.

and began to blubber a little at

ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ, μόνοις οὐ γίνεται, etc.

in the other Great Play.<sup>2</sup> The Elgin Marbles, and something more, began to pass before my Eyes.

I believe I write all this knowing you are at Ely : where I suppose you are more at Leisure than on your Throne in Trinity. But no doubt your Tyranny follows you there too ; post Equitem and all.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBRIDGE : Friday  
[June, 1866].

MY DEAR COWELL,

I got your new Address from your Brother a Fortnight ago. You don't write to me for the very good reason that you have so much to do : I don't write to you because I have nothing to do, and so nothing to tell you of. My idle reading all goes down to a few Memoirs and such things : I am not got down to Miss Braddon and Mrs. Wood yet, and I believe never shall : not that I think this a merit : for it would show more Elasticity of Mind to find out and make something out of the Genius in them. But it

<sup>1</sup> Œd. Tyr. 1076.

<sup>2</sup> Œd. Col. 607.

is too late for me to try and retrace the 'Salle des pas perdus' of years ; I have not been very well, and more and more 'smell the Mould above the Rose' as Hood wrote of himself. But I don't want to talk of this.

You are very good to talk of sparing a Day for me when you come down. I will be sure to be at home any Day, or Days, next week. I can give you Bed and Board as you know : and a Boat Sail on the River if you like. Why I don't go over to you I have written and spoken of enough—all I can, if not satisfactorily : only don't think it is indolence, Neglect, or Distaste for you, or any of yours. . . .

I haven't, I think, taken in your Sanskrit morsel as yet, for I am called about this morning on some Furniture Errands : and yet I want to post this Letter To-day that you may have it this week.

I still think I shall take a Tauchnitz Sophocles with me to Sea, once more to read the two Œdipuses, and Philoctetes ; perhaps more carefully than before ; perhaps not ! It is stupid not to get up those three noble Pieces as well as one can.

I have not yet done my house : and, when I write of Furniture, it is because I want to get so much ready as will suffice for an Invalid Niece who wishes to come with her Maid by the End of June, or the Beginning of July. Your old opposite Neighbour Mason is my Apollo in

these matters : I find him a very clever Fellow, and so well inclined to me that every one else says he can scarce make money of what he sells me. He has *humour* too.

I think you and Elizabeth should one day come and stay in this new House, which will be really very pleasant. As far as I am concerned, I sha'n't have much to do with it, I believe ; but some one will inherit, and—sell it !

I want you to choose a Lot of my Things to be bequeathed you : Books, Pictures, Furniture. You mustn't think I prematurely deck myself in Sables for my own Funeral ; but it happens that I sent the rough Draft of a Will to my Lawyer only three days ago.

My Brother John so much wants a Copy of Elizabeth's Verses to my Sister Isabella in other Days.

This time twenty years you were going to me at Boulge Cottage : this time ten years you were preparing for India.

Adieu, Love to the Lady.

Ever yours, E. F. G.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

LOWESTOFT : *July* 27 [1866].

MY DEAR THOMPSON,

Your welcome Letter was forwarded to me here To-day.

I feel sure that the Lady I once saw at the Deanery is all you say ; and you believe of me, as I believe of myself, that I don't deal in Compliment, unless under very strong Compulsion. I suppose, as Master of Trinity, you could not do otherwise than marry, and so keep due State and Hospitality there : and I do think you could not have found one fitter to share, and do, the honours. And if (as I also suppose and believe) there is Love, or Liking, or strong Sympathy, or what not ? why, all looks well. Be it so !

I had not heard of Spedding's entering into genteel House-keeping till your Letter told me of it. I suppose he will be a willing Victim to his Kinsfolk.

A clerical Brother in law of mine has lost his own whole Fortune in four of these Companies which have gone to smash. Nor his own only. For, having, when he married my Sister, insisted on having half her Income tied to him by Settlement, *that* half lies under Peril from the ' Calls ' made upon him as Shareholder.

At Genus Humanum damnat Caligo Futuri.

So I, trusting in my Builder's Honesty, have a Bill sent in about one third bigger than it should be.

All which rather amuses me, on the whole, though I spit out a Word now and then : and indeed am getting a Surveyor to overhaul the Builder : a hopeless Process, I believe all the while.

Meanwhile, I go about in my little Ship, where I do think I have two honest Fellows to deal with. We have just been boarding a Woodbridge Vessel that we met in these Roads, and drinking a Bottle of Blackstrap round with the Crew.

With me just at present is my Brother Peter, for whose Wife (a capital Irishwoman, of the Mrs. O'Dowd Type) my Paper is edged with Black. No one could be a better Husband than he ; no one more attentive and anxious during her last Illness, more than a Year long ; and, now all is over, I never saw him in better Health or Spirits. Men are not inconsolable for elderly Wives ; as Sir Walter Scott, who was not given to caustic Aphorisms, observed long ago.

When I was sailing about the Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire, etc., I read my dear old Sophocles again (sometimes omitting the nonsense-verse Choruses) and thought how much I should have liked to have them commented along in one of your Lectures. All that is now over with you : but you will look into the Text now and then. I have now got Munro's Lucretius on board again. Why is it that I never can take up with Horace—so sensible, elegant, agreeable, and sometimes even grand ?

Some one gave me the July Number of the Cornhill to read the 'Loss of the London' in ; and very well worth reading it is. But there is also the Beginning of a Story that I am sure



must be by Annie Thackeray—capital and wonderful. I forget the name.

Now I won't finish this Second Sheet—all with such Scraps as the foregoing. But do believe how sincerely and truly I wish you well in your new Venture. And so I will shut up, my dear Thompson, for the present. No man can have more reason to wish you a good Return for your long generous Kindness than your old Friend,  
E. F. G.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE : *August 13/66.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I think you have given me up as a bad Job : and I can't blame you. I have been expecting to hear of you in these parts : though, had it been so, I doubt if I should have been here to meet you. For the last six weeks I have scarce been at home ; what with sailing to the Isle of Wight, Norfolk Coast, staying at Lowestoft, etc. And now I am just off again to the latter place, having only returned here on Saturday. Nor can I say when I shall be back here for any long while : the Kerriches are at Lowestoft ; and I have yet one or two more Sea-trips to make before October consigns me once more to Cold, Indoor Solitude, Melancholy, and Illhealth.

My Companion on board has been Sophocles,

as he was three years ago, I find. I am even now going to hunt up some one-volume Virgil to take with me. Horace I never can care about, in spite of his Good Sense, Elegance, and occasional Force. He never made my eyes wet as Virgil does.

When I was about Cromer Coast, I was reading Windham's Diary : well worth reading, as one of the most honest ; but with little else in it than that. You would scarcely guess from it that he was a man of any Genius, as yet I suppose he was.

Somehow I fancy you must be travelling abroad ! Else surely I should have heard something of you. Well : I must anyhow enclose this Letter, or direct it, to your Mother's or Brother's at Ipswich. Do let me hear of yourself and Elizabeth, and believe that I do not forget you, nor cease to be

Yours very sincerely

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

LOWESTOFT : *August 19/66.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I don't wish you to think I am in Woodbridge all this while since your Note came. It was forwarded to me here, where I have been since I wrote to you a week ago. The fact is, I had promised to return on finding that the Kerriches

were to be here. So, here I am : living on board my little Ship : sometimes taking them out for a Sail : sometimes accompanying them in a walk. In other respects, I am very fond of this Place, which I have known and frequented these forty years ; till the last three years in company with my Sister Kerrich, who has helped to endear it to me. I believe I shall be here, off and on, some while longer ; as my Brother Peter (who has lately lost a capital Wife) is coming to sail about with me. Should I be at Woodbridge for some days I will let you know.

Do you see ‘Squire Allenby,’ as the folks at Felixtow Ferry call him ? If so, ask him why he doesn’t sometimes sail here with his ship ; he would like it, I fancy : and everybody seems to like him.

Only yesterday I finished reading the Electra. Before that, Ajax ; which is well worth re-reading too. I am sorry to find I have only Antigone left of all the precious Seven ; a lucid Constellation indeed ! I suppose I must try Euripides after this ; some few of his Plays.

This time ten years—a month ago—we were all lounging about in the hayfield before your Mother’s House at Rushmere. I do not forget these things : nor cease to remember them with a sincere, sad, and affectionate interest : the very sincerity of which prevents me from attempting to recreate them. This I wish you and yours, who have been so kind to me, to believe.

I am going to run again to the Coast of Norfolk—as far as Wells—to wander about Holkham, if the Weather permit. We have had too much Wind and Wet to make such excursions agreeable: for, when one reached the Places by Sea, the Rain prevented one's going about on Shore to look about. But now that there has been rather a better look-out of Weather for the last few Days, and that—

δεινῶν τ' ἄημα πνευμάτων ἐκοίμισε  
στένοντα πόντον—<sup>1</sup>

I shall try again for two or three Days. How do you translate *δεινῶν* here?

Ever yours, E. F. G.

LOWESTOFT still! *Sept.* 4 [1866].

MY DEAR COWELL,

Still here, you see! Till the end of last week I had my Kerrich people here; I am now expecting my Brother Peter again: he has lately lost his capital Wife, and flies about between Ireland and England for Company and Diversion of Thought. I am also expecting Mowbray Donne over from Yarmouth this week.

I wonder if you ever would come over here, and either Bed and Board in my little Ship, or on Shore? Anyhow, do write me a line to tell me about yourself—yourselves—and do not think I am indifferent to you.

<sup>1</sup> Sophocles, *Ajax* 674, 5.

I have been reading Euripides (in my way) but, as heretofore, do not take greatly to him. He is always prosy, whereas (except in the matter of funeral Lamentations, Condolence, etc., which I suppose the Greek Audience expected—as I suppose they also expected the little sententious truism at the end of every Speech), except in these respects, Sophocles always goes ahead, and makes his Dialogue act in driving on the Play. He always makes the most of his Story too : Euripides not often. A remarkable instance of this is in his *Heraclidæ* (one of the better Plays, I think), where *Macaria* is to be sacrificed for the common good : but one hears no more of her : and a fine opportunity is lost when *Jocasta*<sup>1</sup> insults *Eurystheus* whom they have conquered, and is never told that that Conquest is at the cost of her Grand-daughter's Life—a piece of Irony which Sophocles would not have forgotten, I think. I have not yet read over *Rhesus*, *Hippolytus*, *Medea*, *Ion*, or the *Iphigenias* ; altogether, the *Phœnissæ* is the best of those I have read ; the interview between *Jocasta* and her two sons, before the Battle, very good. There is really Humour and Comedy in the Servant's Account of *Hercules*' conviviality in *Admetus*' House of Mourning. I thought the story of the *Bacchæ* poorly told : but some good descriptive passages.

In the midst of Euripides, I was seized with a

<sup>1</sup> Not *Jocasta*, but *Alcmene*.

Passion to return to Sophocles, and read the two *Œdipuses* again. Oh, how immeasurably superior! In dramatic Construction, Dialogue, and all! How can they call Euripides *τραγικώτατος*,<sup>1</sup> putting a few passages of his against whole Dramas of the other, who also can show sentence for sentence more moving than any Euripides wrote.

But I want to read these Plays once with some very accurate Guide, oral or printed. I mean Sophocles; I don't care to be accurate with the other. Can you recommend any Edition—not too German? I should write to Thompson about it; but I suppose he is busy with Marriage coming on. I mean, the present Master of Trinity, who is engaged to the widow of Dean Peacock; a very capital Lady to preside as Queen of Trinity Lodge.

I have also been visiting dear old Virgil; his *Georgics*, and the 6th and 8th Books of the *Æneid*. I could now take them up and read them both again. Pray look at lines 407-415 of Book VIII—the poor Matron kindling her early fire—so *Georgic*! so *Virgilian*! so unsuited, or disproportionate, to the Thing it illustrates.

Here is a long Letter—of the old Sort, I suppose. All these Books come back to me with Summer and the Sea: in another Month all will be gone together!—I look with Terror toward Winter, though I have not to encounter

<sup>1</sup> Arist. Poet. 13, 10.

one, at any rate, of the three Giants which old Mrs. Bloomfield said were coming upon her—Winter, Want, and Sickness.<sup>1</sup>

Pray remember me, in spite of all practical Forgetfulness, to Wife and Friends.

Ever yours, E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE  
[October 1866].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

(You *shall* have a new Pen !)

I suppose your Country Rambles are over, and that you are got back to the old Shop. Well then, let me hear of you, do. I can't forget your kindly Accosting of me in Holborn in the Spring, when I was after Carpets, etc. Well, I fitted up two rooms in my new House (there are only three) and got it ready for a sick Niece, who was there for two months. But I have not got into it ; but go on here : after living some forty years in lodgings, one is frightened at a Change : yet it would be better to go. Meanwhile, here I am. For nearly four months I was living on board my Big Ship. Bed as well as Board. She was only laid up in

<sup>1</sup> Her son, the Suffolk Poet, says that in the decline of her life she 'observed to a relative with peculiar emphasis, that "to meet Winter, Old Age, and Poverty, was like meeting three great giants."' For 'Sickness' FitzGerald at first had written 'Old Age.'



her Mud a week ago ; and here am I returned to mine. Laurence called on me (he was at my Brother's) just before I had bid Adieu to my Sea-faring ; so I didn't see him. Please to send me Spedding's new Address ; he won't, however, be obliged to you for doing so, I believe ; but I must have the Old Villain out of his Cart twice a Year at least. I want you to send me your ' Carte de Visite ' : you said you would three or four years ago, but you have not done so. Can't you send me a good one of Spedding ? He wouldn't, for all I could say to him. I dare say you have several of him : do send me one : and not the worst : and one of yourself, Do. I have written to Blakesley for his ; as also to tell him that his Herodotus seems to me the very best Edition of a Classic that ever came into my hands. I scarce know why it is that I always get back to Greek—(and Virgil)—when in my Ship : but so it is. Sophocles has been a sort of Craze to me this Summer. (N.B. Don't be frightened. No Translation threatened ! All that done with for ever.) And Herodotus has been delightful. Now, I turn again to Mudie. Armadale, have you read ? Absurd as it is, so near being very good, I only wish it were a dozen Volumes instead of Two. It is time to read again *The Woman in White* : a Master-piece in its way, I do think. I guessed at Annie Thackeray's new Novel<sup>1</sup> in the Cornhill ; so

<sup>1</sup> *The Village on the Cliff.*

much of her Father : so much of Herself : I think she begins to deal rather too much in Reflections ; but her Pictures are delightful : her Children the best I ever read.

'Tis now the very witching Time of night, etc. Now could I drink hot—Grog—and so I will. When I was in my Ship I could smoke and drink—Punch, even—but I shall soon have to give up, now I am laid up.

My Paper is in mourning, for my Brother Peter's Wife : a Capital Woman, who died five months ago. He really loved her, was like a Ship without rudder when he lost her, and has in consequence just married his Housekeeper. I believe he has done well.

Now do write to me ; and send me your Photograph, as also The Monster's.

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Nov. 14* [1866].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I will thank you for the Photo, though I won't let you off the Letter you owe me. You know I don't often make a demand upon you. Among other Things, tell me Spedding's Address : and whether he is in Town. I mean to draw upon him also for my half-yearly Demand. What of Bacon ?

Now, as to the Photo— I am sure it's good and true to you as you are : but I yet wish you

could find one (ever so inferior) without Moustache. That Moustache may improve you ever so much, and be ever so convenient : but as I don't remember you with it, I don't so well recognise you in it. See if you can't find me one that shows you 'as you was,' and you shall have this present one back, to give to some friend of a later, and moustacher Date. I can't admire the Titianic Photos of the Laureate with his Beard : partly because his Mouth was one of his Features : and partly because I chiefly remember him as a shorn Apollo. I hear from Frederic that he (Alfred) is about (if he have not finished) a new Poem—about the Death of Lucretius, I think : which I suppose we shall see in due time.

I have been living up to this on the Capital of Sea-breeze and Sea-company which I had laid in for the last five months : and have been afraid to say—even to myself—how well I felt. But then we have had no Winter, up to To-day, when the Wind and the Clouds began to make one remember there is yet such a Thing as Snow in the 'Repertoire.' We were told to look out for Hosts of shooting Stars two nights ago : but it was all cloudy : a Sailor was telling me To-day that *last* Night they were such as he had never seen before.

[1866.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

The second Photo reached me safe—Thank you. In respect of seeing more of your Face, and as I was used to see it, this last pleases me more than the first. But it is not so good in making your Hair so dark ; which I am told the Photographic process will do with all that inclines to the lighter Colours. Unless you want one of these back, I will keep both : and return you double Thanks for them.

[Don't you dislike the way some People have of saying perpetually '*Thanks !*' instead of '*Thank you*' for anything you may say or do for them ? It is like cutting Acknowledgment as short as possible. Yet well-bred People do it. One Day I was telling George Crabbe of this : he said, ' But in Italy they say "*Grazie.*" ' Yes : but '*Grazie*' is a sweet Italian, in three Syllables ; and '*Thanks*' about one of the most hideous monosyllables, even in the English Language.]

Which long Parenthesis leads me to Greek, which you seem to think I am always at now. But it is not so—only in Summer—and on board—(How nautical !). The Truth is that some four years ago, when I took to Sea-faring, I knew there was no good taking with me a very entertaining English or French Book, which I should read through at once. So, on the principle of Dr. Johnson taking with him, on

like occasions, the inexhaustible Cocker's Arithmetic, I thought I would take some of the old Classics. And so I got to love some of them so well that they have gone along with me again. But I remain the same inaccurate Scholar ; often not knowing the meaning of a Word ; but contented if what I do make out, right or wrong, amuses or interests me.

Well, I must get 'Only George'<sup>1</sup> from our rural Limb of Mudie here. Think of 'Emmy' writing what we must all read : Thackeray always spoke of her Humour.

*To F. Tennyson.*

WOODBIDGE : Jan. 29/67.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

Let me hear from you one Day. I would send you my MS. Book of Morton's Letters : but I scarce know if the Post would carry it to you ; though not so very big : and I am still less sure that you would ever return it to me. And what odds if you didn't ? It might as well die in your Possession as in mine.

In answer to my yearly Letter to Alfred and Co. I heard (from Mrs.) that they were about to leave Freshwater, frightened away by Hero-worshippers, etc., and were going to a Solitude called Greyshott Hall, Haslemere ; which, I am

<sup>1</sup> By Mrs. Brookfield.

told, is in Hants. Whether they go to settle there I don't know. Lucretius' Death is thought to be too free-spoken for Publication, I believe ; not so much in a religious, as an amatory, point of View. I should believe Lucretius more likely to have expedited his Departure because of Weariness of Life and Despair of the System, than because of any Love-philtre. I wrote also my yearly Letter to Carlyle, begging my compliments to his Wife : who, he replies, died, in a very tragical way, last April. I have since heard that the Papers reported all the Circumstances. So, if one lives so much out of the World as I do, it seems better to give up that Ghost altogether. Old Spedding has written a Pamphlet about ' Authors and Publishers ' ; showing up, or striving to show up, the Publishers' system. He adduces his own Edition of Bacon as a sample of their mismanagement, in respect of too bulky Volumes, etc. But, as he says, Macaulay and Alison are still bulkier ; yet they sell. The truth is that a solemnly-inaugurated new Edition of all Bacon was not wanted. The Philosophy is surely superseded ; not a Wilderness of Speddings can give men a new interest in the Politics and Letters. The Essays will no doubt always be in request, like Shakespeare. But I am perhaps not a proper Judge of these high matters. How should I ? who have just, to my great sorrow, finished ' The Woman in White ' for the third time, once every last three



Winters. I wish Sir Percival Glyde's Death were a little less of the minor Theatre sort ; then I would swallow all the rest as a wonderful Caricature, better than so many a sober Portrait. I really think of having a Herring-lugger I am building named 'Marian Halcombe,' the brave Girl in the Story. Yes, a Herring-lugger ; which is to pay for the money she costs unless she goes to the Bottom ; and which meanwhile amuses me to consult about with my Sea-folks. I go to Lowestoft now and then, by way of salutary Change : and there smoke a Pipe every night with a delightful Chap, who is to be Captain. I have been, up to this time, better than for the last two winters : but feel a Worm in my head now and then, for all that. You will say, only a Maggot. Well ; we shall see. When I go to Lowestoft, I take Montaigne with me ; very comfortable Company. One of his Consolations for *The Stone* is, that it makes one less unwilling to part with Life. Oh, you think that it didn't need much Wisdom to suggest that ? Please yourself, Ma'am. January, just gone ! February, only twenty-eight Days : then March with Light till six p.m. : then April with a blush of Green on the whitethorn hedge : then May, Cuckoos, Nightingales, etc. : then June, Ship launched, and nothing but Ship till November, which is only just gone. The Story of our Lives from Year to Year. This is a poor letter : but I won't set The Worm fretting.



Let me hear how you are : and don't be two months before you do so.

*To W. B. Donne.*

WOODBIDGE : *Febr.* 15 [1867].

MY DEAR DONNE,

I came home yesterday from a week's Stay at Lowestoft. As to the *Athenæum*,<sup>1</sup> I would bet that the last Sentence was tacked on by the Editor : for it in some measure contradicts the earlier part of the Article.

When your letter was put into my hands, I happened to be reading Montaigne, L. III. Ch. 8, *De l'Art de Conferer*, where at the end he refers to Tacitus ; the only Book, he says, he had read consecutively for an hour together for ten years. He does not say very much : but the Remarks of such a Man are worth many Cartloads of German Theory of Character, I think : their Philology I don't meddle with. I know that Cowell has discovered they are all wrong in their Sanskrit. Montaigne never doubts Tacitus' facts : but doubts his Inferences ; well, if I were sure of his Facts, I would leave others to draw their Inferences. I mean, if I were Commentator, certainly : and I think if I were Historian too. Nothing is more wonderful to

<sup>1</sup> Article in the *Athenæum* of 2nd Feb. 1867 on Donne's edition of the Correspondence of George III. and Lord North.

me than seeing such Men as Spedding, Carlyle, and I suppose Froude, straining Fact to Theory as they do, while a scatter-headed Paddy like myself can keep clear. But then so does the Mob of Readers. Well, but I believe in the Vox Populi of two hundred Years : still more, of two thousand. And, whether we be right or wrong, we prevail : so, however much wiser are the Builders of Theory, their Labour is but lost who build : they can't reason away Richard's Hump, nor Cromwell's Ambition, nor Henry's Love of a new Wife, nor Tiberius' beastliness. Of course, they had all their Gleams of Goodness : but we of the Mob, if we have any Theory at all, have that which all Mankind have seen and felt, and know as surely as Daylight ; that Power will tempt and spoil the Best.

Well, but what is all this Lecture to you for ? Why, I think you rather turn to the re-actionary Party about these old Heroes. So I say, however right you may be, leave us, the many-headed, if not the wise-headed, to go our way, only making the Text of Tacitus as clear for us to flounder about in as you can. That, anyhow, must be the first Thing. Something of the manners and customs of the Times we want also : some Lights from other contemporary Authors also : and then, 'Gentlemen, you will now consider your Verdict, and please yourselves.'

Can't you act on Spedding's Advice and have

your Prolegomena separate, if considerable in size? I don't doubt its Goodness: but you know how, when one wants to take a Volume of an Author on Travel, Ship-board, etc., how angry one is with the Life, Commentary, etc., which takes up half the first volume. This we don't complain of in George III. because he is not a Classic, and your Athenæum Critic admits that yours is the best Part of the Business by far.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, May 8/67.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Unless you are predestined to vote for a German to fill the chair of Sanskrit to be set up at Cambridge, do vote, and get those you can to vote, for Edward Cowell. What the other Candidates may be, I don't know; I am sure he is fit for the Place; first, because, though I am not a proper Judge of Sanskrit, or any other Scholarship, I believe I am a Judge of the Stuff a Scholar should be made of: and, of all my learned Friends, I have known none of so unmistakeable Metal as Cowell. And, secondly, among the Qualities that so clearly distinguish him, none is more to be trusted than his Reverence and Modesty, which I know would not let him set up for any Office he was not competent to fill: for which very reason he

may not profess the Omniscience, or the sublime Theories, which the Germans have dazzled us with : but he will be sure of what he does profess. Beside having studied Oriental Literature these twenty years, he has been for eight years at Calcutta (Professor of English Literature there), where he studied Sanskrit with the native Pundits, etc. He told me, on his return two years ago, that he had been surprised to find how extremely inaccurate the German Scholars were in that direction : that their grand and plausible Theories would not stand Examination : this he told me long before this Cambridge Professorship was talked of. It was Thompson who first told me of the Scheme, and asked if Cowell would stand : I believe Cowell is now with him at Trinity. I repeat that, whatever the other Candidates may be, I am certain Cowell is a fit man ; and if he be so, I should wish him success over a German, even were he not my Friend, but only an Englishman : whose national Good Sense I have more respect for than all the German *Æsthetics*, etceterorum.

I have nothing to tell you of mine self—only the old Story—Dormouse Existence here all Winter : now boating on the River : and soon about to put to Sea. I have been reading Thackeray's Novels a third time : I am sure that Fielding is common and coarse work in Comparison.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

*'Scandal' ; LOWESTOFT, June 17 [1867].*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I wrote to Elizabeth, I think, to congratulate you both on the result of the Election : I have since had your Letter : you will not want me to repeat what, without my ever having written or said, you will know that I feel. I wrote to Thompson on the subject, and have had a very kind Letter from him.

Now you will live at Cambridge among the Learned ; but, I repeat, you would rather live among the Ignorant. However, your Path is cut out for you : and, to be sure, it is a more useful and proper one for you than the cool sequestered one which one might like to travel.

I am here in my little Ship—cool and sequestered enough, to be sure—with no Company but my Crew of Two, and my other—Captain of the Lugger now a-building : a Fellow I never tire of studying—If he *should* turn out knave, I shall have done with all Faith in my own Judgment : and if he should go to the Bottom of the Sea in the Lugger—I sha'n't cry for the Lugger.

Well, but I have other Company too—Don Quixote—the 4th Part : where those Snobs, the Duke and Duchess —(how vulgar Great Folks then, as now !) make a Fool and Butt of him.

Cervantes should have had more respect for his own Creation : but, I suppose, finding that all the Great Snobs could only *laugh* at the earlier part, he thought he had better humour them. This very morning I read the very verses you admired to me twenty years ago—

Ven muerte tan escondida, etc.

They are quoted ironically in Part iv. Lib. vii. Ch. 38. Ever yours, E. F. G.

LOWESTOFT, *August 27* [1867].

MY DEAR COWELL,

We have come to be unlucky in our times of meeting : if one may call Luck what is more properly my roving Summer Life on board Ship. I have indeed been only two whole Days at Woodbridge since June ; and not gone there more than three times ; and yet not got further than this place all the time, being engaged with my Lugger and her Captain. Both of those left me for the North Sea a week ago : and then Mowbray Donne and his Wife came, and have been sailing with me every day, except Sunday and yesterday. They like the place, and my Ship—and, I believe, myself—so well, that they yet delay to make another Visit which they have to pay : and, as I also like them both very much, and also am glad to make their Holiday pleasant, here I remain a little while longer, till they go, which may be in a



day or two, or by the end of the week. I want to get home ; to clean my Ship, among other things ; but, on the other hand, I do not want to leave them while they like to remain. I will let you know directly I return ; or know when I return.

I had your Letter last night only : in a parcel sent me from Woodbridge. Not many hours before, I had finished *Œdipus Coloneus* again : going over it more carefully with the *Wunder* you sent me. *Wunder* is just what you told me ; the best Edition, I doubt not ; but, as you say, there is too much of what one does not want cleared up at all ; and one finds the Commentators disagreeing about many passages one was in doubt about. However, I have got a good deal out of the Book, I think : have, at any rate, come to doat on the Play even more than I did before ; and, so far from grudging the time and Eyesight I have spent on the Notes, I even love the Book that has put both in request. So with *Don Quixote*, which really lasted me six weeks this summer. I loved the very Dictionary in which I had to look out the words. I am now going to *Œdipus Tyrannus*. I make Mowbray Donne go over some of the grand things with me as we sail.

My Nephew Maurice has published a Volume of Translations ;<sup>1</sup> Euripides' Hippo-

<sup>1</sup> The Crowned Hippolytus of Euripides, etc., by M. P. Fitzgerald, 1867.



lytus, some Idylls of Theocritus, etc. The latter, as far as I remember of the original, very well : the former, well too : but, as I think, from keeping close to the form of the original Dialogue, has left the Drama deader in the living Language than in the dead one. I told him he should have taken Sophocles, who never *jaws* Philosophy in the midst of Passion ; all his Speeches advance, instead of retarding, it. Maurice agrees : but says he did not feel up to such a task : I rather doubt his diffidence, however. I read in the Athenæum of a good Translation by Mr. Plumptre : I shall get it : and doubt not I shall be disappointed, and believe that, twenty years ago, I could have done better myself. I will send you Maurice's Book, of which I have two Copies.

WOODBIDGE : Oct. 12 [1867].

MY DEAR COWELL,

When you have leisure you will let me know of your being settled at Cambridge ? I also want to have your exact Address because I want to send you the Dryden and Crabbe's Life I promised you. At present you are busy with your Inaugural Address, I suppose ; beside that you feel scarce at home yet in your new Quarters.

Mr. Allenby told me on Wednesday that Mrs. Charlesworth was really up again, and

even got to Cambridge. Please to remember me to her, and to all your Party.

My Ship is still afloat : but I have scarce used her during the last cold weather. I was indeed almost made ill sleeping two nights in that cold Cabin. I may, however, run to Lowestoft and back ; but by the end of next week I suppose she (the Ship) will be laid up in the Mud ; my Men will have eaten the Michaelmas Goose which I always regale them with on shutting up shop ; and I may come home to my Fire here to read 'The Woman in White' and play at Patience :—which (I mean the Game at Cards so called) I now do by myself for an hour or two every night. Perhaps old Montaigne may drop in to chat with and comfort me : but Sophocles, Don Quixote, and Boccaccio—I think I must leave them with their Halo of Sea and Sunshine about them. I have, however, found the second volume of Sophocles ; and may perhaps return to look for Ajax and Deianeira. Adieu : E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
October 28 [1867].

NOW, MY DEAR POLLOCK, I have put on a new Goose-quill Nib, on purpose to write my best MS. to you. But the new Nib has very

little to say for me: the old Story: dodging about in my Ship for these last five months: indeed, during all that time not having lain, I believe, for three consecutive Nights in Christian Sheets. But now all that is over: this very day is my little Ship being dismantled, and to-morrow will she go up to her middle in mud, and here am I anchored to my old Desk for the Winter; and beginning, as usual, by writing to my Friends, to tell them what little there is to tell of myself, and asking them to tell what they can of themselves in return. I shall even fire a shot at old Spedding; who would not answer my last Letters at all: innocent as they were, I am sure: and asking definite Questions, which he once told me he required if I wanted any Answer. I suppose he is now in Cumberland. What *is* become of Bacon? Are you one of the Converted, who go the whole Hog?

Thompson—no, I mean the Master of Trinity—has replied to my half-yearly Enquiries in a very kind Letter. He tells me that my friend Edward Cowell has pleased all the Audience he had with an inaugural Lecture about Sanskrit.<sup>1</sup> Also, that there is such an article in the Quarterly about the Talmud<sup>2</sup> as has not been seen (so fine an Article, I mean) for years. I have had Don Quixote, Boccaccio, and my dear Sophocles (once more) for company on board: the first of these so delightful, that I got to love

<sup>1</sup> Delivered 23rd Oct. 1867.

<sup>2</sup> By Emanuel Deutsch.

the very Dictionary in which I had to look out the words : yes, and often the same words over and over again. The Book really seemed to me the most delightful of all Books : Boccaccio, delightful too, but millions of miles behind ; in fact, a whole Planet away.

WOODBIDGE, *Nov.* 11 [1867].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I must thank you for your Letter—good Fellow as you were to write it. I must say that you never leave one long in doubt as to whether one is any longer acceptable or not. Not like that Wretch Spedding ; who, since I wrote you, did write to me at last, and confessed that he slightly repented of not writing before. However, I am contented that he thinks it worth while to think twice about the matter. He now talks of two more Volumes of Bacon in the Spring : and then he says he will take the reins into his own hands, and publish Volume by Volume as it is finished. He is now *entêté* (I forget how it's spelt) about some sort of Phonetic Alphabet.

I have not yet revived my appetite for Novels : not even for my dear 'Woman in White' : which I should like to have read to me ; and which even now exerts a sort of magnetism in drawing me toward the corner of a dark Cupboard, or Closet, in which (like the proprietary Skeleton) she lies.

I have heard from *Mrs.* Alfred, who (as you may know) answers for Husband and Self. She does not give a good Account of one Son (I believe the Eldest) : and Frederic Tennyson, who was at Farringford this Autumn, thinks them both very delicate. Is it to be with A. T., as is said to be the Fate of your great Men : to leave no Posterity ?

Well—and I have heard from the Master of Trinity : who encloses me a Leaf of Proof-sheet of Plato, with good English Notes, corrected, and therefore, I doubt not, written by himself. The Page he encloses is meant to answer a Question I put to him years ago. I don't know when, nor on what occasion. However, I find the Question is left ambiguous even by Scholars.

Are you overrun in London with 'Champagne Charlie is my Name' ? A brutal Thing ; nearly worthless—the Tune, I mean—but yet not quite—else it would not become so great a Bore. No : I can see, to my Sorrow, that it has some Go—which Mendelssohn had not. But Mozart, Rossini, and Handel had.

I can't help thinking that Opera will have to die for a time : certainly there seems to be no new Blood to keep it alive : and the Old Works of Genius want rest. I have never heard Faust : only Bits—which I suppose were thought the best Bits. They were expressive—musically ingenious, etc.—but the part of Hamlet—the

one Divine Soul of Music, Melody — was not there. I think that such a Fuss can be made about it only because there is nothing better.

*To W. A. Wright.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
Dec. 11 [1867].

DEAR SIR,

When Robert Groome was with me a month ago, I was speaking to him of having found some Bacon in Montaigne : and R. G. told me that you had observed the same, and were indeed collecting some instances ; I think, quotations from Seneca, so employed as to prove that Bacon had them from the Frenchman. It has been the fashion of late to scoff at Seneca ; whom such men as Bacon and Montaigne quoted : perhaps not Seneca's own, but cribbed from some Greek which would have been admired by those who scoff at the Latin.

I had not noticed this Seneca coincidence : but I had observed a few passages of Montaigne's own, which seemed to me to have got into Bacon's Essays. I dare say I couldn't light upon all these now ; but, having been turning over *Essai 9, Lib. III. De la Vanité*, I find one sentence which comes to the point : 'Car parfois c'est bien choisir de ne choisir pas.' In the same Essay is a piece of King Lear, perhaps ; 'De ce mesme papier où il vient



d'écrire l'arrest de condamnation contre un Adultere, le Juge en desrobe un lopin pour en faire un poulet à la femme de son compaignon.' One doesn't talk of such things as of plagiarisms, of course ; as if Bacon and Shakespeare couldn't have said much better things themselves ; only for the pleasure of tracing where they read, and what they were struck by. I see that 'L'Appetit vient en mangeant' is in the same Essay.

If I light some other day on the other passages, I will take the liberty of telling you. You see I have already taken the liberty of writing to a man, not unknown to me in several ways, but with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted personally. Perhaps I may have that pleasure one of these days ; we are both connected with the same town of Beccles, and may come together. I hope so.

But I have also another reason for writing to you. Your 'Master' wrote me word the other day, among other things, that you as well as he wished for my own noble Works in your Library. I quite understand that this is on the ground of my being a Trinity man. But then one should have done something worthy of ever so little a niche in Trinity Library ; and that I do know is not my case. I have several times told the Master what I think, and know, of my small Escapades in print ; nice little things, some of them, which may interest a few people (mostly friends, or through friends) for a few years.



But I am always a little ashamed of having made my leisure and idleness the means of putting myself forward in print, when really so many much better people keep silent, having other work to do. This is, I know, my sincere feeling on the subject. However, as I think some of the Translations I have done are all I can dare to show, and as it would be making too much fuss to wait for any further asking on the subject, I will send them if you think good one of these days all done up together ; the Spanish, at least, which are, I think, all of a size. Will you tell the Master so if you happen to see him and mention the subject ?

Allow me to end by writing myself yours  
sincerely, EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE, Decr. 22/67.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

It occurs to me that, when I last saw you, you gave me hopes of finding a *Chanticleer* to replace that aged fellow you saw in my Domains. *He* came from Grundisburgh ; and surely you spoke of some such Bird flourishing in Grundisburgh still. I will not hold out for the identical plumage — worthy of an Archangel — I only stipulate for one of the sort : such as are seen in old Story books ; and on Church-vanes ; with a

plume of Tail, a lofty Crest and Walk, and a shrill trumpet-note of Challenge : any splendid colours ; black and red ; black and Gold ; white, and red, and Gold ! Only so as he be ‘gay,’ according to old Suffolk speech.

Well, of course you won’t trouble yourself about this : only don’t *forget* it, next time you ride through Grundisburgh. Or if, in the course of any Ride, you should see any such Bird, catch him up at once upon your Saddle-bow, and bring him to the distressed Widows on my Estate.

Now, I gladly take this opportunity of wishing you and yours a Happy Christmas and New Year. You know you will be welcome here whenever you choose to come.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Dec. 28 [1867].*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I don’t think I told you about Garcin de Tassy. He sent me (as no doubt he sent you) his annual Oration. I wrote to thank him : and said I had been lately busy with another countryman of his, Mons. Nicolas, with his Omar Khayyám. On which De Tassy writes back by return of post to ask ‘Where I got my Copy of Nicolas ? He had not been able to get one in all Paris !’ So I wrote to Quaritch : who told

me the Book was to be had of Maisonneuve, or any Oriental Bookseller in Paris ; but that probably the Shopman did not understand, when ‘*Les Rubáiyát d’Omar*, etc.,’ were asked for, that it meant ‘*Les Quatrains*, etc.’ This (which I doubt not is the solution of the Mystery) I wrote to Garcin : at the same time offering one of my two Copies. By return of Post comes a frank acceptance of one of the Copies ; and his own Translation of Attar’s Birds by way of equivalent. *τοιούνδ’ ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα.* Well, as I got these Birds just as I was starting here, I brought them with me, and looked them over. Here, at Lowestoft, in this same row of houses, two doors off, I was writing out the Translation I made in the Winter of 1859. I have scarce looked at Original or Translation since. But I was struck by this ; that eight years had made little or no alteration in my idea of the matter : it seemed to me that I really had brought in nearly all worth remembering, and had really condensed the whole into a much compacter Image than the original. This is what I think I can do, with such discursive things : such as all the Oriental things I have seen are. I remember you thought that I had lost the Apologues towards the close ; but I believe I was right in excluding them, as the narrative grew dramatic and neared the Catastrophe. Also, it is much better to glance at the dangers of the Valley when the Birds are in it, than to let the Leader

recount them before : which is not good policy, morally or dramatically. When I say all this, you need not suppose that I am vindicating the Translation as a Piece of Verse. I remember thinking it from the first rather disagreeable than not : though with some good parts. Jam satis.

There is a pretty story, which seems as if it really happened (p. 201 of De Tassy's Translation, referring to v. 3581 of the original), of the Boy falling into a well, and on being taken out senseless, the Father asking him to say but a word ; and then, but one word more : which the Boy says and dies. And at p. 256, Translation (v. 4620), I read, ' *Lorsque Nizâm ul-mulk fut à l'agonie, il dit : "O mon Dieu, je m'en vais entre les mains du vent."*' Here is our Omar in his Friend's mouth, is it not ?

I have come here to wind up accounts for our Herring-lugger : much against us, as the season has been a bad one. My dear Captain, who looks in his Cottage like King Alfred in the Story, was rather saddened by all this, as he had prophesied better things. I tell him that if he is but what I think him—and surely my sixty years of considering men will not so deceive me at last !—I would rather lose money with him than gain it with others. Indeed I never proposed Gain, as you may imagine : but only to have some Interest with this dear Fellow. Happy New Year to you Both !

I wish you would have Semelet's Gulistan

which I have. You know I never cared for Sadi.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan : 9/68.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I saw advertised in my old Athenæum a Review<sup>1</sup> of Richardson's Novels in the January Cornhill. So I bought it : and began to think you might have written it : but was not so assured as I went on. It is however very good, in my opinion, whoever did it : though I don't think it does all justice to the interminable Original. When the Writer talks of Grandison and Clarissa being the two Characters—oh, Lovelace himself should have made the third : if unnatural (as the Reviewer says), yet not the less wonderful : quite beyond and above anything in Fielding. Whether you wrote the article or not, I know you are one of the few who have read the Book. The Reviewer admits that it might be abridged ; I am convinced of that, and have done it for my own satisfaction : but you thought this was not to be done. So here is internal proof that you didn't write what Thackeray used to call the '*Hurticle*,' or that you have changed your mind on that score. But you haven't. But I know better, Lord bless

<sup>1</sup> By Leslie Stephen.

you : and am sure I could (with a pair of Scissors) launch old Richardson again : we shouldn't go off the stocks easy (pardon nautical metaphors), but stick by the way, amid the jeers of Reviewers who had never read the original : but we should float at last. Only I don't want to spend a lot of money to be hooted at, without having time to wait for the floating.

I have spent lots of money on my Herring-lugger, which has made but a poor Season. So now we are going (like wise men) to lay out a lot more for Mackerel ; and my Captain (a dear Fellow) is got ill, which is much worst of all : so hey for 1868 ! Which is wishing you better luck next time, Sir, etc.

Spedding at last found and sent me his delightful little Paper about Twelfth Night. I was glad to be set right about Viola : but I think he makes too much of the whole play, 'finest of Comedies,' etc. It seems to me quite a light, slight, sketch—for Twelfth Night—What you will, etc. What else does the Name mean ? Have I uttered these Impieties ! No more ! Nameless as shameless.

*To Herman Biddell.*

[*Early in 1868.*]

DEAR BIDDELL,

You were very good to have thought of me and my disconsolate Widows. What I shall do



with them as Spring advances, I don't know. But I don't like your Cochins and Dorkings, thank you: no, we must wait for an old-fashioned, Æsop-fable fellow. I wrote to my Nephew in Norfolk only last night—I believe I shall have to advertise if it can be decently done.

Then again, I want a *Drake* (three Widows in this case also ! ) ; and in this case also I deprive them of their lawful rights till I find an Old-fashioned Drake (have you one ?) nearest akin to the *Wildfowl*—small, grey, and game-like: not your overgrown prize-fowls.

I think it will end in Hens and Ducks quitting my premises if I delay much longer.

Yesterday Mr. Spalding had proposed walking round to you: but there was some Drill at night which prevented him. I saw him To-day and gave him your Message. I dare say he will stride over ere long. On my word, I would go too, if I went anywhere. But my Day is over. I had heard Mr. S. tell of your promised Picture: I shall be very severe upon it, if you stick to cold Colours. I hope you have brightened the ruins with setting Sunshine.

I wrote to Airy the other day to ask how he weathered the Winter; but as yet I have had no reply.

Peace to Playford—and A Rubber at Night ! oh, how pleasant !

WOODBIDGE, *Thursday*.



*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE : May 28/68.

MY DEAR COWELL,

I was just about to post you your own Calcutta Review when your Letter came, asking about some Euphranors. Oh yes ! I have a Lot of them : returned from Parker's when they were going to dissolve their House ; I would not be at the Bother of any further negotiation with any other Bookseller, about half a dozen little Books which so few wanted : so had them all sent here. I will therefore send you six copies. I had supposed that you didn't like the second Edition so well as the first : and had a suspicion myself that, though I improved it in some respects, I had done more harm than good : and so I have never had courage to look into it since I sent it to you at Oxford. Perhaps Tennyson<sup>1</sup> only praised the first Edition and I don't know where to lay my hands on that. I wonder he should have thought twice about it. Not but I think the Truth is told : only, a Truth every one knows ! And told in a shape of Dialogue really something Platonic : but I doubt rather affectedly too. However, such as it is, I send it you. I remember being anxious about it twenty years ago, because I thought it was the Truth (as if my

<sup>1</sup> Who said that the description of the boat race with which Euphranor ends was one of the most beautiful pieces of English prose.

telling it could mend the matter !) : and I cannot but think that the Generation that has grown up in these twenty years has not profited by the Fifty Thousand Copies of this great work !

I am sorry to trouble you about Macmillan ; I should not have done so had I kept my Copy with your corrections as well as my own. As Lamb said of himself, so I say ; that I never had any Luck with printing : I certainly don't mean that I have had much cause to complain : but, for instance, I know that Livy and Napier, put into good Verse, are just worth a corner in one of the swarm of Shilling Monthlies.<sup>1</sup>

'Locksley Hall' is far more like Lucretius than the last Verses put into his mouth by A. T. But, once get a Name in England, and you may do anything. But I dare say that wise men too, like Spedding, will be of the same mind with the Times Critic. (I have not seen him.) What does Thompson say ? You, I, and John Allen, are among the few, I do say, who, having a good natural Insight, maintain it undimmed by public, or private, Regards.

P.S. Having consulted my Landlord, I find that I can pay carriage all through to Cambridge. Therefore it is that I send you, not only your own Book, and my own, but also one of the genteel copies of Boswell's Johnson ; and Wesley's

<sup>1</sup> Referring to The Two Generals, Letters and Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 483.

Journal : both of which I gave you, only never sent ! Now they shall go. Wesley, you will find pleasant to dip into, I think : of course, there is much sameness ; and I think you will allow some absurdity among so much wise and good. I am almost sorry that I have not noted down on the fly-leaf some of the more remarkable Entries, as I have in my own Copy. If you have not read the little Autobiography of Wesley's Disciple, John Nelson, give a shilling for it. It seems to me something wonderful to read these Books, written in a Style that cannot alter, because natural ; while the Model Writers, Addison, Johnson, etc., have had their Day. Dryden holds, I think : he did not set up for a Model Prose man. Sir T. Browne's Style is natural to him, one feels.

FELIXTOW FERRY : *July 25* [1868].

MY DEAR COWELL,

I found your Letter on reaching Woodbridge yesterday ; where you see I did not stay long. In fact I only left Lowestoft partly to avoid a Volunteer Camp there which filled the Town with People and Bustle : and partly that my Captain might see his Wife : who cannot last *very* much longer I think : scarcely through Autumn, surely. She goes about, nurses her children, etc., but grows visibly thinner, weaker, and more ailing.

If the Wind changes (now directly in our Teeth) I shall sail back to Lowestoft to-morrow. Thompson and Mrs. T. propose to be at the Royal Hotel there till Wednesday, and we wish, I believe, to see each other again. Sailing did not agree with his bilious temperament : and he seemed to me injudicious in his hours of Exercise, Dinner, etc. But he, and she, should know best. I like her very much : head and heart right feminine of the best, it seemed to me : and her experience of the World, and the Wits, not having injured either.

I only wanted Macmillan to return the Verses<sup>1</sup> if he wouldn't use them, because of my having no corrected Copy of them.

I see in the last Athenæum a new '*and revised*' Edition of Clarissa advertised. I suppose this 'revised' does not mean 'abridged,' without which the Book will *not* permanently make way, as I believe. That, you know, I wanted to do : could do : and nearly have done ;—But that, and my Crabbe, I must leave for my Executors and Heirs to consign to Lumber-room, or fire.

Pray let me hear of your movements, especially such as tend hitherward. About September—Alas !—I think we shall be a good Deal here, or at Woodbridge ; probably not so much before that time.

Ever yours and Lady's, E. F. G.

See p. 250.

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE, *October 5* [1868].

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

Don't let me forget to thank you for the Partridges, which only came to hand on Saturday, Mr. Berry having sent them to Lowestoft, which I had left. Also for the Apples. It is very good of you to remember me.

I happily missed Messrs. Henniker Major, and Corrance, who, I am told, providentially called here the very day before I returned. Adair and some one else (I positively forget *who*, at this moment!) will, I suppose, come next. But I shall leave word that I won't vote for anybody: and should recommend all other Men to a like course, so as to let Parliaments collapse entirely.

There is in the last No. of *All the Year Round*<sup>1</sup> the account of an astonishing Plan by a Mr. Brandon to regulate Railway Fares on the Penny Postage System: so that one may travel from Edinburgh to Penzance for the same fare as one would pay from here to Saxmundham—or less. He proposed his plan to Government four years ago (who of course ignored it). *It will come to pass.* Have I not said it?

<sup>1</sup> For October 3, 1868—on 'Passenger Postage.'

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

[1868.]

MY DEAR LADY,

Your letter only came here a few hours ago : but it snows and snows : so I will even answer your kind Letter—before the Sun rises !

I really never do see any paper but the Lowestoft Reporter, and that part of the Ipswich Journal that reports Woodbridge news. Therefore I was quite ignorant of E. B. C. appearing in the Times—in Asiatic Costume too. What he must do is, to send me that particular paper ; and moreover to send me any Paper, and tell me of any Magazine in which he writes such things. I have been obliged to remonstrate with Spedding on the same : discovering from Donne that he had written a charming little paper on 'Twelfth Night' in Fraser a year or so ago.<sup>1</sup> A charming paper ; though I think he makes more of it than the Author of the Play intended.

My dear Lady, you know that what I used to do with your own Verses was, *to cut out* ; and now you won't let me do so with mine ! E. B. C. will have had the Proof returned him before this : he almost frightened me ; the more so because I know he is right. But, like Macbeth when he had committed the murder,

<sup>1</sup> August 1865 : *Miss Kate Terry in Viola*. See p. 247.

I scarce dare go back to look on what I have done.

Do ask E. B. C. to answer me a Question in the Notes. It is about that line 'He knows about it all—he knows—he knows' (which reminds me of Borrow somehow !). I quote the original Line (as I suppose)—' *U dánad, U dánad, U dánad, U.*' Now, I can't find this in the first Calcutta Copy which E. B. C. sent me from India, and in which I read it, if anywhere (for that, tell E. B. C., I know I didn't invent). But I can't find it in any Copy now : and I can scarce believe that the Line as I give it can be made to scan. Do, I say, ask Husband about this ; and let him annotate it on the Proof sheet, which he will have to return to me.

Indeed, my dear Lady, you will have all that is worth having, and more too.

I liked the looks and ways of Mrs. G. much : and my friend Mr. Spalding here says she is quite the Good Motherly Woman. I suppose the young Lady is clever, etc. ; but she had one of those audacious Boys' hats on which make all the young Women look like dressed-up School-boys. And I believe it is the fashion to talk in Character.

Now it is 7½ P.M. ; it does not snow : and I will take this Letter to post, and then stump for half an hour in the Almshouse Gardens. I dare say E. B. C. remembers going with me to see Mr. Meller there—some twenty years ago. It



is odd that when I am returning into the Town from a Walk these Winter Evenings, I think that I am going to take tea at Mr. Barton's, sometimes : this winter I have thought so—Why ?

Robert Groome was to have come to me To-day ; but I was obliged to put him off, because of my Hostess being unwell. And, though we have a Servant, she frets if she doesn't overlook, etc. This is the second time this year I have put off R. G., and for the same reason.

Crabbe the Poet said that if any external Circumstance inspired him, it was—a slight fall of Snow ! Characteristic perhaps of his Genius. Well, the snow hasn't inspired, but has been the cause perhaps of a long Letter.

Adieu now.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

LOWESTOFT, Jan. 15/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Your Letter was forwarded to me in a parcel yesterday. I came here ten days ago, to wind up Lugger accounts (not on the right side of the Ledger—we still go on tick), and also because my Woodbridge Landlady is ill. However, she has got a Woman into the House to do for herself and me ; so to-morrow I shall go back to my Den, and leave the Sea to its own Devices.

It and the Wind are playing a rare Duet—Allegro con brio—at this moment ; I hear 'em through rattling windows. But we have had no Earthquake that I know of ; we have only half a chance of it here, you know ; but surely I should have heard if any such thing had happened near Woodbridge from my Landlord there ; we have too little news stirring to be silent about an Earthquake. Where did your Parsons date from ? And one can't trust them always ; they are often nervous themselves, and want to make other people so, with premonitory Symptoms of The Last Day, etc. You wouldn't believe Dr. Cumming in such a case.

Here I have got to read Walpole's Memoirs of the Reigns of George II. and III. I can't read all ; but I doubt if I could any such Diaries of Politics by any other man. One sees he has his hates and likings (much more of the first than of the last), and that he likes to write Epigram. But I still believe he is right in the main. And what astonishing pains for a fastidious man who only lived to please himself ! I like Walpole too for his loyalty to his Father : who, I should fancy, thought but little of a Son so very unlike himself. Sir Robert always reminds me of Palmerston ; and I declare they seem to me the most genuine English Premiers, unless one excepts the two Pitts. Horace Walpole seems to me to understand Burke and Fox well—the Good and Idle Apprentice as Selwyn

called them.<sup>1</sup> Coleridge and his School try to set up Burke as *the* man of his Time ; I think we Irish folks can see the Irishman in Burke much better. So with Goldsmith : Forster and Co. try to clear him of the Blunders and Vanity which such fools as Johnson, Reynolds, etc., laughed at ; but we Paddies know how a Paddy may write like an Angel and talk like poor Poll. It astonishes me to see the best English Brains, like old Spedding's, go the whole Hog so with any Hero they take up.

You don't tell me about your Christmas Play which your former Letter said was on the Stocks. Tell me about that when you write again.

I thought I wouldn't send you a paper on Sea Phrases which the Editor of an Antiquarian sort of Magazine<sup>2</sup> asked me to contribute, and which he has done up separately to catch a stray Customer, I suppose. I wouldn't send it, I thought, because I have sent you so many such things, I think, that one may become a nuisance. But then I only want others to take them for what they are—trifles ; not worth distinct acknowledgment ; and, as you have now written and need not write again some while, I will post it to you as it lies on the table before me.

<sup>1</sup> Selwyn said this of Pitt and Fox.

<sup>2</sup> East Anglian Notes and Queries.

WOODBRIDGE, *Feb. 2/69.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

For the last four days I have had one of my sea-faring friends staying with me—the Captain of the great ‘Meum and Tuum’ lugger; a fine fellow; a grand Gentleman; and we have been talking of Herring and Mackerel, and looking at ‘Gays’ (that is, Picture-books), which are a great Literature with these great Children. This Evening I am all alone again; and something has put it into my head to write to you.

One Man sent me a Saturday Review,<sup>1</sup> with a Criticism on Spedding’s Bacon; then Miss Crabbe sent me a Times Newspaper<sup>2</sup> with ditto; both of them, I think, candid and sensible; respectful to Spedding: quite open to think the best of Bacon; but both of them sticking where I should think every sensible and candid man must stick. Isn’t Spedding sensible and candid then? Who so much? but his Hobby has run away with him; him, the most calm of men, one would think the least likely to be run away with. The Lord preserve me from my friends! People had got to believe Pope’s Epigram all wrong; and it is reserved for this wisest man we have known (I think) to justify Pope by a thirty years’ Vindication of Bacon! I declare this is one of the most singular phenomena that

<sup>1</sup> For December 19 and 26, 1868.

<sup>2</sup> For Jan. 16, 1869.

has occurred in my Day ; a thing to make Montaigne wake from the Dead to make an Essay upon.

One Chancellor leads to another—who will never need—and may he never get !—such an Apologist as J. S.—Lord Hatherley : as just and conscientious a man as ever rose to the Woolsack, I believe. I suppose a very good Lawyer. I never thought a Man of much Wisdom, or of any sort of Genius—indeed, with a little of his Father the Alderman's Goose in him. I have known him these fifty years. His Mother was daughter of an old Surgeon here, named Page, with whom the Poet Crabbe was Prentice ; and Page's Son (Brother of the Alderman's Wife) was an old friend of ours here ; a very good man, magistrate, etc. With him the present Chancellor (his Nephew) often was down here ; and at last married the Daughter of Major Moor of the Suffolk Vocabulary. I remember Lord H. at Cambridge, some forty-five years ago, after he had taken his Degree ; and looking the same ingenuous, good man he now looks. He has always been happy coming down here to his Brother-in-law's, a Clergyman's ; and making one in a very worthy, and very dull, Society, without any pretensions to be Cock of the Walk.

Now, one of his Friends has sent me a Prospectus to subscribe to a Portrait of Lord H. 'on coming to be Chancellor'—in all his robes—by Richmond ; supposing I should be sorry

to be left out of the list. There are Archbishops, Bishops, Judges, Q.C.'s, Laymen, Clergy, etc. And yet it seems to me an absurd thing. First, he may make a bad Chancellor, however good a Man and able a Lawyer. Secondly, he mayn't keep in office a year, however good Chancellor he may be. And thirdly, a Figure at Madame Tussaud's would do just as well as the best of Richmond's Portraits, when *the Man* is to be drowned in robes, Wig, Maces, Seals, etc.

So, am I to give an Answer to this effect to his Admirer, who is no other than his Cousin, indeed, a daughter of the second Page aforesaid? What should you do, Pollock? What would Spedding do?

I wonder how the latter takes the opinions given by the Times and Saturday? There was a blackguard Article by Dixon in the Athenæum,<sup>1</sup> which one makes no account of. I can't help thinking I have noticed a vein of Sadness in old Spedding's few last Letters. I can't help thinking often and often of such a Sacrifice of such a Man's whole Life.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE : *March 1/69.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . My Lugger Captain has just left me to go on his Mackerel Voyage to the Western

<sup>1</sup> For November 21, 1868.

Coast ; and I don't know when I shall see him again. Just after he went, a muffled bell from the Church here began to toll for somebody's death : it sounded like a Bell under the sea. He sat listening to the Hymn played by the Church chimes last evening, and said he could hear it all as if in Lowestoft Church when he was a Boy, 'Jesus our Deliverer !' You can't think what a grand, tender, Soul this is, lodged in a suitable carcase.

*To Mrs. W. H. Thompson.*

[1869.]

DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,

(I must get a new Pen for you—which doesn't promise to act as well as the old one—Try another.)

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Mistress of Trinity—(this does better)—

I am both sorry, and glad, that you wrote me the Letter you have written to me : sorry, because I think it was an effort to you, disabled as you are ; and glad, I need not say why.

I despatched Spedding's letter to your Master yesterday ; I daresay you have read it : for there was nothing extraordinary wicked in it. But, he to talk of *my* perversity ! . . .

My Sir Joshua is a darling. A pretty young Woman ('Girl' I won't call her) sitting with a



turtle-dove in her lap, while its mate is supposed to be flying down to it from the window. I say 'supposed,' for Sir J. who didn't know much of the drawing of Birds, any more than of Men and Women, has made a thing like a stuffed Bird clawing down like a Parrot. But then, the Colour, the Dove-colour, subdued so as to carry off the richer tints of the dear Girl's dress ; and she, too, pensive, not sentimental : a Lady, as her Painter was a Gentleman. Faded as it is in the face (the Lake, which he would use, having partially flown), it is one of the most beautiful things of his I have seen : more varied in colour ; not the simple cream-white dress he was fond of, but with a light gold-threaded Scarf, a blue sash, a green chair, etc. . . .

I was rather taken aback by the Master's having discovered my last—yes, and bonâ-fide my last—translation in the volume I sent to your Library. I thought it would slip in unobserved, and I should have given all my little contributions to my old College, without after-reckoning. Had I known you as the Wife of any but the 'quondam' Greek Professor, I should very likely have sent it to you : since it was meant for those who might wish for some insight into a Play<sup>1</sup> which I must think they can scarcely have been tempted into before by any previous Translation. It remains to be much better done ; but if Women of Sense and Taste,

<sup>1</sup> The Agamemnon.

and Men of Sense and Taste (who don't know Greek) can read, and be interested in such a glimpse as I give them of the Original, they must be content, and not look the Horse too close in the mouth, till a better comes to hand.

My Lugger has had (along with her neighbours) such a Season hitherto of Winds as no one remembers. We made £450 in the North Sea ; and (just for fun) I did wish to realize £5 in my Pocket. But my Captain would take it all to pay Bills. But if he makes another £400 this Home Voyage ! Oh, then we shall have money in our Pockets. I do wish this. For the anxiety about all these People's lives has been so much more to me than all the amusement I have got from the Business, that I think I will draw out of it if I can see my Captain sufficiently firm on his legs to carry it on alone. True, there will then be the same risk to him and his ten men, but they don't care ; only I sit here listening to the Winds in the Chimney, and always thinking of the Eleven hanging at my own fingers' ends.

This Letter is all desperately about me and mine, Translations and Ships. And now I am going to walk in *my* Garden : and feed *my* Captain's Pony with white Carrots ; and in the Evening have *my* Lad come and read for an hour and a half (he stumbles at every third word, and gets dreadfully tired, and so do I ; but I renovate him with Cake and Sweet Wine), and I can't

just now smoke the Pipe nor drink the Grog.  
 ‘These are my Troubles, Mr. Wesley ;’<sup>1</sup> but I  
 am still the Master’s and Mistress’ loyal Servant,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, May 10 [1869].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am like old Mr. Barton, who, as he never left Woodbridge, could only talk by letter to Friends beyond. [Dear me ! it is now just ten years since I made my last bow before the London Lights.] Like him, too, I take a pinch of snuff between-whiles : and, now I think of it, from the very box he held in his hand five minutes before his death. What agreeable Associations !

However, you know that I never expect you to answer me unless I put a particular question ; and that is not very often ; and I think you are generally good enough to reply to it. This present Letter wants no such notice at all. I am not got on board my Ship as yet ; she is now making her Toilet, or ‘toilette’ as I see it now written, to meet me at the end of the month ;

<sup>1</sup> FitzGerald frequently referred to a story of Wesley, which he quotes in *Polonius*, p. lxx. ‘A gentleman of large fortune, while we were seriously conversing, ordered a servant to throw some coals on the fire. A puff of smoke came out. He threw himself back in his chair, and cried out, “O Mr. Wesley, these are the crosses I meet with every day !”’

and after that I dare say we shall be living together, for better or worse, till November. It seems to me but a few weeks since I parted with her.

Your notion of J. S. and the Velocipede (I know it's yours only) is capital. I remember one day talking with my poor friend W. Browne as to what forms Drunkenness would take with our friends in case they should ever get overtaken. How with old Spedding? W. B. said at once, 'I can fancy him turning a chair bottom upwards and fancying himself an Applewoman.' A touch of Genius, I thought: I don't know how it will strike you.

I have made three vain attempts at Vol. I. of Browning—did I tell you? It seems to me an audacious piece of defiance to the Public whom he had found so long blind to his Merits—'Now you have at last come to accept me, I'll ride over you rough-shod.' But A. T. tells me he 'finds greatness' in the work, call it Poem or what you will. And I should say no more, only I remember old Alfred trying to make us worship Bailey's Festus—magnanimous Great Dog!

Laurence I have given up as hopeless these twenty years, since he himself gave up his sketches in Crayon and Oil to seek after Venetian colour. Old Spedding encouraged him; was as sure of his finding that secret out as of redressing Bacon; and in both cases leaves his Heroes worse off than he found them.

There are interesting Notes of Conversation with Rossini in some back Numbers of *Once a Week*,<sup>1</sup> showing how perfectly sane and comprehensive was the mind of that great Genius, at any rate.

[1869.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I meant to have thanked you for your first long, and capital, letter, even had it not been followed by that of yesterday. You think to mystify a poor Country man? Well, it is all capital fooling. Do, pray when you have an idle half-hour, send me any such letters. I cannot return them in kind, *you* know as *I* know: I have not the material, nor the Wit to work upon it. That is quite true.

I have not seen Forster's Landor; not caring much for either party. Forster seems to me a genuine Cockney: be-heroing Goldsmith, Landor, etc., *à outrance*. I remember so well his being red-hot in admiration of Coventry Patmore's first Poems: 'By God, they came up to Tennyson's,' etc. Talking of Tennyson, by the way, I had the curiosity to ask Carlyle (in my yearly Letter) what he thought of Browning's Book. I dare say you have heard him talk on the subject. He writes to me: 'I have read—insisted on reading—Browning's Book. It is full of talent, energy, and effort: but actually without

<sup>1</sup> Jan. 2, Jan. 23, Feb. 6, and Feb. 13, 1869.

*Backbone* or basis of Common-sense. I think it among the absurdest books ever written by a gifted Man.'

Such is the opinion of all the men I know, whose opinion is certainly worth as much as the Newspaper Critics. Then why don't some of you step out into the Newspapers and Magazines, and tell the Truth of the Case? Why does not Venables? Stephen? Pollock? I am sure I would if I could: but I have not the faculty. I can only say, 'I do not like you, Doctor Fell,' but there I stop—knowing I'm right. If Browning were half as great as they say, he would himself write to disclaim any approximation to Tennyson. . . .

*To W. A. Wright.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
Oct. 31 [1869].

DEAR WRIGHT,

Your Letter only reached me to-day, having lain this fortnight in my dear old Suffolk Hotel. I was forced out of Lowestoft (about the date of your letter) by a *frapp*<sup>1</sup> of Luggers coming in from the North Sea—my own among the number—till the harbour was too hot to hold me. So I sailed off, and hung for a while nearer home at

<sup>1</sup> A large company, crowd; O. F. *frap*. See Kelham, Dict. of Norman or Old French. Used by Chaucer, *Troilus* and *Criseyde*, iii. 410, in the form 'frape.'

Aldbro' and Orford (the latter a very favourite old haunt of mine), till I came to meet Donne here a week ago. And when he went the Snow came : so I sent my little Ship and little Crew away to their Winter Quarters, and am come back here to my own.

'Posh' raised £450 by his North Sea : and I really fancied I should have a whole £10 in my pocket for once. But all is gone in Shares and other expenses except £6 : 3 : 3 up to this present writing. I am rejoiced the poor fellows all came home with something to carry to Wife and Children ; £18 a Share : never was Money more gladly dispensed with.

I am glad you have hit upon Frapp and Smolt : if Tymms wishes for a few more words in his Christmas E[ast] A[n]glian I shall avail myself of your information. . . .

I don't care what A. T. says about his Birds<sup>1</sup>  
—I know better.

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE,  
*Guy Faux Day* [1869].

DEAR BIDDELL,

I have thought once or twice that Tennyson himself ought to have that illustration of one of

<sup>1</sup> 'Birds in the high Hall-garden' (Maud, xii. 1). FitzGerald always maintained that the cry was that of the startled thrush.



his Poems which Thackeray made, and which I gave to you. If you do not set any particular store by it, let us arrange that, and do you take any other you please from the Book you know of. But if you *do* set store by that particular drawing, why, keep it by all means. I have never mentioned it to Tennyson, and do not suppose that *he* would care very much for it. Yet it seems the right thing to do : for he was a great friend of Thackeray's, and admired *the Man*, without (I suppose) having ever read any of his Books through. I remember his taking up a No. of *Pendennis* in my Lodging twenty years ago, reading awhile, and then saying—'How *mature* it is !'—perfectly ripe, seasonable, and perfect, a produce of the Man's Wit and Experience of the World.

I am *sure* that Thackeray's drawing must be better than any of *Doré's*,—which I have never seen !

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Nov. 17/69.

DEAR WRIGHT,

The grand Translations you have asked for are all bound up (such as would bind up) together, and sent by this time, I believe, to you by the Binder. Little as they do really deserve ever so small a corner in a Library where there should be only what is enduring and original (which, as in

Dryden's case, a Translation may be), yet it would be yet more absurd for me to wait to be asked for mine a third time. So there they are. I have had them done up in *Russia*, which will, at any rate, help to give your Library the fine Odour which all Libraries should breathe, as I think. And with this I wash my hands of the presumption, which must be excused by your kindness in asking me.

Pray don't forget to let me know whether, and what, you will do for Tymms this Christmas. But don't trouble yourself to do anything : you have plenty more important on your hands. I can simply add what notes I have of yours to my few words ; and you can correct them, before or after print, as you please.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, Nov. 20 [1869].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am ashamed to lay you under any tax for more letters, since I really can send such poor repayment. And just now, I doubt, worse than usual : for I'm not quite in sorts, nor have been these last ten days. Perhaps from a change of Life from being out all day long in Sea Air, to being shut up here.

I have bought and looked over (*that*, I must say, is all) Mrs. Ward's *Clarissa* (Routledge's 2s.

affair), and seem to have a few scraps and bones of the original Book served up to me—the best part of the meat gone. I shall one day see from Mudie how Dallas has managed; but our Mudie-man here is terribly slow. He tells me he has ordered Books over and over again; perhaps you great Londoners think anything will do for us Country chaps.

I remember when I was busy with Clarissa, being frightened at Montaigne's '*Tout abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé*,'<sup>1</sup> which I think coincided something with the opinion of F. Pollock. I should, however, have done it; but now these people have spoilt my Market, and saved me money.

I am about to write my yearly letter to Carlyle. I suppose he still lives at Chelsea. His Niagara Pamphlet was almost tragic to me: such a helpless outcry from the Prophet who has so long told us what not to do, but never what *to* do. I don't know if he still maintains his Fame at the former height.

There was an absurd Article in my old Athenæum comparing the relative merits of Tennyson and Browning: awarding the praise of Finish, etc., to A. T., and of originality to B. I am not perhaps sufficiently read in the latter: for I never could read him: and I have reliance on my own intuition that, such being the case, he

<sup>1</sup> Ess. iii. 8: '*Tout abrégé sur un bon livre est un sot abrégé*' (ed. Courbet and Royer, iv. 36).

is not a rival to A. T., whom I judge of by his earlier poems (up to 1842). In Browning I could but see little but Cockney Sublime, Cockney Energy, etc. ; and as you once very wittily said to me that Miss Brontë was a 'great Mistress of the Disagreeable,' so, if B. has power, I must consider it of that sort. Tennyson has stocked the English language with lines which once knowing one can't forgo. Cowell tells me that even at Oxford and Cambridge Browning is considered the deepest ! But 'this also will pass away.'<sup>1</sup> But not A. T.

WOODBIDGE, *Dec. 7/69.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

It is very good of you to write to me. You have plenty to do, and I have nothing to do, or to tell in return. So it is, however, that only last night, or this morning, as I was lying awake in bed, I thought to myself that I would write to you—yes, and have a letter from you—once before Christmas—before New Year 1870, at any rate. And when I came down this morning with the pleasing prospect of half-an-hour's walk in the East wind before breakfast, here was your letter anticipating mine.

It is capital, your going to see old Alfred in his lordly Pleasure-house looking over the Weald : I think one misses water in those otherwise fine

<sup>1</sup> See Polonius, p. cx.

sweeps of Down and Weald. But then water is the only thing we East Anglians have to show : and dismal cold it shows now. I don't know if the woodland look better. This time of Year is certainly next door to Death. I half long to be at Rome, which Mrs. Kemble, who winters there, tells me about. But then the packing, unpacking, rushing to packets, railways, hotels, etc., with the probable chance of wishing oneself back in one's own dull Woodbridge after all !

Leave well—even 'pretty well'—alone : that is what I learn as I get old. I have only been pretty well myself lately : diminished of Grog and Pipe, which made the happiest hour of the twenty-four, and actually trying some Homeopathic Nux Vomica instead—whether for better or worse I won't say : for, directly one has said it, you know—

Then, my dear Eyes not having quite recovered the paraffin, a lad comes to read at half-past seven till nine—stumbling at every other word, unless it be some Story that carries him along. So now we are upon the Woman in White : third time of reading in my case : and I can't help getting frightened now. I see a new Story<sup>1</sup> advertised from Dickens.

Did I tell you that when I ran to London some weeks ago to consult Bowman, I saw at a framer's in Leicester Square, a Sir Joshua Portrait, and bought it ? The face faded, but

<sup>1</sup> The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

the expression and air all delightful, and the Dress and 'entourage' of Venetian Colour. It is of a young and pretty woman—pensive, not sentimental—holding a Dove in her lap, while its mate is coming down (very heavily), through a Window, I suppose. I wonder how it was that such lots of Virtuosos, Artists, Academicians, etc., should be passing, as they must, that way, and not have troubled themselves to offer, or get some one to offer, £20 for it. Well, if they saw it with me they would say it was no Sir Joshua at all; I am very glad they never thought it was so. I should tell Tom Taylor of it, as I see he advertises a list of Sir Joshua's as forthcoming from Murray: but he would take for granted it was a pleasant delusion.

Mrs. A. T. is all you say, indeed: a Lady of a Shakespearian type, as I think A. T. once said of her: that is, of the Imogen sort, far more agreeable to me than the sharp-witted Beatrices, Rosalinds, etc. I do not think she has been (on this very account perhaps) so good a helpmate to A. T.'s Poetry as to himself. But the time is come (if it never were before) that makes the latter [? former] a very secondary consideration.

This is very dull, all this, my dear Pollock: and now growing too much of it: in bad MS. too. Besides, I begin to think I told you all about my Picture before. And, after all, I haven't looked at it half-a-dozen times since it

has been down : but then it is at my *Château*—where I don't live.

Now in ten minutes the Mate of a Three-masted Schooner is coming to say Goodbye before he starts to Genōa (they call it) with a cargo of—Red Herring. And then my reader ! He is the son of a Cabinet-maker : and last night read 'her future husband' as 'her *furniture* husband.' This is true.

WOODBIDGE, Dec. 28/69.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I really do think it is very good of you to write to me : I am sure it is very pleasant to me. This I suppose I have said to you before, and perhaps over and over again. It is all very true.

I went to my old Lowestoft a fortnight ago, and became (whether by Sea Air, Sea Society, or a Doctor) well enough to smoke a pipe, and drink a Glass of Grog again ; both which I had resigned for some while, with no good grace. For I consider these to give me the pleasantest hour of all the twenty-four. I dare not count on this continuing : always afraid of the Cherub who sits up aloft, etc.

The Lugger has managed to pay off all her Debt, and to put £35 in the pocket of her two Owners. This is the first money we have



touched on all our Outlay, after three years loss. More than one ought to expect, you say, on your principle of 'Noblesse oblige,' so far as *I* am concerned. And very true. And, as I did not embark in the business for Profit, I did not expect more. But, as I did not know all the anxiety it would cause me about all these people's lives, I believe I shall now try to back out of it, the more so as my Captain certainly wishes (with all due regard to me) to be sole Master ; mainly, I think, for the proper hold it gives him over his Crew, who do not pay the same regard to a fellow-worker as to an Owner. And now that he has got a clear start he may, if he chooses, be sole Owner : though, as I tell him, I will hold on if he still feel he may want some one at the back of the Throne. But to that he answers not.

It has been a season of considerable gain to all concern'd in the Voyage, not because of the Quantity, and still less of the Quality caught : I suppose the high price of Meat, and much other Provision, has raised the price of Herring. But, as a set-off against present gain, there never has been such damage of Ship and Gear ; so, if we have paid for what we had, we shall have to pay for what is to be got.

Here is a fine letter of Business for me to write and for you to read !

Well, I returned here on Christmas Eve, to meet a poor fellow who was to spend his

Christmas week with me. Instead of which, I find a Letter from him to say he is too ill to come. Then my Landlord and Landlady were both indisposed ; so that, with all this, and even the little life of Woodbridge extinct under closed Shops and falling Snow, I made a very cheerful time of it.

I found the new Idylls on the Lowestoft Bookstall : but I can get no more interested in them than in any of their Predecessors : except the old Morte D'Arthur. That *that* was the finest subject in the whole Legend is implied, I think, by the Poet himself attacking it from the first. The Story—the Motive—of the others does not interest me in itself ; nor do I think that A. T. has touched the right Key in treating of it. The whole Legend, and its parts, appear to me scarce fitted to interest any but the child-like readers of old knightly days whom they were intended to amuse, I suppose : not, in the main, *very* much beyond Jack the Giant-killer, etc., and I think such Stories are best told in the old simple English of the Romance itself. When elaborated into refined modern verse, the 'opus' and the 'materia' seem to me disproportioned. Something in the same way as Cowper's Miltonic rhythm was quite out of tune with Homer. I may be quite wrong in all these reasons for my indifference to these Poems ; I only know I do not like Dr. Fell ; and have some considerable—perhaps more con-

siderable—reliance on my unreasoning than on my reasoning affections in such matters.

And while Guinevere, Pelleas, and Co. leave me quite unconcerned about them, the Lincolnshire Farmer positively brought tears to my Eyes. There were Humanity, Truth, and Nature come back again ; the old Brute becoming quite *tragic* in comparison, just as Justice Shallow does, seen through Shakespeare's Humour.

All this *aesthetic* is as bad as the Herring business. So I will shut up shop at once : wish you and yours a Happy 1870, and hope to remain through it

Yours sincerely,

E. F. G.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBRIDGE : Tuesday,  
[28 Dec. 1869.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

Your Letter to-day was a real pleasure—nay, a comfort—to me. For I had begun to think that, for whatever reason, you had dropt me ; and I know not one of all my friends whom I could less afford to lose.

You anticipate rightly all I think of the new Idylls.<sup>1</sup> I had bought the Book at Lowestoft : and when I returned here for Christmas found that A. T.'s Publisher had sent me a Copy. As

<sup>1</sup> The Holy Grail.

I suppose this was done by A. T.'s order, I have written to acknowledge the Gift, and to tell him something, if not all, of what I think of them. I do not tell him that I think his hand weakened ; but I tell him (what is very true) that, though the main Myth of King Arthur's Dynasty in Britain has a certain Grandeur in my Eyes, the several legendary fragments of it never did much interest me ; excepting the *Morte*, which I suppose most interested him also, as he took it up first of all. I am not sure if such a Romance as Arthur's is not best told in the artless old English in which it was told to Arthur's artless successors four hundred years ago ; or dished up anew in something of a Ballad Style like his own Lady of Shalott, rather than elaborated into a modern Epic form. I never cared, however, for *any* chivalric Epic ; neither Tasso, nor Spenser, nor even Ariosto, whose Epic has a sort of Ballad-humour in it ; Don Quixote is the only one of all this sort I have ever cared for.

I certainly wish that Alfred had devoted his diminished powers to translating Sophocles, or Æschylus, as I fancy a Poet should do—*one* work, at any rate—of his great Predecessors. But Pegasus won't be harnessed.

From which I descend to my own humble feet. I will send you some copies of Calderon when I have uncloseted and corrected them. As to Agamemnon, I bound up a Copy of him in the other Translations I sent to Trinity

Library—not very wisely, I doubt; but I thought the Book would just be put up on its shelf, and I had given all I was asked for, or ever could be asked for. The Master, however, wrote me that it came to his Eyes, and I dare say he thought I had best have let Æschylus alone. My Version was not intended for those who know the Original; but, by hook or by crook, to interest some who do not. The *Shape* I have wrought the Play into is good, I think: the Dialogue good also: but the Choruses (though well contrived for the progress of the Story) are very false to Æschylus; and anyhow want the hand of a Poet. Mine, as I said, are only a sort of ‘Entr’ acte’ Music, which would be better supplied by Music itself.

I will send you in a day or two my Christmas Gossip for the East Anglian, where I am more at home. But you have heard me tell it all before.

It is too late to wish you a good Christmas—(I wonder how you passed it, mine was solitary and dull enough) but you know I wish you all the Good the New Year can bring. Love to Elizabeth; do not be so long without writing again, if only half a dozen lines, to yours and hers sincerely,  
E. F. G.

To *W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Jan. 9/70.

DEAR WRIGHT,

I ought to have written to you about the 'Bealings Bells'<sup>1</sup> which I sent. However, you understood from whom they came, and why they came. I don't think people ever troubled themselves to find out the mystery, looking upon it as one of 'the Major's Crotchets.' These he had : but in general was much wiser with them than the Country Squires who smiled at them. I remember his persisting in it to the last that 'his Bells were rung by no human hand'; but he did not repudiate electrical or atmospheric Agency.

I did not desire Tymms to send you a Revise of your Corrections, for I think he is intelligent and careful enough to be trusted in that way.

One Suffolk word has always been an odd mystery to me : '*Dutfin*,'<sup>2</sup> a cart Bridle—with Blinkers, I think. Can you make anything of it ?

My Landlady seems to me to get weaker, and to shut in gradually. She is now in bed, feeling herself better there. But, when one feels oneself better in Bed !

My Captain has been over with me, and I

<sup>1</sup> An Account of the Mysterious Ringing of Bells at Great Bealings, Suffolk, in 1834, . . ., by Major Edward Moor, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> Its etymology is a mystery still.

believe I shall resign the Lugger to him ; he is too honest to say that he does not wish to be whole, sole, and independent Master of her and himself, little as my interference has ever been. The Man is born to be Master, not Man, in any relation of Life, and I have felt I was in my wrong place finding even the little I ever thought I found to blame.

*To S. Laurence.*

MARKET HILL : WOODBRIDGE,  
*Jan. 13/70.*

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

Can you tell me (in a line) how I should treat some old Pictures of mine which have somehow got rusty with the mixt damp and then fires (I suppose) of my new house, which, after being built at near double its proper cost, is just what I do not want, according to the usage of the Ballyblunder Family, of which I am a very legitimate offshoot?

If you were down here, I think I should make you take a life-size Oil Sketch of the Head and Shoulders of my Captain of the Lugger. You see by the enclosed that these are neither of them of a bad sort : and the Man's Soul is every way as well proportioned, missing in nothing that may become A Man, as I believe. He and I will, I doubt, part Company ; well as he likes me, which is perhaps as well as a sailor



cares for any one but Wife and Children : he likes to be, what he is born to be, his own sole Master, of himself, and of other men. So now I have got him a fair start, I think he will carry on the Lugger alone : I shall miss my Hobby, which is no doubt the last I shall ride in this world : but I shall also get eased of some Anxiety about the lives of a Crew for which I now feel responsible. And this last has been a Year of great Anxiety in this respect.

I had to run to London for one day about my Eyes (which, you see by my MS., are not in prime order at all) and saw a Sir Joshua at a Framers window, and brought it down. The face faded, but elegant and lady-like always ; the dress in colour quite Venetian. It was in Leicester Square ; I can't think how all the world of Virtuosos kept passing and would not give twenty pounds for it. But you don't rate Sir Joshua in comparison with Gainsboro'.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBRIDGE, Jan. 16 [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Pray keep the Sketch. I now enclose you a Photo done the other day at Ipswich of my Captain, who you may see is not of the Ape Type at all. If you should show it to Woolner he might find some nearer resemblance in the

old Marbles. And the Man's outer Body is justified by the inward Soul, in all due proportions, whether of Heart or Head; though he is blackguard enough to think he would do better without me, and would not understand Browning better than his discarded Partner does. I want a good big head of the Fellow, to hang up by old Thackeray and Tennyson, all three having a stamp of Grandeur about them in their several ways, and occupying great places in my Soul. This is why I asked you about Life-size Photos—crayon-colour'd : but you forgot to tell me. Do so when you are at leisure ; not forcing yourself *now*. Never mind the Sea Words : they have just amused you a little, which is all they were meant to do. This Photo will serve as a Frontispiece, being that of the chief Authority quoted. I should not make free of such confidence if I did not know the simple indifference of the Man even if he ever should come to know of my treason. Of this I was assured by last year's paper : of which I happened to have an old Proof in my pocket one night when we were together. His Pipe wanted a Light ; and I (not knowing what it was) gave him a torn leaf for the purpose. Before folding it up, he took a fancy to read a bit—his own words—and I said (in some alarm)—‘ Well, is that wrong ? ’—‘ I don't see but it's all right enough, Sir, ’ with perfect unconsciousness. In this he differs from the Laureate.

*To S. Laurence.*

WOODBIDGE : *Jan. 20/70.*

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . My Captain lives at Lowestoft, and is there at present : he also in anxiety about his Wife who was brought to bed the very same day my Landlady died, and (as a letter from him this morning tells me) has a hard time of it. I should certainly like a large Oil-sketch, like Thackeray's, done in your most hasty, and worst, style, to hang up with Thackeray and Tennyson, with whom he shares a certain Grandeur of Soul and Body. As you guess, the colouring is (when the Man is all well) as fine as his form : the finest Saxon type : with that complexion which Montaigne calls 'vif, mâle, et flamboyant' ; blue eyes ; and strictly auburn hair, that any woman might sigh to possess. He says it is coming off, as it sometimes does from those who are constantly wearing the close hot Sou'westers. We must see what can be done about a Sketch.

*To Thomas Woolner.*

LOWESTOFT, *Jan. 30/70.*

DEAR SIR,

Thank you for your letter and for the Photos. Elaine is beautiful. The other does not please

me so well as to Composition (if that be the word) : the figures too much on the slope, as I think, to my taste ; but I only say this because this it is which strikes me ; and, as you are good enough to send them, I think it is best to say so. I have no respect at all for my judgment in statuary, which I could always test by not understanding the Elgin Marbles, which I feel sure must be the finest of all.

I don't know which of my Persian things you mean. There are two, one of which (to my surprise) Tennyson liked. So I suppose it must be that. But I will send you both ; and you really need not bind yourself to acknowledge them in any way. They have their merits, and do very well to give to Friends, and to please a few Readers for the time, and then to subside—things of Taste, not of Genius at all—which, you know, is the one thing needful.

I now post you my Sea Words—a work more fitted to my hands ; though I also have my fears for this Immortality also. But these words also just amuse People—for the time—and that is all they were meant for.

The Chief Authority quoted is the Man whose Photo I sent you. I should not make free with his words if I thought he would ever know, or ever care if he did know. But last year, when he and I were smoking together, his Pipe wanting a light, I pulled out (not knowing)

a long Printer's Proof of the Words from my Pocket. Before he put it to the candle, to my consternation he began spelling the text, got a little interested, but totally unconscious how much was his own words, or by any possibility reported by me ; so that when I said, 'There—there—light your Pipe,' I saw all was safe as the Mail. Last night he was rejoicing in his little Boy's getting into Trowsers ; to-day I am to see them ; and then we shall walk and see a new little lugger we have bought—like a couple of Fools.

*To S. Laurence.*

LOWESTOFT, *February 27* [1870].

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I came here a few days ago, for the benefit of my old Doctor, The Sea, and my Captain's Company, which is as good. He has not yet got his new Lugger home ; but will do so this week, I hope ; and then the way for us will be somewhat clearer.

If you sketch in a head, you might send it down to me to look at, so as I might be able to guess if there were any likelihood in that way of proceeding. Merely the Lines of Feature indicated, even by Chalk, might do. As I told you, the Head is of the large type, or size, the proper Capital of a six foot Body, of the broad dimensions you see in the Photograph. The

fine shape of the Nose, less than Roman, and more than Greek, scarce appears in the Photograph ; the Eye, and its delicate Eyelash, of course will remain to be made out ; and I think you excel in the Eye.

When I get home (which I shall do this week) I will send you two little Papers about the Sea words and Phrases used hereabout,<sup>1</sup> for which this Man (quite unconsciously) is my main Authority. You will see in them a little of his simplicity of Soul ; but not the Justice of Thought, Tenderness of Nature, and all the other good Gifts which make him a Gentleman of Nature's grandest Type.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, *April 29* [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Though you are now, I suppose, getting into the thick of the London Season, yet (as we used to sing in Bunn's Days) 'You will remember me !' Which reminds me that I have bought and have been looking over the first twelve Volumes of Punch : only for the sake of recovering some of Thackeray's first Papers there : which I remember his doing when I was staying with him in what he used to call *Forum* Street.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the East Anglian Notes and Queries for 1869 and 1870.

There is not much that one would wish others to recognise for his so far as 1847, when my Set ends ; and when Thackeray had launched *Vanity Fair*. It is curious to me how slowly, and then how suddenly, he got to that. Some people say that Barry Lyndon and others were as good as his best : I never could read them, only his 'Irish' and part of his 'Paris' Sketch-books. There is a good Ballad about King Canute in some Papers called *Miss Tickletohy on English Literature*, in one of the early *Punches*. I remembered the side of the Page, etc., as it lay on the Jorum Breakfast Table. By the bye of that again, you may (if you like) borrow of Donne some MS. extracts of Letters from Morton, who used to be with us then. The best part of the Letters I cut out and sent under Thackeray's auspices to Blackwood, hoping to get £10 for Morton, who was always wanting it, you know. Blackwood only lost the Papers, as Thackeray was not then great Man enough to command Obedience. But even the remainder was too good to be lost ; so I copied out Scraps, and you can read them if you will—taking all care of them ! They will repay you the trouble of decyphering, I am sure. It is a pity they cannot go into some Magazine that others may read ; but I have no interest in Magazine Quarters.

By the bye again, I read a very nice Paper <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Macmillan's Magazine for March 1870.



on the French and English Stage, by Mrs. Pollock, I am told. Please to make her proud and happy by such a Royal Approval.

Laurence has been down with me ; he wishing, and I wishing him, to paint a sketch of my grand Lugger man from a Photograph which he admired. So Captain and Painter met at my Château in Easter Week. But ail ended in nothing. First day nothing done ; second day all that was done effaced ; third day much the same ; the light all amiss ; previous measurements incorrect ; and after four days the Captain was obliged to return to his Business, and the Painter also to his, carrying with him what he himself pronounced a failure. I had told him to come and do his hastiest and worst (which I think best), but he will prepare Grounds, paint by stages, etc., and so he seems to me to muddle all. I fancy he should stick to Crayons : he can draw, but he never could, never can, and never will colour. He was very pleasant (sometimes a little prosy), and sat wondering at and studying the Captain, who for stately Simplicity of Soul and Body is fit company for Phidias himself. But the weather was cross ; so it is now—‘beastly,’ as old Alfred used to say. I read in the *Athenæum* how a Mr. Austin calls him ‘School Miss Alfred,’<sup>1</sup> as

<sup>1</sup> These are not the words of Mr. Alfred Austin himself in his *Poetry of the Period*, but of the Reviewer as a quotation. Mr. Austin’s proposition is that Tennyson is not in the first or even in

Lord Lytton did twenty years ago. All this comes of people only remembering A. T.'s later works: forgetting Locksley Hall, Vision of Sin, Sleeping Palace, Oak, Waterproof, and all the English Pastorals in the two volumes of 1842. Do they smack of the School Miss? But when King Arthur was identified with Prince Albert, and all so moral and artistic, and Ballads about 'my little one, my pretty one sleeps,' and then it was all over with him.

Do you—can you—read Morris, who (Cowell tells me) almost shares the Throne with Browning? *Ter conatus eram* with Jason—as with Book and Ring. No Go. Will Waterproof shall survive them all.

Yours ever,

E. BROWNING-PROOF.

The weather is still desperate: cold N.E. Winds: Clouds as if charged with Snow and Thunder at once: trees scarcely venturing into Leaf: flowers nipped in the Bud: forlorn Nightingales, etc. I am just going off to Lowestoft, where my business is to be settled—that is, of parting company with the Fishing Trade—the last Hobby I was ever to have in this world, and now I am to be dismounted.

the second rank of English poets, and that he is not very high in the third. It would be interesting to know what lower ranks are reserved for our Poets Laureate.

I scarce know what has made me write such a lot : a little better written would have been better for you if not for me.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, May 16/70.

DEAR WRIGHT,

On turning up an old Common-place Book, I find two memoranda which I transcribe on another sheet for you, as a Shakespeare man. Even if my suggestion be right, the matter is of very little importance indeed : not worth your writing an Answer about.

The Tusser Sonnet is in the same measure as Shakespeare's ; and bears a rude likeness to one of Shakespeare's,<sup>1</sup> of which I forget the Beginning (and am too lazy to look for it), about the Progress of the Years in which he has known his lover ; the second Quatrain running (I think)—

Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
In process of the Seasons have I seen, etc.

Old Tusser (a Suffolk man,<sup>2</sup> you know) died, I believe, in 1580 ; and his Sonneteering Days were probably before Shikspur's. Did Shikspur then filch a straw or two from old Tusser's nest ?

<sup>1</sup> Sonnet civ.

<sup>2</sup> He was an Essex man, but had a farm in Suffolk.

Or took *that* form of the Sonnet from him? And if he did, I am the last man to call out 'Plagiarism!' etc. Plagiarism! Nonsense! I never speak of 'Plagiarism' unless the Coincidence, or Adoption, be something quite superior to the general Material of him in whom the 'parallel Passage' is found. And Shikspur=Tusser any day. He (W. S.) may have read the other old Boy, and remembered unconsciously; or never have read, and never remembered. Q.E.D.

So of the other Quotation from Plautus which recalls

Seeming to devour the way,

in some Play (Henry IV., 2<sup>d</sup>),<sup>1</sup> which I can't remember. This is more likely to be a remembrance of W. S., I think, if a Translation of Plautus was abroad in those days; as I believe there was. But I have forgot all about these things; and you will probably not think them worth enquiry any more than I now do.

My Ship is fitting out; the Lugger has sent me a dozen Mackerel: and I am yours always,

E. F. G.

P.S. The Plautus line I remember reading myself—some forty years ago. Where the Tusser came from I can't remember: nor can I

<sup>1</sup> 2 Henry IV., i. 1. 47.

vouch for its being exactly transcribed. The rude Likeness is really curious.

Old Tusser to Mistress Moon, who became his Wife.<sup>1</sup>

Sev'n times hath Janus tane New Year by hand ;  
 Sev'n times hath blust'ring March blown forth his power  
 To drive out April Buds by Sea and Land,  
 For minion May to deck most trim with flower.  
 Sev'n times hath temperate Ver like pageant played,  
 And pleasant Æstas eke his flowers told ;  
 Sev'n times Autumnus heat hath been delay'd  
 With Hyems' boisterous blasts and bitter cold.  
 Sev'n times the thirteen Moons have changed hue ;  
 Sev'n times that Sun his course hath gone about ;  
 Sev'n times each Bird her Nest hath built anew ;  
 Since first time you to serve I chooséd out.  
 Still yours I am though thus the time have past,  
 And trust to be so long as time shall last.

From the End of the Aulularia, added by Urceus :

*I pegaseo gradu, et vorans viam redi.*

WOODBIDGE, *June* 28 [1870].

MY DEAR WRIGHT (a non writendo),

But you are a busy Bursar, and I an Idle-man.

I think you told me that you had failed in getting a copy of E. Clarke's profound Library of Useless Knowledge. Now, I have a copy : with, I see, his famous Prologue<sup>2</sup> written out at

<sup>1</sup> See Tusser's Five Hundred Points, etc., ed. Mavor, p. 218.

<sup>2</sup> See letter to W. F. Pollock, 10 Feb. 1841.

the End. What will my Heirs, Executors, and Assigns make out of this, when they come to rummage my Shelves? You are much the younger man, and I think won't come to be the Prey of Heirs, Executors, etc., these many, many years. Will you like to have this Pamphlet, if you are still in want of it?

Do you think also that your Trinity College would care to possess Laurence's Oil Sketch of the Portrait of Thackeray which he (Laurence) did for Chief Baron Pollock? If you think so, I will take care to bequeathe it to the College. Thackeray was a Trinity Man, you may know, though only for a short time, far short of taking his Degree there. But Trinity may wait some while, I do believe, for a more notable Scholar. Tell me about this. I might have asked the Master; but he is gone off to Germany; and somehow I find myself disposing of several worldly Goods on the Eve of my Grand Climacteric.

I have been a little abroad in my Ship, not very much, and do not think I am quite so alert as last Year. I suppose I shall find myself anchored at Lowestoft before very long: I suppose also that you will be calling there before very long also, in the course of your visit to Beccles. Or are you taking wing abroad also?

You were in the Isle of Wight, were you not? at Easter. How did you find the Laureate? I almost think I was wrong in telling him I

could take no interest in his Holy Grail, which I should not have done had he not—sent it to me ! A parlous reason.

I am advertised in the Gazette as being no longer a Fishmonger ; and my last Hand is played.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, July 13 [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Well then, you *shall* write to me once again before you leave Town : as I am writing once more before I leave Woodbridge. This is returning your Shot with a vengeance : but you needn't be in the more hurry for all that. The Devil has inspired me to write again so fast, just because my Boat is on the Shore, etc., and my gallant Crew awaits me. We came home here for what they call a 'Shipwreckt Seamen's Dinner,' where most of them get fuddled : and so the Day after : then Sunday comes to sleep it off : then a Sister of mine from Florence came to see me here ; and To-day at last we are 'foot-loose' and for Lowestoft ho !

I think it is your Enquiry about 'Otello' that has inspired me—not the Devil after all. Why, I remember Pasta and Rubini in it, over and over again. I dare say Nilsson is a good Desdemona, where Grace and Tenderness are wanted : and Mongini (I have never heard



either of them) good in the vociferous parts of Otello. Rubini had (latterly) scarce voice enough for the grand military 'Entrata'; but there was *one bit*—with Iago, I think, in a Garden—'Non piu spème'—that is never to be forgotten, nor, I believe, to be equalled. I always thought that Rossini's vein was Comic, and the Barber his Masterpiece: but he is always melodious and beautiful, and that will make him live when Meyerbeer, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Co. lie howling, by the side of Browning and Co., in some limbo of Dante's first Act of the Comedy. I say the Arts are nothing if not beautiful. I have seen no more of Rossetti than the Athenæum quoted with a flourish of trumpets: and they seemed undigested, and (to me) undigestible things. I have got my little Sophocles on board with me once more: and the two Œdipuses seem to me of quite another sort; and as fresh as when they were first spoken. Laurence has sent me down the Life-size Sketch of my Captain: better than I expected: a fair general likeness, seen at a proper distance, and with not too much light. But the finer lines are not there: and the fine ruddy-brown complexion (which one might think was easily attained) is exchanged for a rather inky paleness, which will duly grow black in time, as Laurence's pictures do. The Dress and Background are, however, very well painted; one of the best bits of colour I have

seen of his. Dickens, I think, almost deserves all they say about him, though they might have waited a hundred years before laying him in Westminster Abbey : as I thought of Thackeray too, who I believe can afford to wait that time. But, after all, Westminster has been desecrated by worse Interments and Panegyrics. When you do write, do tell me about old Spedding, who wouldn't tell me himself if I wrote to him. And yet, what is there to tell? I know that he goes on as equably as one of the Stars. The Athenæum says that Carlyle is gone to Dumfries, not in good health. But I must not suggest too many Questions this hot weather. The Mistress of Trinity wrote me that she and he were at Karlsbad in Bohemia—he not very well—not equal to the Ammergau Mystery, which I wonder that he can care to see. Go and see dear old Undine—ever young—at some Theatre : and yet the Novel is enough.

*To S. Laurence.*

SUFFOLK HOTEL, LOWESTOFT, *August 2/70.*

DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . The Lugger is now preparing in the Harbour beside me ; the Captain here, there, and everywhere ; with a word for no one but on business ; the other side of the Man you saw looking for Birds' Nests ; all things in their

season. I am sure the Man is fit to be King of a Kingdom as well as of a Lugger. To-day he gives the customary Dinner to his Crew before starting, and my own two men go to it ; and I am asked too : but will not spoil the Fun.

I declare, you and I have seen A Man ! Have we not ? Made in the mould of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman. The proud Fellow had better have kept me for a Partner in some of his responsibilities.<sup>1</sup> But no ; he must rule alone, as is right he should too.

I date from the Inn where my Letters are addressed ; but I write in the little Ship which I live in. My Nieces are now here ; in the town, I mean ; and my friend Cowell and his Wife ; so I have more company than all the rest of the year. I try to shut my Eyes and Ears against all tidings of this damnable War, seeing that I can do no good to others by distressing myself.

*To T. Carlyle.*

MARKET HILL, WOODBRIDGE,  
*October 23 [1870].*

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

It seems an impertinence to stir up your recollection of me once a year. Still, that may be enough for you, if not too much : and I don't

<sup>1</sup> The partnership was dissolved in June 1870.

like wholly to lose an intercourse that has lasted, more or less, these 18 [28] years—yes, since I was staying with Thackeray at his house in what he called *Forum* Street, and he took me to Chelsea one night, and Naseby came into question : and, for once in your lives, I had to prove you and Dr. Arnold wrong about the Battlefield, my poor Father's Obelisk having pointed you all wrong from the beginning. Many pleasant evenings do I remember—cups of Tea made by her that is gone : and many a Pipe smoked with you—in your little garden, when weather was fair—and all kind and pleasant at all times.

Though I do not write—for the reason that I have nothing worth telling you—you are often in my thoughts, and often on my Tongue when I happen to visit any of the few friends I now see. Then I am often recurring to your Books : it was taking up the *Heroes* yesterday that made me resolve on writing my yearly letter. I seemed to hear you talking to me—as when you did talk the Book to me and others in that Lecture Room, in *George Street*,<sup>1</sup> was it ? Sterling's *Life* talks to me also : and so does Cromwell, and the Old Monk of St. Edmund's, they all do ; but these perhaps most agreeably to me.

I have nothing whatever to tell of myself, but that I have not been so well all the year,

<sup>1</sup> Edward Street, Portman Square.

not even sea-faring : I think I feel the Shadow of the Great Climacteric next year coming. You have got over that Bank and Shoal of Time gallantly.

I say nothing of Public matters, and accursed Wars. And I think this is nearly all I have to say that you would care to read—and to answer briefly—as you will ?

*To W. F. Pollock.*

BRIDGEWOOD, Nov. 1, [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I must say that my savageness against France goes no further than wishing that the new and gay part of Paris were battered down ; not the poor working part, no, nor any of the People destroyed. But I wish ornamental Paris down, because then I think the French would be kept quiet till they had rebuilt it. For what would France be without a splendid Palace ? I should not wish any such Catastrophe, however, if Paris were now as I remember it : with a lot of old historic houses in it, old Gardens, etc., which I am told are now made away with. Only Notre Dame, the Tuileries, and perhaps the beautiful gilt Dome of the Invalides do I care for. They are historical and beautiful too.

But I believe it would be a good thing if the rest of Europe would take possession of France

itself, and rule it for better or worse, leaving the French themselves to amuse and enlighten the world by their Books, Plays, Songs, Bon Mots, and all the Arts and Sciences which they are so ingenious in. They can do all things but manage themselves and live at peace with others: and they should themselves be glad to have their volatile Spirits kept in order by the Good Sense and Honesty which other Nations certainly abound in more than themselves.<sup>1</sup>

I see what I think very good remarks about them in old Palmerston's Papers quoted in my *Athenæum*.<sup>2</sup> He was just the Man they wanted, I think.

WOODBIDGE, *Nov.* 15, [1870].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . Ah, I should like to hear Fidelio again, often as I have heard it. I do not find so much 'Melody' in it as you do: understanding by Melody that which asserts itself independently of Harmony, as Mozart's *Airs* do. I miss it especially in Leonora's Hope song. But, what

<sup>1</sup> Ten years before, Nov. 2, 1860, FitzGerald wrote to his old friend, the late Mr. W. E. Crowfoot of Beccles: 'I have been reading with interest some French Memoirs towards the end of the last century: when the French were a cheerful, ingenious, witty, trifling people; they had not yet tasted of the Blood of the Revolution, which really seems to me to have altered their character. The modern French Novels exhibit Vengeance as a moving Virtue: even toward one another: can we suppose they think less well of it towards us? In this respect they are really the most barbarous People of Europe.'

<sup>2</sup> 29 Oct. 1870.

with the story itself, and the Passion and Power of the Music it is set to, the Opera is one of those that one can hear repeated as often as any.

If any one ever would take a good suggestion from me, you might suggest to Mr. Sullivan, or some competent Musician, to adapt that Epilogue part of Tennyson's King Arthur, beginning—

And so to bed ; where yet in sleep I seem'd  
To sail with Arthur, etc.

down to

And War shall be no more—

to adapt this, I say, to the music of that grand last Scene in Fidelio : Sullivan and Co. supplying the introductory Recitative ; beginning dreamily, and increasing, crescendo, up to where the Poet begins to ' feel the truth and Stir of Day ' ; till Beethoven's pompous March should begin, and the Chorus, with ' Arthur is come, etc. ' ; the chief Voices raising the words aloft (as they do in Fidelio), and the Chorus thundering in upon them. It is very grand in Fidelio : and I am persuaded might have a grand effect in this Poem. But no one will do it, of course ; especially in these Days when War is so far from being no more !

I want to hear Cherubini's Medea, which I dare say I should find masterly and dull. I quite agree with you about the Italians : Mozart the only exception ; who is all in all.



WOODBRIDGE, *Dec.* 5/70.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . Had not Sunday followed Saturday I was a little tempted to run up to hear Cherubini's *Medea*, which I saw advertised for the Night. But I believe I should feel strange at a Play now : and probably should not have sat the Opera half out. So you have a good Play,<sup>1</sup> and that well acted, at last, on English Boards ! At the old Haymarket, I think : the pleasantest of all the Theatres (for size and Decoration) that I remember ; yes, and for the Listons and Vestrises that I remember there in the days of their Glory. Vestris, in what was called a 'Pamela Hat' with a red feather ; and, again, singing 'Cherry Ripe,' one of the Dozen immortal English Tunes. That was in 'Paul Pry.' Poor Plays they were, to be sure : but the Players were good and handsome, and—oneself was young—1822-3 ! There was Macready's *Virginius* at old Covent Garden, an event never to be forgotten.

One Date leads to another. In talking one day about different Quotations which get abroad without people always knowing whence they are derived, I could have sworn that I remember Spring Rice mentioning one that he himself had invented, and had been amused at seeing quoted here and there—

Coldly correct and critically dull.

---

<sup>1</sup> Gilbert's Palace of Truth.

Now only last night I happened to see the Line quoted in the Preface to Frederick Reynolds' (the Playwright's) stupid Memoirs, published in 1827; some time before Spring Rice would have thought of such things, I suppose. . . .

What Plays Reynolds' were, which made George III. laugh so, and put £500 apiece into the writer's Pocket! But then there were Lewis, Quick, Kemble, Edwin, Parsons, Palmer, Mrs. Jordan, etc. to act them.

WOODBIDGE, *Jan.* 22, [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

My acquaintance with Spanish, as with other Literature, is almost confined to its Fiction; and of that I have read nothing to care about except Don Quixote and Calderon. The first is well worth learning Spanish for. When I began reading the Language more than twenty years ago, with Cowell who taught me nearly all I know, I tried some of the other Dramatists, Tirso de Molina, Lope de Vega, Moratin, etc., but could take but little interest in them. All Calderon's, I think, have something beautiful in them: and about a score of them altogether bear reading again, and will be remembered if read but once. But Don Quixote is *the* Book, as you know; to be fully read, I believe, in no language but its own, though delightful in any. You know as well as I that Spanish History has

a good name ; Mariana's for one : and one makes sure that the Language, at any rate, must be suitable to relate great Things with. But I do not meddle with History.

There are very good Selections from the Spanish Dramas published in good large-type Octavo by Don Ochoa, printed (I think) by Baudry, in Paris. There is one volume of Calderon ; one of Lopé, I believe : and one or two made up of other Playwrights. These Books are very easily got at any foreign Book-seller's.

An Artist<sup>1</sup> to whom I have lent my house for a while has been teaching me 'Spanish Dominoes,' a very good Game. He, and I, and the Captain whose Photo I sent you (did I not?) had a grand bout with it the other day. If I went about in Company again I think I should do as old Rossini did, carry a Box of Dominoes, or pack of Cards, which I think would set Conversation at ease by giving people something easy to do beside conversing. I say Rossini did this ; but I only know of his doing it once, at Trouville, where F. Hiller met him, who has published the Conversations they had together.

Did you read the very curious Paper in the Cornhill,<sup>2</sup> a year back, I think, concerning the vext question of Mozart's Requiem? It is curious as a piece of Evidence, irrespective of

<sup>1</sup> Edwin Edwards.

<sup>2</sup> Cornhill, June 1870. 'A Clever Forgery,' by Dr. W. Pole.

any musical interest. Evidence, I believe, would compel a Law Court to decide that the Requiem was mainly, not Mozart's, but his pupil Süssmayer's. And perhaps the Law Court might justly so decide, if by 'mainly' one understood the more technical business of filling up the ideas suggested by the Master. But then those ideas are just everything; and no Court of Musical Equity but would decide, against all other Evidence, that those ideas were Mozart's. It is known that he was instructing Süssmayer, almost with his last breath, about some drum accompaniments to the Requiem; and I have no doubt, hummed over the subjects, or melodies, of all.

*To W. H. Thompson.*

WOODBIDGE, *Feb. 1*, [1871].

MY DEAR MASTER,

The Gorgias duly came last week, thank you: and I write rather earlier than I should otherwise have done to satisfy you on that point. Otherwise, I say, I should have waited awhile till I had gone over all the Notes more carefully, with some of the sweet-looking Text belonging to them; which would have taken some time, as my Eyes have not been in good trim of late, whether from the Snow on the Ground, and the murky Air all about one, or because of the Eyes

themselves being two years older than when they got hurt by Paraffin.

The Introduction I have read twice, and find it quite excellently written. Surely I miss some—ay, more than some—of the Proof you sent me two years ago ; some of the Argument to prove the relation between this Dialogue and the Republic, and consequently of the Date that must be assigned to it. All that interested me then as it does now, and I would rather have seen the Introduction all the longer by it. Perhaps, however, I am confounding my remembrances of the Date question (which of course follows from the matter) with the Phædrus Introduction.

Then as to what I have seen of the Notes : they seem to me as good as can be. I do not read modern Scholars, and therefore do not know how generally the Style of English Note-writing may be [different] from that of the Latin one was used to. But your Notes, I know, seem excellent to me ; I mean, in the Style of them (for of the Scholarship I am not a proper Judge) ; totally without pedantry of any sort, whether of solving unnecessary difficulties, carping at other Critics, etc., but plainly determined to explain what needs explanation in the shortest, clearest, way, and in a Style which is most of all suited to the purpose, ‘familiar but by no means vulgar,’ such as we have known in such cases, whether in Latin or English. My

Quotation reminds me of yours : how sparingly, and always just to the point, introduced ; Polus ' gambolling ' from the Theme : old Wordsworth's Robin Hood, etc. And the paraphrases you give of the Greek are so just the thing. I have not read Vaughan's (?) Translation of the Republic ; which I am told is good. But this I know that I never met with any readable Translation of Plato. Whewell's was intolerable. You should have translated—(that is, paraphrased, for however far some People may err on this score, rushing in where Scholars fear to tread) a Translation must be Paraphrase to be readable ; and especially in these Dialogues where the familiar Grace of the Narrative and Conversation is so charming a vehicle of the Philosophy. If people will conscientiously translate ὁ βέλτιστε ' Oh most excellent man,' when perhaps ' My good Fellow ' was the thing meant, and ' By the Dog ! ' and so on, why, it is not English talk, and probably not Greek either. I say you should have, or should translate one or two Dialogues to show how they should be done ; if no longer than the Lysis, or one of those small and sweet ones which I believe the Germans disclaim for Plato's.

' The Dog ' however does need a Note, as I suppose that, however far-fetched Olympiodorus' suggestion, this was an Oath familiar to Socrates alone, and which he took up for some, perhaps whimsical, reason. It is not to be found (is it ?)



in Aristophanes, where I suppose all the common Oaths come in ; but then again I wonder that, if it were Socrates' Oath, it did not find its way into the Clouds, or perhaps into the criminal Charge against Socrates, as being a sort of mystical or scoffing Blasphemy.

I am afraid I tire you more with my Letter than you tired me with your Introduction, a good deal. And you see, to your cost, that my MS. does not argue much pleasure in the act of writing. But I would say my little say ; which perhaps is all wrong. . . .

One of your Phrases I think truly delightful, about the Treasure to be sometimes found in a weak Vessel like Proclus. That I think is very Platonic ; all the more for such things coming only now and then, which makes them tell. Modern Books lose by being over-crowded with good things.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, May 11 [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I did not see, or do not remember to have seen, much of Young in my younger days, when I might have seen much more. I remember his King John ; and remember also how Thackeray, when I first knew him at Cambridge, would troll out some of that Play in Young's roundly-modulated intonation ; upon which I always



thought Thackeray modell'd his own recitation of Verse.

(And tell the Pope) 'that no Italian Priest  
Shall tithe or Töll in our Döminions—  
Sō tell the Pōpe.'

I also saw Young's Iago, with Kean's Othello, and C. Kemble's Cassio in 1827 (I think), but I can remember little except *Kean*—and how much taller he looked than Kemble when he came in to quell the drunken fray. I think one could see no one but Kean when he was on. Donne is the man who can tell you much more of all these by-gones.

What? Are you writing a Review of Julian's Book?<sup>1</sup> Do.

I keep wanting to go to London to a Dr. Liebreich, who I am told is a Dab at the Eye. But, partly from Indolence, and partly from the idea that he will do no more good than others, I stay where I am.

Aldis Wright was here for two days. He wanted to see the Rector of a Village near here with whom he had some Bursary business: but he did not find his Rector, and lunched with me on bottled Porter and Bread and Cheese at Village Inn instead. He tells me the College Fellows won't take Livings now they can marry and hold their Fellowships without. The Master has

<sup>1</sup> The life of Charles Mayne Young, by his son Julian Charles Young.

sent me his Review of Jowett's Plato in the Academy.<sup>1</sup>

I should like to see Millais' Pictures and to hear the Comédie Française. But it seems easier to do without either. I wish old Spedding would let me hear from him one day.

---

In the course of this year 1871, FitzGerald parted with his little yacht the Scandal, so called, he said, because it was the staple product of Woodbridge.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBRIDGE, May 12 [1871].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have had some remorse about that annotated Tennyson passing into other hands before my own Death—or his. Not that I want it any more; on the contrary, was glad to hand over to you, as a much younger man, with equal reverence for A. T. But I know his sensitiveness in the matter; and, if he heard that even your Master had seen it, he would be disturbed, and would not be persuaded but that others would see it also: that it would get into Print, etc. I believe I ought to have left it sealed up to be delivered to you 'post mortem.' Do you understand this?

<sup>1</sup> April and May 1871.

The Dryden sentence ought to have run, that 'D. seems to me greater than anything he has written,' or to that effect. I fancy that I might have jotted down some other recollections which sometimes cross my thoughts : but some of these may be set down, with more or less Accuracy.

It will never do to quote bits of Athanasius<sup>1</sup> to any one who does not know the whole : in whose astounding Gravity of Burlesque the great secret lies. The Widows with their pink Bolsters ; the Boys hurling Flowers and Tartlets ; the Archbishop still revolving on his Packing-needle ; Number One in his Patriarchal Costume ; the Lago del Tolfilo, etc., all these (far better than the Ignorance of the Clergy) can only be understood in their sequence. Athanasius should be reprinted whole, not quoted in part.

Our friend Tymms is dead : no surprising news to me, after what I had seen of him when I was last at Lowestoft.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE, May 17 [1871].

MY DEAR LADY,

My little Yacht is—sold ! for a mess of £200.<sup>2</sup> It was not the money I wanted : nay, I told the man who came to buy her that he had better

<sup>1</sup> Athanasius Gasker, in *The Library of Useless Knowledge*.

<sup>2</sup> To Mr. (now Sir Cuthbert) Quilter.

buy another and a bigger which I knew of. But he came from Town on purpose to buy mine ; and I let her go. What will you say to me ? And what will E. B. C. ? But one main reason for my decision was—these Eyes of mine which will not let me read ; and that was nearly all I had to do on board. But I should scarce have thus decided, if Newson<sup>1</sup> had not been offered a much better Berth, which he boggles at accepting ; and Jack is engaged to go with the new owner of the Scandal, as he went with me. But his heart was almost up to his eyes when all was settled.

Well, what are we to do now ? If I go to Lowestoft this summer, I must put up with the Pleasure-boats there. Do you think *you* will come to join in them ? You know I shall be very glad if you should do so ; but you also know that I have always advised you to go for your Holidays to some further-off Place, that will make more of a change for you than Lowestoft does. Let me know where you settle on going : and then perhaps, if the Mountain won't come to Mahomet, why Mahomet, etc.

<sup>1</sup> His Captain.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE, *July 4*, [1871].

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I asked Donne to tell you, if he found opportunity, that some two months ago I wrote you a letter, but found it so empty and dull that I would not send it to extort the Reply which you feel bound to give. I should have written to tell you so myself; but I heard from Donne of the Wedding soon about to be, and I would not intrude then. Now that is over<sup>1</sup>—I hope to the satisfaction of you all—and I will say my little say, and you will have to Reply, according to your own Law of Mede and Persian.

It is a shame that one should only have oneself to talk about; and yet that is all I have; so it shall be short. If you will but tell me of yourself, who have read, and seen, and done, so much more, you will find much more matter for your pen, and also for my entertainment.

Well, I have sold my dear little Ship,<sup>2</sup> because I could not employ my Eyes with reading in her Cabin, where I had nothing else to do. I think those Eyes began to get better directly I had written to agree to the Man's proposal. Any-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Kemble's daughter, Frances Butler, was married to the Hon. and Rev. James Wentworth Leigh, now Dean of Hereford, 29th June, 1871.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 314.

how, the thing is done ; and so now I betake myself to a Boat, whether on this River here, or on the Sea at the Mouth of it.

Books you see I have nothing to say about. The Boy who came to read to me made such blundering Work that I was forced to confine him to a Newspaper, where his Blunders were often as entertaining as the Text which he mistook. We had 'hangarues' in the French Assembly, and, on one occasion, 'ironclad Laughter from the Extreme Left.' Once again, at the conclusion of the London news, 'Consolations closed at 91, ex Div.'—And so on. You know how illiterate People will jump at a Word they don't know, and twist it in[to] some word they are familiar with. I was telling some of these Blunders to a very quiet Clergyman here some while ago, and he assured me that a poor Woman, reading the Bible to his Mother, read off glibly, 'Stand at a Gate and swallow a Candle.' I believe this was no Joke of his : whether it were or not, here you have it for what you may think it worth.

I should be glad to hear that you think Donne looking and seeming well. Archdeacon Groome, who saw him lately, thought he looked very jaded : which I could not wonder at. Donne, however, writes as if in good Spirits—brave Man as he is—and I hope you will be able to tell me that he is not so much amiss. He said that he was to be at the Wedding.

You will tell me too how long you remain in England ; I fancy, till Winter : and then you will go to Rome again, with its new Dynasty installed in it. I fancy I should not like that so well as the old ; but I suppose it's better for the Country.

I see my Namesake (Percy) Fitzgerald advertizes a Book about the Kembles. That I shall manage to get sight of. He made far too long work of Garrick. I should have thought the Booksellers did not find that pay, judging by the price to which Garrick soon came down. Half of it would have been enough.

Now I am going for a Sail on the famous River Deben, to pass by the same fields of green Wheat, Barley, Rye, and Beet-root, and come back to the same Dinner. Positively the only new thing we have in Woodbridge is a Waxen Bust (Lady, of course) at the little Hairdresser's opposite. She turns slowly round, to our wonder and delight ; and I caught the little Barber the other day in the very Act of winding her up to run her daily Stage of Duty. Well ; she has not got to answer Letters, as poor Mrs. Kemble must do to hers always sincerely,

E. F. G.



*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE : *Sept.* 4/71.

I run over to Lowestoft occasionally for a few days, but do not abide there long : no longer having my dear little Ship for company. I saw her there looking very smart under her new owner ten days ago, and I felt so at home when I was once more on her Deck that—Well : I content myself with sailing on the river Deben, looking at the Crops as they grow green, yellow, russet, and are finally carried away in the red and blue Waggon with the sorrel horse.

WOODBIDGE, *October* 29 [1871].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I have never heard—nor, I think, read—here or elsewhere of the ‘Shoulder of a Sail,’<sup>1</sup> an apt Phrase, which Shakespeare might instinctively have originated, as if born and bred to the Craft. I will enquire, however, from Lowestoft Friends when next I go that way.

On looking into Hamlet for this passage, my eyes lighted on the close of the following Scene, which reads thus—(after Horatio’s Dissuasion I mean, ending ‘And hears it roar beneath’)—

<sup>1</sup> Hamlet, i. 3. 56.

*Hamlet.* It waves me still—  
*Go on ; I'll follow thee.*  
*Marc.* You shall not go, my Lord.  
*Hamlet.* Hold off your hands.  
*Hor.* Be ruled ; you shall not go.  
*Hamlet.* My fate cries out,  
 And makes each petty artery, etc.—  
 I say, away ! *Go on ; I'll follow thee.*

Surely the *first* 'Go on ; I'll follow thee' [was] of Actors or Editors who thought that Hamlet's Action, I suppose, was not sufficiently indicated, even by a —— after 'It waves me still.' And the verse reads aright without it.

Had anyone quoted to me Laertes' parting Advice to his Sister, I should have sworn it was Polonius'. Donne (who was with me a week ago) thinks that Shakespeare may have intended Pedantry in the Blood. I used to tell Spedding that Polonius was meant for Lord Bacon : but I doubt the Dates won't bear me out.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE, Novr. 2/71.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Is it better not to write at all than only write to plead that one has nothing to say ? Yet I don't like to let the year get so close to an end without reminding you of me, to whom you have been always so good in the matter of replying to my letters, as in other ways.

If I can tell you nothing of myself : no Books read because of no Eyes to read them : no travel from home because of my little Ship being vanished : no friends seen, except Donne, who came here with Valentia for two days—you can fill a sheet like this, I know, with some account of yourself and your Doings : and I shall be very glad to hear that all is well with you. Donne said he believed you were in Ireland when he was here ; and he spoke of your being very well when he had last seen you ; also telling me he thought you were to stay in England this winter. By the by, I also heard of Mrs. Wister being at Cambridge ; not Donne told me this, but Mr. Wright, the Bursar of Trinity : and every one who speaks of her says she is a very delightful Lady. Donne himself seemed very well, and in very good Spirits, in spite of all his domestic troubles. What Courage, and Good Temper, and Self-sacrifice ! Valentia (whom I had not seen these dozen years) seemed a very sensible, unaffected Woman.

I would almost bet that you have not read my Namesake's Life of your Namesakes, which I must borrow another pair of Eyes for one day. My Boy-reader gave me a little taste of it from the *Athenæum* ; as also of Mr. Harness' Memoirs,<sup>1</sup> which I must get at.

<sup>1</sup> Fitzgerald's Lives of the Kembles was reviewed in the *Athenæum*, 12th August, 1871, and the 'Memoirs of Mr. Harness,' 28th October.

This is a sorry sight<sup>1</sup> of a Letter :—do not trouble yourself to write a better—that you must, in spite of yourself—but write to me a little about yourself ; which is a matter of great Interest to yours always

E. F. G.

[*Nov.* 1871].

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I ought to be much obliged to you for answering my last letter with an uneasy hand, as you did. So I do thank you : and really wish that you would not reply to this under any such pain : but how do I know but that very pain will make you more determined to reply ? I must only beg you not to do so : and thus wash *my* hands of any responsibilities in the matter.

And what will you say when I tell you that I can hardly pity one who suffers from Gout ; though I would undoubtedly prefer that you should be free from that, or any other ailment. But I have always heard that Gout exempts one from many other miseries which Flesh is heir to : at any rate, it almost always leaves the Head clear : and that is so much ! My Mother, who suffered a good deal, used often to say how she was kept awake of nights by the Pain in her feet, or hands, but felt so clear aloft that she made Night pass even agreeably away with her reflections and recollections.

<sup>1</sup> Macbeth, ii. 2. 21.

And you have your recollections and Reflections which you are gathering into Shape, you say, in a Memoir of your own Life. And you are good enough to say that you would read it to me if I—were good enough to invite you to my House here some Summer Day ! I doubt that Donne has given you too flattering an account of my house, and me : you know he is pleased with every one and everything : I know it also, and therefore no longer dissuade him from spending his time and money in a flying Visit here in the course of his Visits to other East Anglian friends and Kinsmen. But I feel a little all the while as if I were taking all, and giving nothing in return : I mean, about Books, People, etc., with which a dozen years discontinuance of Society, and, latterly, incompetent Eyes, have left me in the lurch. If you indeed will come and read your Memoir to me, I shall be entitled to be a Listener only : and you shall have my Château all to yourself for as long as you please : only do not expect me to be quite what Donne may represent.

It is disgusting to talk so much about oneself : but I really think it is better to say so much on this occasion. If you consider my circumstances, you will perhaps see that I am not talking unreasonably : I am sure, not with sham humility : and that I am yours always and sincerely

E. F. G.

P.S. I should not myself have written so soon again, but to apprise you of a brace of Pheasants I have sent you. Pray do not write expressly to acknowledge them :—only tell me if they don't come. I know you thank me.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In writing to Sir Frederick Pollock on November 17th, 1871, FitzGerald says :—

'The Game-dealer here telling me that he has some very good Pheasants, I have told him to send you a Brace—to go in company with Braces to Carlyle, and Mrs. Kemble. This will, you may think, necessitate your writing a Reply of Thanks before your usual time of writing : but don't do that :—only write to me now in case the Pheasants don't reach you ; I know you will thank me for them, whether they reach you or not ; and so you can defer writing so much till you happen next upon an idle moment which you may think as well devoted to me ; you being the only man, except Donne, who cares to trouble himself with a gratuitous letter to one who really does not deserve it.

'Donne, you know, is pleased with Everybody, and with Everything that Anybody does for him. You must take his Praises of Woodbridge with this grain of Salt to season them. It may seem odd to you at first—but not perhaps on reflection—that I feel more—nervous, I may say—at the prospect of meeting with an old Friend, after all these years, than of any indifferent Acquaintance. I feel it the less with Donne, for the reason aforesaid—why should I not feel it with you who have given so many tokens since our last meeting that you are well willing to take me as I am ? If one is, indeed, by Letter what one is in person.—I always tell Donne not to come out of his way here—he says he takes me in the course of a Visit to some East-Anglian kinsmen. Have you ever any such reason ?—Well ; if you have no better reason than that of really wishing to see me, for better or worse, in my home, come—some Spring or Summer day, when my Home at any rate is pleasant. This all sounds mock-modesty : but it is not ; as I can't read Books, Plays, Pictures, etc. and don't see People, I feel, when a Man comes, that I have all to ask and nothing to tell ; and one doesn't like to make a Pump of a Friend.'

*To W. F. Pollock.*

[1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . A night or two ago I was reading old Thackeray's Roundabouts; and (sign of a good book) heard him talking to me. I wonder at his being so fretted by what was said of him as some of these Papers show that he was: very unlike his old self, surely. Perhaps Ill Health (which Johnson said made every one a Scoundrel) had something to do with this. I don't mean that W. M. T. went this length: but in this one respect he was not so good as he used to be.

Annie Thackeray in her yearly letter wrote that she had heard from Mrs. A. T. that the Laureate was still suffering. I judge from your Letter that he is better. . . . I never heard any of his coadjutor Sullivan's Music. Is there a Tune, or originally melodious phrase, in any of it? That is what I always missed in Mendelssohn, except in two or three of his youthful Pieces; Fingal and Midsummer Night's Dream overtures, and Meeresstille. Chorley<sup>1</sup> mentions as a great instance of M.'s candour, that when some of his Worshipers were sneering at Donizetti's 'Figlia,' M. silenced them by saying 'Do you [know] I should like to have written it myself.' If he meant that he ever could have

<sup>1</sup> Thirty Years' Musical Recollections, vol. i. p. 162.



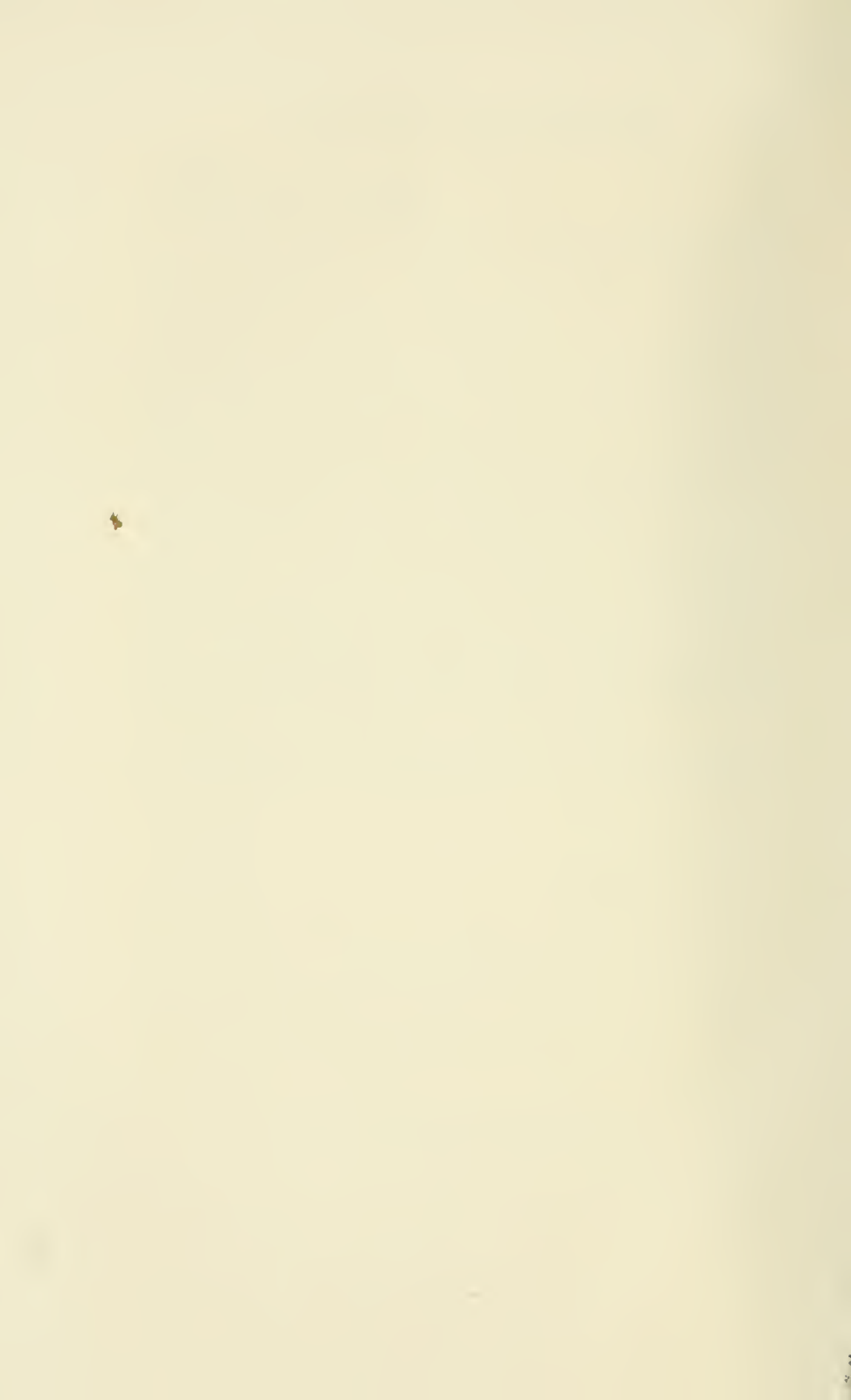
written it if he had pleased, he ought to have had his nose tweaked.

I have been reading Sir Walter's *Pirate* again, and am very glad to find how much I like it—that is speaking far below the mark—I may say how I wonder and delight in it. I am rejoiced to find that this is so; and I am quite sure that it is not owing to my old prejudice, but to the intrinsic merit and beauty of the Book itself. With all its faults of detail, often mere carelessness, what a broad Shakespearian Daylight over it all, and all with no Effort, and—a lot else that one may be contented to feel without having to write an Essay about. They won't beat Sir Walter in a hurry (I mean of course his earlier, *Northern Novels*), and he was such a fine Fellow that I really don't believe any one would wish to cast him in the Shade.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In 1879 he wrote to Professor Cowell, 'O, Sir Walter will fly over all their heads "come aquila" still!'

END OF VOL. II







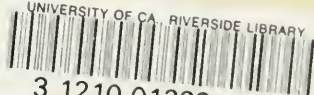


UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 580 449 7

UNIVERSITY OF CA. RIVERSIDE LIBRARY



3 1210 01223 0296

